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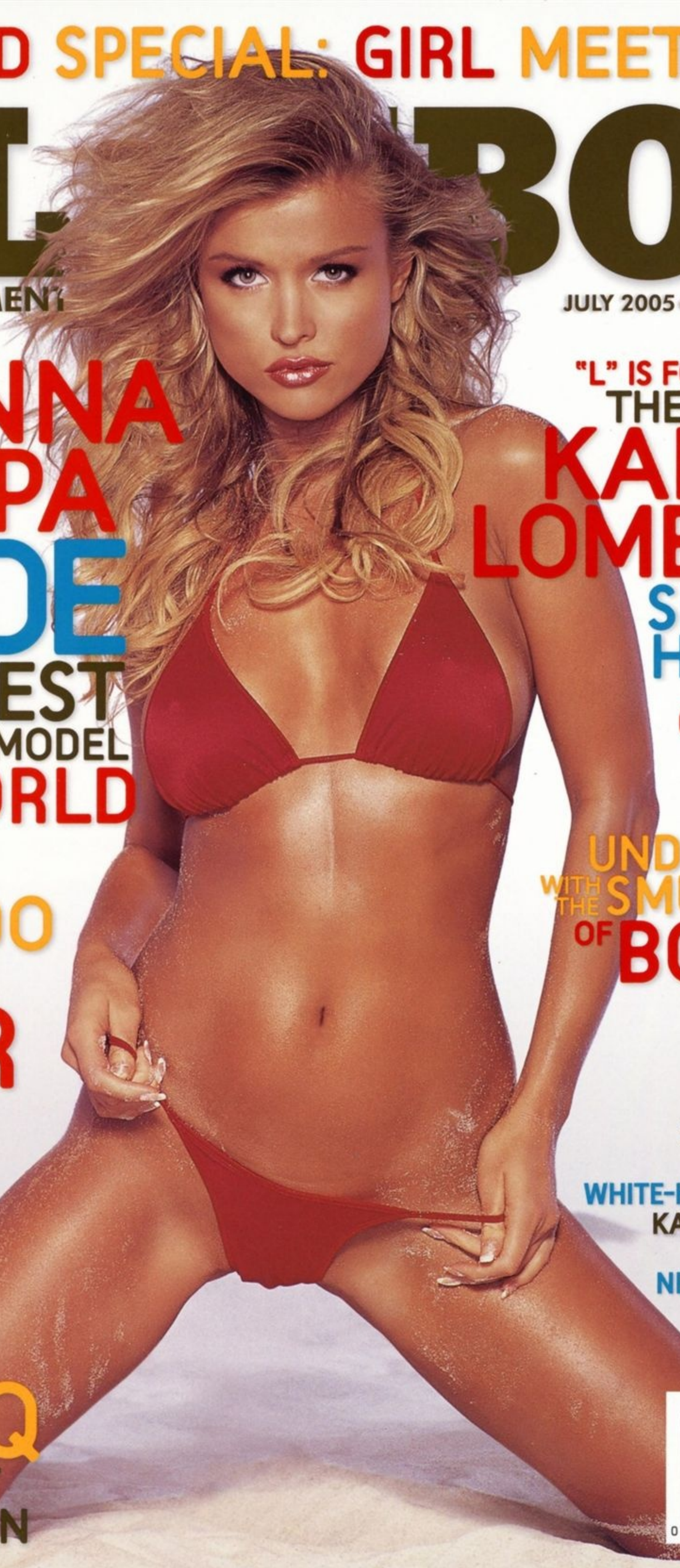

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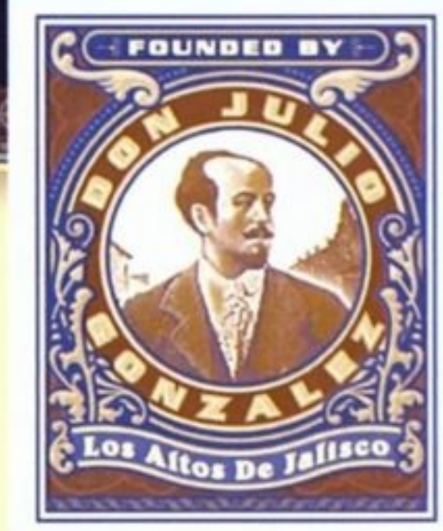

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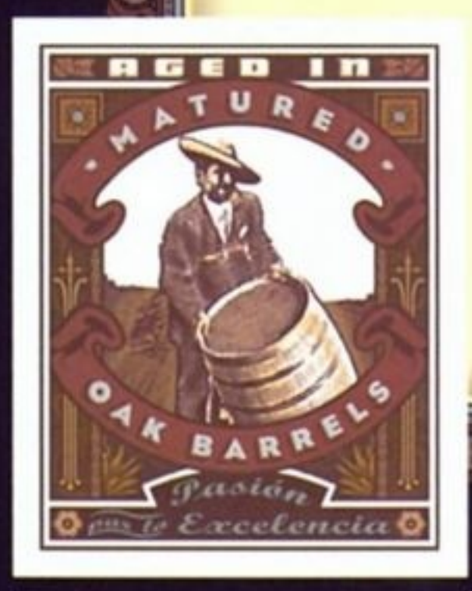

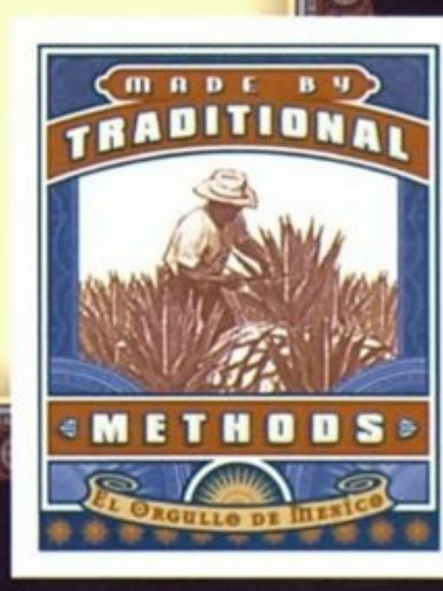

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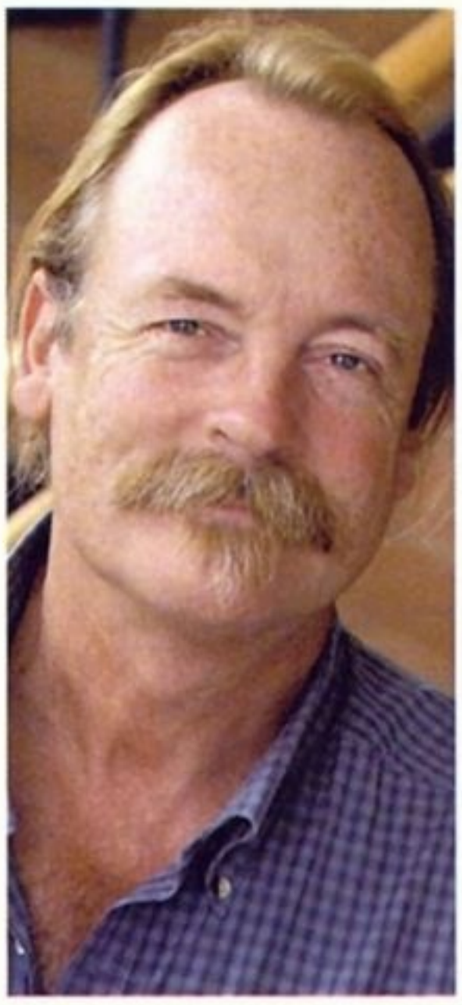
Playbill

The Fall of the House of Brando began as an homage to the rebel actor. But **Peter Manso,** author of *Brando: The Biography* and *Ptown,* found the Hollywood legend's estate in chaos. "As soon as I started to get into it," he says, "I realized this was a very strange situation even by his usual standards. There had been a shift of his will's executors 13 days prior to his death, and the outgoing executors included Alice Marchak, whom Marlon trusted more than anybody on the face of the earth. A piece that was going to be a modest tribute to Brando suddenly became something that wound up consuming six months of my life. The article says as much about the vanity of Hollywood as it does about Marlon and his madness. Brando was going to con the world; he was going to outsmart everyone. But the con got conned."



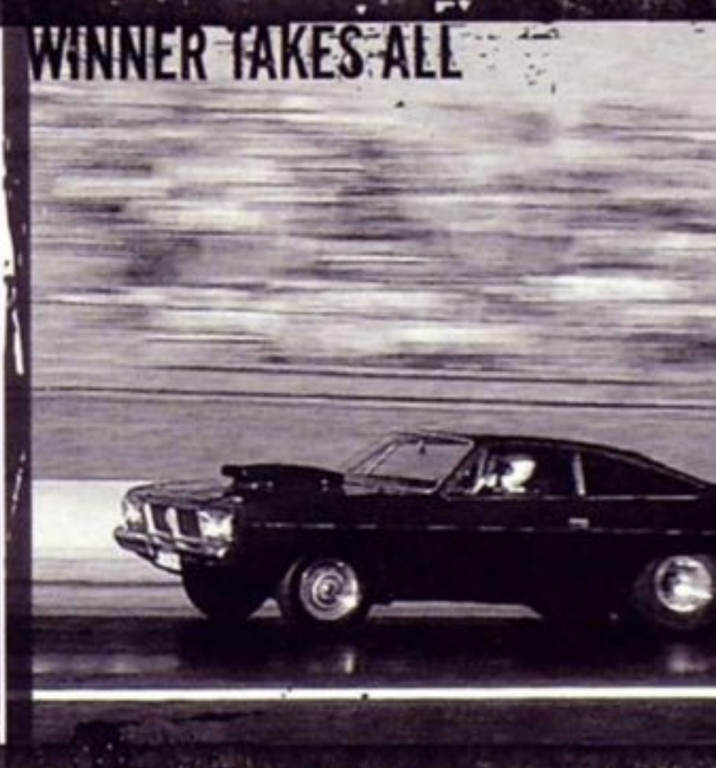
Bill Roorbach, whose new book, *Temple Stream* (Dial Press), comes out in July, wrote this month's fiction, *The Fall.* "The story materialized because of all the hiking I've done in the Longfellow and Bigelow ranges," reports Roorbach. "I heard about an accident years ago—a kid went hiking with his father, and his father was killed in a fall. Since then I have always wanted to write a story based on losing somebody when you're out on your own. The girl in the story just kind of arrived. I've admired a lot of the self-reliant, outdoorsy women I've had as students over the years. That is how my best stories always work—I smush together different ideas."

In his books *Snowblind* and *Smokescreen,* **Robert Sabbag** takes readers inside the drug trade. Now, with *High in the Canadian Rockies,* he examines the booming flow of bud coming into the United States from British Columbia. His piece is the most contemporary take on this hyperprofitable industry—no one to this point has gotten a look at the most secretive and dangerous aspect of the business: smuggling the stuff into the U.S. "Clandestine meetings with people you don't know," says Sabbag, "taking them at their word and trusting you'll come away alive—that makes a story like this as exciting to write as it is to read."

The illustration that accompanies *Seven Deadly Disasters*—a look at potential real-life apocalyptic scenarios—is by **Yuko Shimizu.** "I used the old Japanese wood-block print of a tsunami as my inspiration," she says of her surrealistic image of a monster-like wave. "The tsunami that happened last year was scary. But I'm from Japan. We have earthquakes all the time. We have to live with the danger because we can't avoid it. As for the technique, I drew this with brush and ink on paper and then scanned it in and colored it."

Photographer **Harry Benson** shot the Beatles' first American tour and every president since Eisenhower, so the title of his new book, *Harry Benson's America* (Harry N. Abrams), is particularly apt. He shot this month's fashion, *Men in Blanco,* which features white suits. "I covered this shoot the same way I would cover a news story, with the same intent, the same concentration," Benson says. "I think every man should have a white suit. You put it on and you don't care if it gets dirty. You just throw it on and crush it—that gives it character."

THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN MEN AND BOYS IS HOW THEY BEHAVE WHEN THEY LOSE THEIR TOYS



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76 **25 EASY PIECES**
Tech toys have been transformed from high-maintenance nightmares to the chill, helpful companions you hoped they could be. From GPS navigation to digital cameras to the high-definition TV with the best picture ever, we have the tech you need to live the life you want. **BY STEVE MORGENSTERN**

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Transporting 250 pounds of top-quality marijuana over the Canadian border in a helicopter during an orange alert seems like a scene from a comedy, but this is no Cheech and Chong movie. We gained access to the inner workings of a Canadian smuggling operation that nets a $20 million annual profit by providing Americans with triple-A vanity weed from British Columbia. The demand is for 2,000 to 3,000 pounds a day. **BY ROBERT SABBAG**

100 **THE FALL OF THE HOUSE OF BRANDO**
Eccentric screen legend Marlon Brando was no stranger to tragedy, having endured his son Christian's conviction for murder and his daughter Cheyenne's suicide. Only 13 days before his death last year, Brando signed a codicil that changed the executors of his estate and alienated longtime friends. If you thought Brando's life was bizarre, you won't believe what has gone down behind the scenes since he died. **BY PETER MANSO**

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Is the world's oil supply nearly exhausted? Geophysicist M. King Hubbard predicted we would run out soon; economist William Stanley Jevons said black gold is plentiful. Who to believe? **BY CHARLES C. MANN**

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Everyone still wonders what Bill Murray whispered into her ear at the end of *Lost in Translation.* The 20-year-old actress stops short of spilling, but she does explain what makes a lovely ass, tells us why she'd like to have sex in the backseat of a car and identifies the movie scene she wishes had been cut. **BY DAVID RENSIN**

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55 **OWEN WILSON**
He appears to be an off-kilter slacker in *Starsky & Hutch* and *Zoolander,* but the actor-writer has won critical praise and even an Oscar nomination for his work in such films as *Rushmore, The Royal Tenenbaums* and *Bottle Rocket.* The impossible-to-categorize Wilson discusses why gyms are creepy, the appeal of 7-Elevens and why picking up women at weddings (as his character in *Wedding Crashers* does) is like fishing with dynamite. **BY JERRY STAHL**

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COVER STORY

In the past two years swimsuit model Joanna Krupa has been named the sexiest woman in the world by magazines on four continents, but now that she's posing with no bikini strings attached she has positioned herself for total global domination. Senior Contributing Photographer Stephen Wayda photographs this sun-kissed beauty in her native habitat. The grains of sand that shape our Rabbit pass time on Joanna's hourglass figure.

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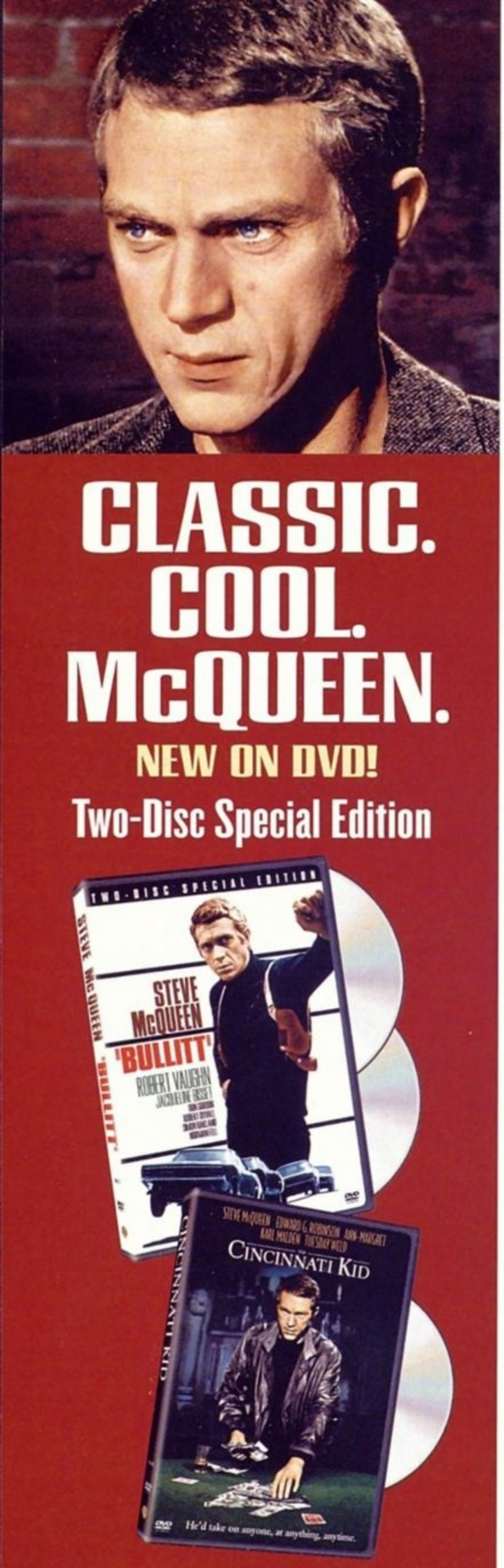

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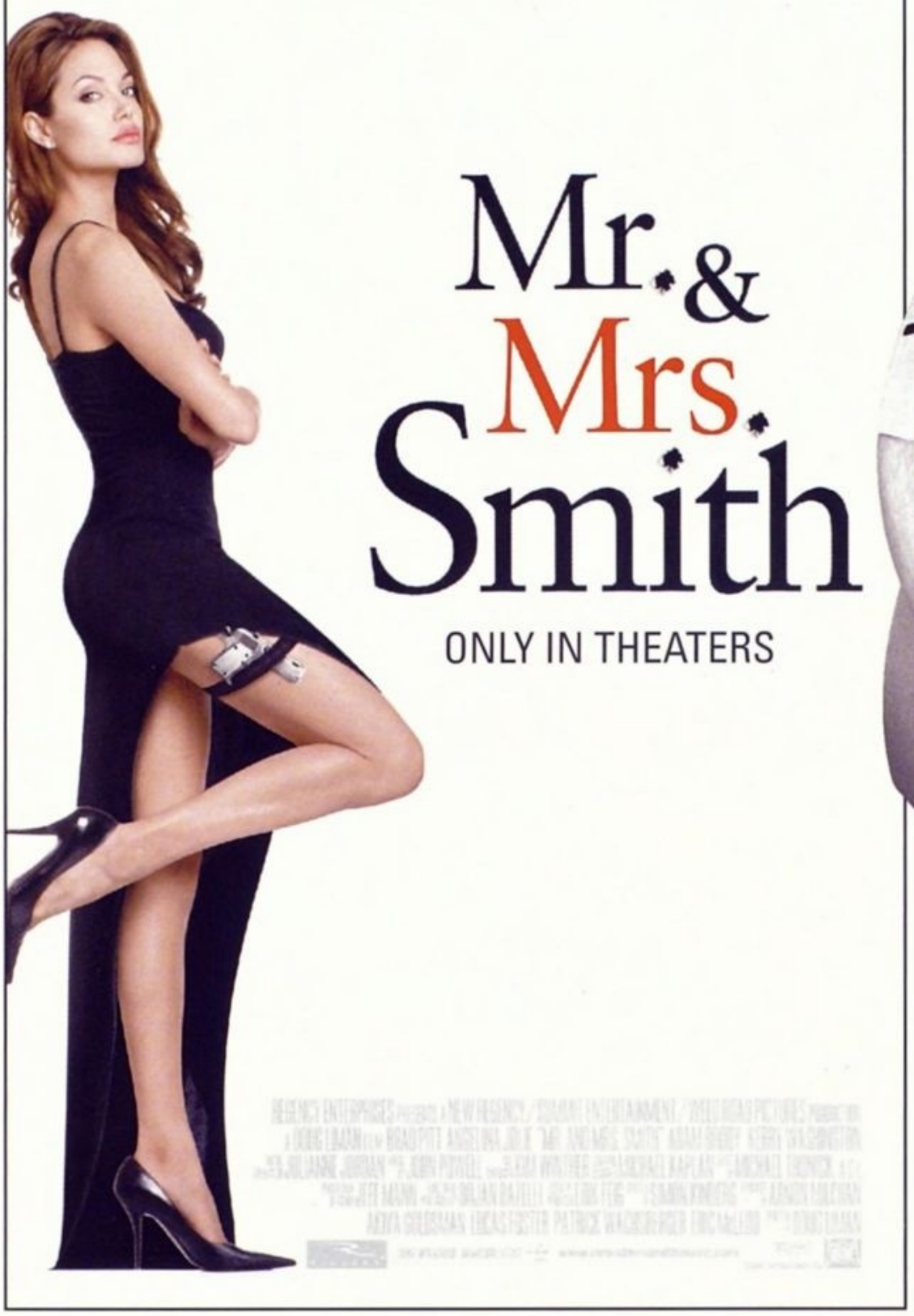

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THE WORLD OF PLAYBOY

HEF SIGHTINGS, MANSION FROLICS AND NIGHTLIFE NOTES

HEF CURBS HIS ENTHUSIASM
In past episodes of HBO's *Curb Your Enthusiasm*, cantankerous star Larry David (above, with Hef and director David Steinberg) recommended a deranged nanny, got a kid drunk and generally mucked things up. But when Larry visits the Mansion and admires Hef's smoking jacket, *really* funny stuff starts to happen.

GET LUCKY WITH PAMELA
If you've ever dreamed of pushing Pam Anderson's buttons, now you can—sort of. At Bally's in Vegas the megastar touts our exclusive Pam slot machines.

AN ELVIRA SPOOKTACULAR
Elvira, Mistress of the Dark, hosts a special about Hef's world-famous Halloween parties. Catch it on the Monster Channel or on DVD.

A FOUR-BUNNY SALUTE TO OUR TROOPS
Patriotic Playboy Mansion Bunnies Holly Madison, Tiffany Fallon, Bridget Marquardt and Destiny Davis proudly salute the brave soldiers who are fighting in Iraq with specially prepared Playmate care packages. The packages, which were mailed to the troops, include homemade cookies and autographed photos.

IF YOU DON'T SWING, DON'T PLAY GOLF
The Playboy Golf Scramble starts on the links and ends at the Mansion with a star-studded bash. From far left: *One Tree Hill*'s James Lafferty and Playmate Pilar Lastra; Jennifer Walcott, Cara Wakelin, Jeremy Piven and Stacy Fuson; Jamie McBride, Johnie Alves, Alfonso Ribeiro and Cris Judd with Playmate Bunnies.

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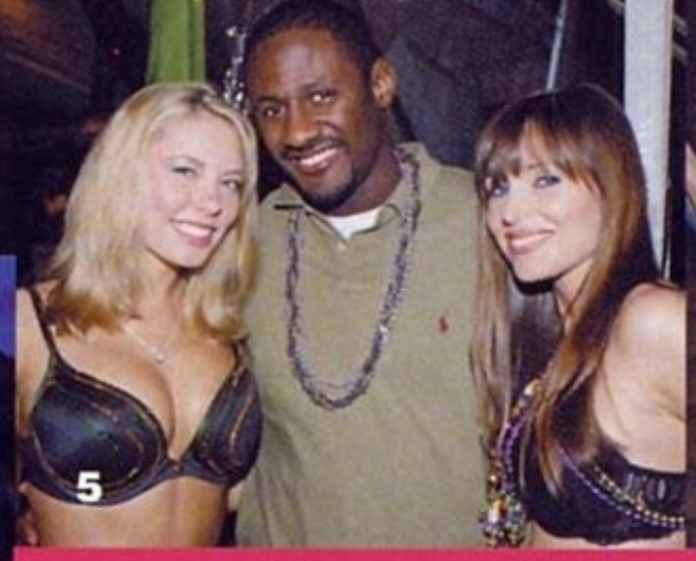
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Who needs Bourbon Street when you've got Beverly Hills? Hef hosted a Mardi Gras party featuring Bunnies, beads and bold-face names. (1) The host hanging with his three girlfriends and a crew of costumed Centerfolds. (2) *Entourage* star Kevin Dillon and two Painted Ladies doing a Jell-O shot. (3) Hef and Luke Wilson. (4) *CSI*'s Archie Kao with actress Kelly Vaughn. (5) Playmates Jillian Grace and Deanna Brooks flanking Philadelphia Eagle Freddie Mitchell. (6) The Mansion's notorious Painted Ladies. (7) Adrian Grenier of *Entourage* with Bridget, Holly, Hef and Kendra. (8) The incomparable Paris Hilton. (9) Celeb photog Ken Sax and director Michael Bay. (10) Playmates Courtney Rachel Culkin, Kara Monaco and Jillian Grace with Crispin Glover. (11) Hef, Holly and Bridget with *Amazing Race* stars Jonathan Baker, Victoria Fuller, Hayden Kristianson and Aaron Crumbaugh. (12) Kendra and Amber Campisi. (13) PMOY Tiffany Fallon with the Man. (14) Gary Busey's son Jake with Elizabeth Flynn. (15) Holly, Hef and *The L Word*'s Karina Lombard.

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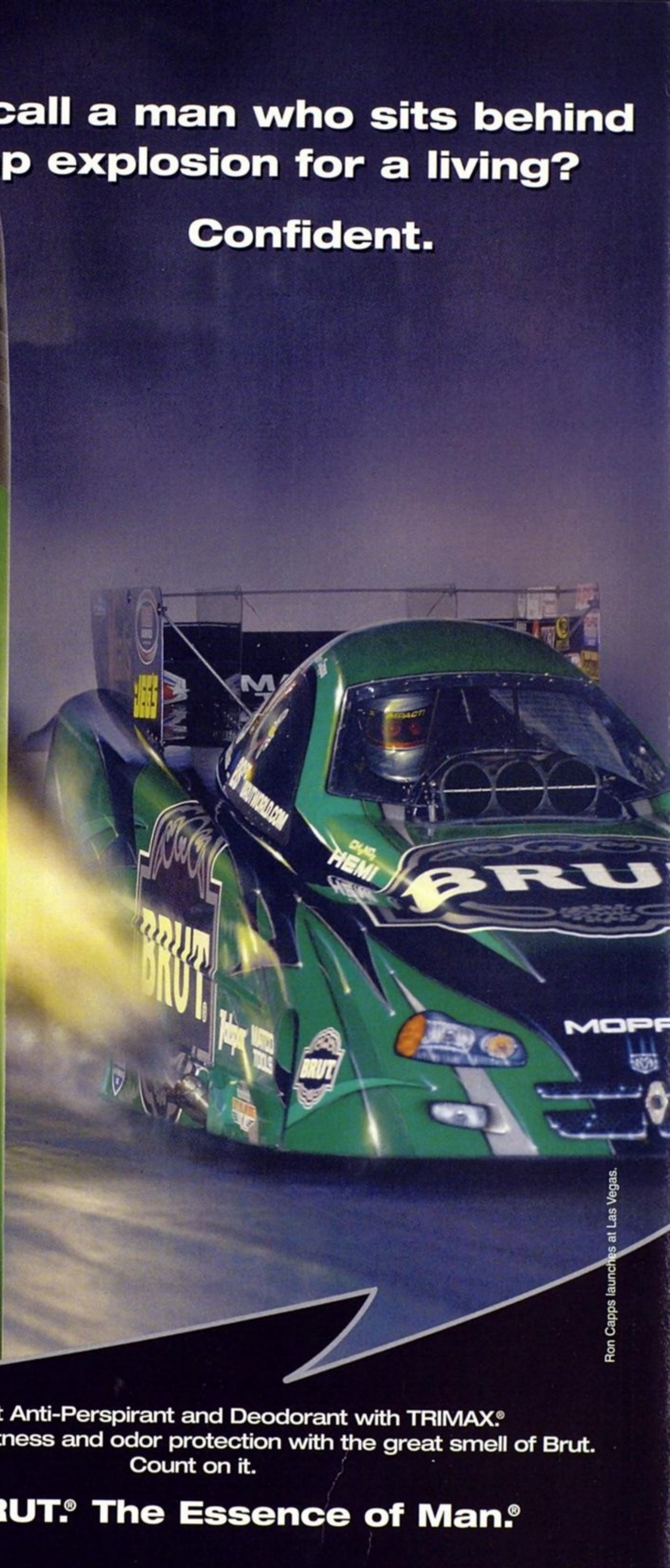

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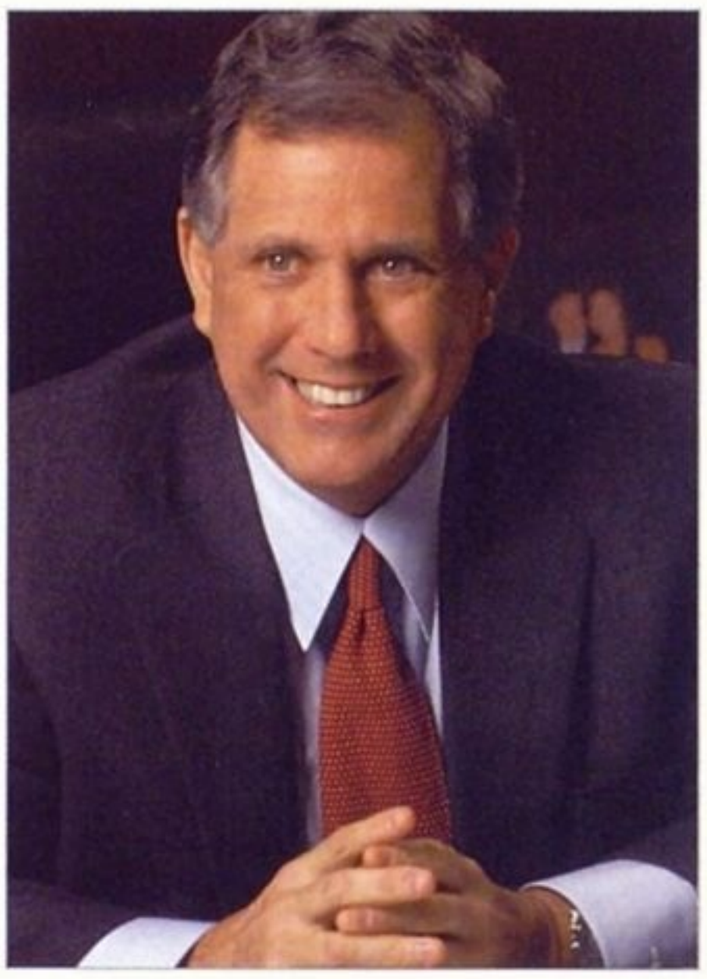
Dear Playboy

MORE OF LES

The *Playboy Interview* with CBS chairman Les Moonves (April) is interesting, but two of his comments stand out as pure crap. After Dan Rather's fraudulent *60 Minutes II* exposé about George W. Bush's National Guard service, Rather continued working at the network. Moonves says Rather had no reason to step down because the newsman had taken the "appropriate steps" to authenticate the documents. How can CBS continue to employ Rather in any capacity? Appearing on *The Late Show With David Letterman,* Rather justified his actions by saying no one had proved the documents were forgeries.



Should Les Moonves have fired Dan Rather?

Wasn't that something CBS should have done before airing its report? Moonves should have fired Rather for his complicity. Second, it's laughable for Moonves to imply that the panel investigating the incident found no political bias. It accused CBS News of "myopic zeal." It should have added "left wing" to that phrase.

George Ousley
Indian Wells, California

You promised to give us the real story on Rather. However, David Sheff missed chances to ask a lot of important questions. For instance, why did it take Rather and CBS so long to pursue this story, especially after Greg Palast reported some elements of it for the BBC in 2003? On his website Palast writes, "A year after the BBC broadcast, the I'm-going-to-be-a-real-journalist-now Rather decided to run the same story. Just as he predicted, the press police at the network and in the White House seized him and lit a tire around his neck. What was Dan's mistake? He shouldn't have embellished with a document he couldn't fully source. But that memo was about a side issue, not the key accusation, which is that Bush Senior got Junior out of the draft. Despite there not being a jot of evidence that the story of draft-dodgin' George is wrong, CBS cited Rather's insistence on the veracity of that report as grounds to crush his career and reputation. Rather was convicted by a corporate kangaroo court." The success of the right wing has been to obfuscate the central point: George W. Bush got special treatment. Your interview only clouds the issue further.

Brian LeCloux
DeForest, Wisconsin

Many successful men are self-educated. Is Moonves on the list? Your interview doesn't mention his education. I find it interesting that even children know his name. My niece and nephew think he's cool because David Letterman calls him during his show.

M. Shepard
Houston, Texas

Moonves graduated from Bucknell University and studied acting at New York's Neighborhood Playhouse.

Why didn't Sheff press Moonves further about his relationship with CBS's *Early Show* anchor Julie Chen, whom he married soon after divorcing his spouse of 25 years? It's obvious he cheated on his wife. Plus, having a relationship with someone you supervise is a conflict of interest.

Rubin Green
Los Angeles, California

To say Moonves is Chen's supervisor is a stretch. He would not discuss his personal life beyond what you read in the interview.

DANCER DOG TAGS

In "License to Thrill" (*After Hours,* April) you write about a new San Antonio ordinance that requires strippers to wear a visible license. Houston has a similar law: Dancers who perform in sexually oriented businesses must wear a license. I represent a dancer at GiGi's Cabaret who uses the stage name Mercedes. Vice cops paid a visit there following a news report about the city's topless clubs. The dancers in that club wear latex over their breasts and bottoms that are no more skimpy than what I see by the pool at my apartment complex. According to my client, she was walking onto the stage when an officer stopped her to inspect the license attached to her shoe. It had expired, and she was arrested. Because Mercedes had a prior misdemeanor conviction for possession of marijuana, she faced at least 30 days in jail. As part of plea negotiations the DA offered 20 days. Mercedes turned it down; she wants a jury to consider what she feels is an unjust law. Apparently the First Amendment is null and void when it comes to expressive dancing in a sexually oriented business.

Russell M. Webb
Houston, Texas

THE GIRLS FROM IPANEMA

Whoever is responsible for the luscious *Born in Brazil* pictorial (April) has my eternal gratitude!

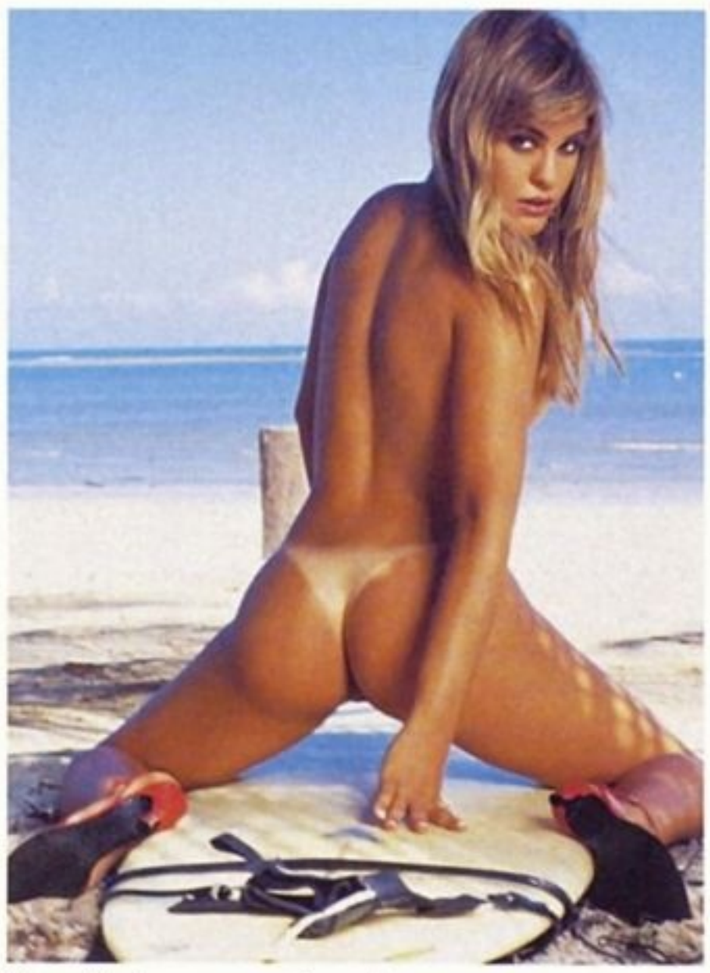
James Brown
Jacksonville, Florida

It is refreshing to see gorgeous women with their pubic hair intact.

Keith Reece
Woodstock, Georgia

Wow! There's nothing sexier than a woman with tan lines.

Jerry Petersen
Davenport, Iowa



Hey, Livia—you missed a spot.

My PLAYBOY subscription lapsed 20 years ago, but I recently renewed. I was pleased to read the great articles in the April issue by Peter Arnett and Lou Dobbs, among others. But one thing struck me. I counted only five photos that include women of color—one in a small article about a movie, two in ads and two in *Grapevine*. Even your Brazilian pictorial doesn't include any black

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women. This disappointed me because PLAYBOY is historically such a progressive magazine.

James Hopewell
Fort Washington, Maryland

We don't work with quotas but choose photos based solely on their visual appeal. At the same time we are always working to broaden the number and variety of models we see. We count on our readers to let us know how we're doing—welcome back.

DEUTSCHLAND

In an age when American consumers are inundated with a confusing mix of fabricated politics and unreliable news reports, adman and talk show host Donny Deutsch (*It's an Ad, Ad, Ad, Ad World,* April) shamelessly asserts himself as an outspoken leader of conventional media. Finally, here is a guy who knows who he is and, more important, who we are and what we want: the unabashed truth.

Ben McGuinness
Chicago, Illinois

IN THE RAW

It's a turnoff to see WWE diva Christy Hemme wearing fur on your April cover. Please keep showing skin—just not animal skin.

Chris Holbein
Newton, Massachusetts

You'll be glad to know the fur is faux.

Thanks for a spectacular pictorial. Christy is ravishing.

Jeff Muldnow Jr.
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

COURTNEY RETURNS

Courtney Rachel Culkin, your April Playmate (*A New Yorker, Naturally*), says she doesn't have to date a guy to figure him out. I am willing to sacrifice a weekend of my time to prove that men are more complicated than she thinks.

Joshua Stangl
Eau Claire, Wisconsin

It's wonderful to see a Centerfold with some thighs and ass on her. Men need to see how beautiful sizes six to 10 can be.

Kim Brautigam
Franklin Park, Illinois

Since first laying eyes on her in your *50th Anniversary Playmate Hunt* (December 2003), I have dreamed of seeing Courtney as a Playmate. She sure puts this country boy in a New York state of mind.

Jim Boggs
Louisa, Kentucky

POKER PARTY

In his guide to hosting a home poker game (*A Full House,* April), Phil Gordon writes that the "chips should have a little heft. Use anything shy of 11.5 grams—the standard casino weight—and you may as well be playing with five-and-dime plastic jobbies." Yet the chips shown on the opposite page, made by All-In, weigh 10.5 grams. All-In's website says this is the standard casino weight and that fake clay composite chips made from plastic with metal inserts usually weigh 11.5 grams. I'm just curious as to who is right and what the standard casino weight actually is.

Garrett Wickson
Miami, Florida

In reality there is no standard casino weight. We know this because Tom Golabek of pokerchipsvideo.com, who performs chip tricks, collected $1 chips from 39 poker rooms in Las Vegas, Atlantic City and Florida and weighed each on a triple-beam scale. The lightest weighed 8.9 grams and the heaviest 12.1. Seventy percent weighed less than 10.5 grams, and only two of the 22 Vegas chips weighed more than 10.

Heavy chips work best for the home game.

Gordon notes that some players may not have the cash or the cojones for no-limit Texas Hold 'Em. A practical solution is a low-limit tournament, which I describe in my book *Get the Edge at Low-Limit Texas Hold 'Em.* You can set the entry fee at any price as long as all the players agree. Since many home games are more social than cutthroat, even the worst player will keep coming back if he knows his losses will be limited. Speaking of socializing, why not replace that boring guys-only party with a coed tourney? If you aren't having any luck with the cards, the excitement the game generates could mean you'll get lucky later.

Bill Burton
New Britain, Connecticut

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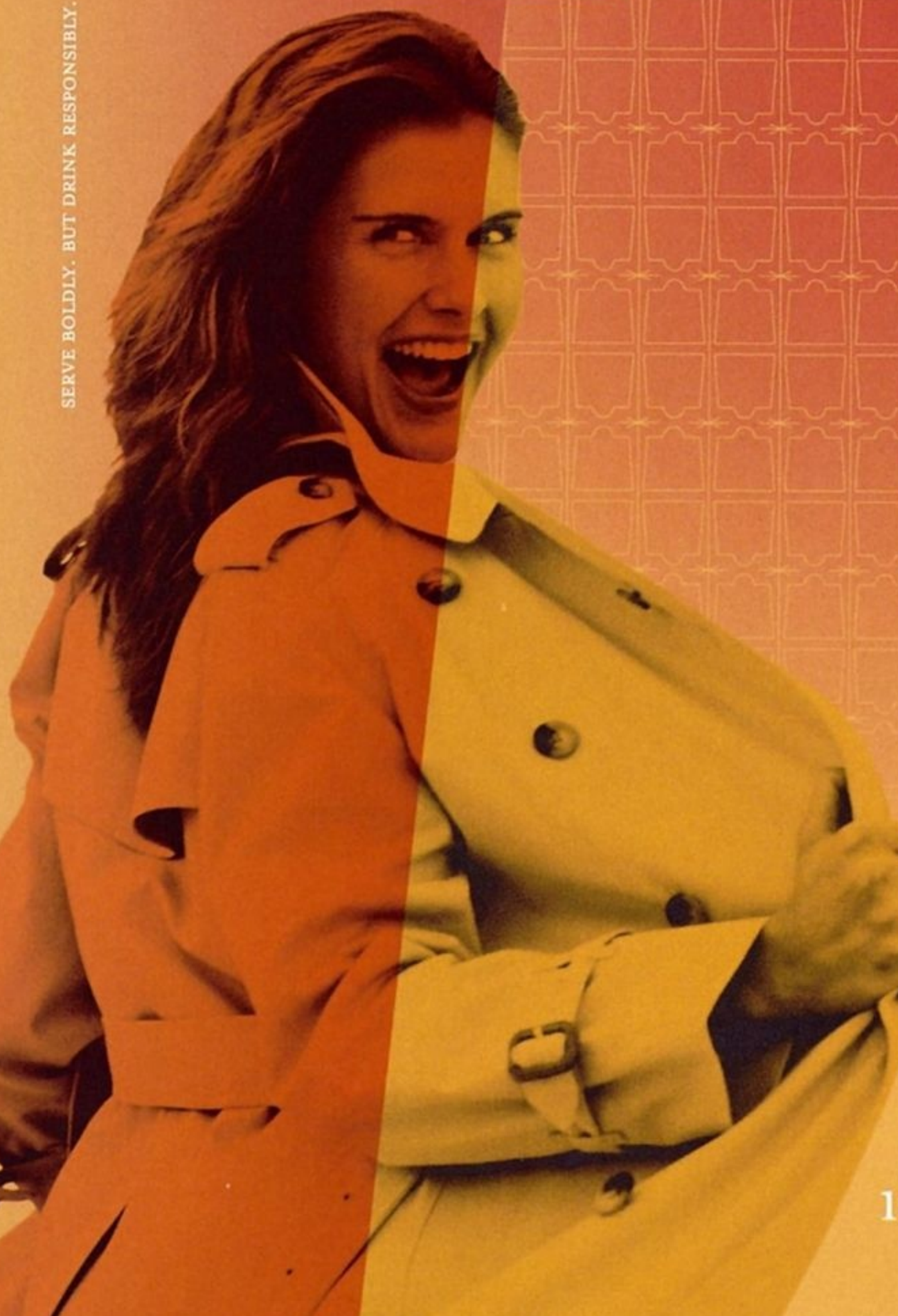

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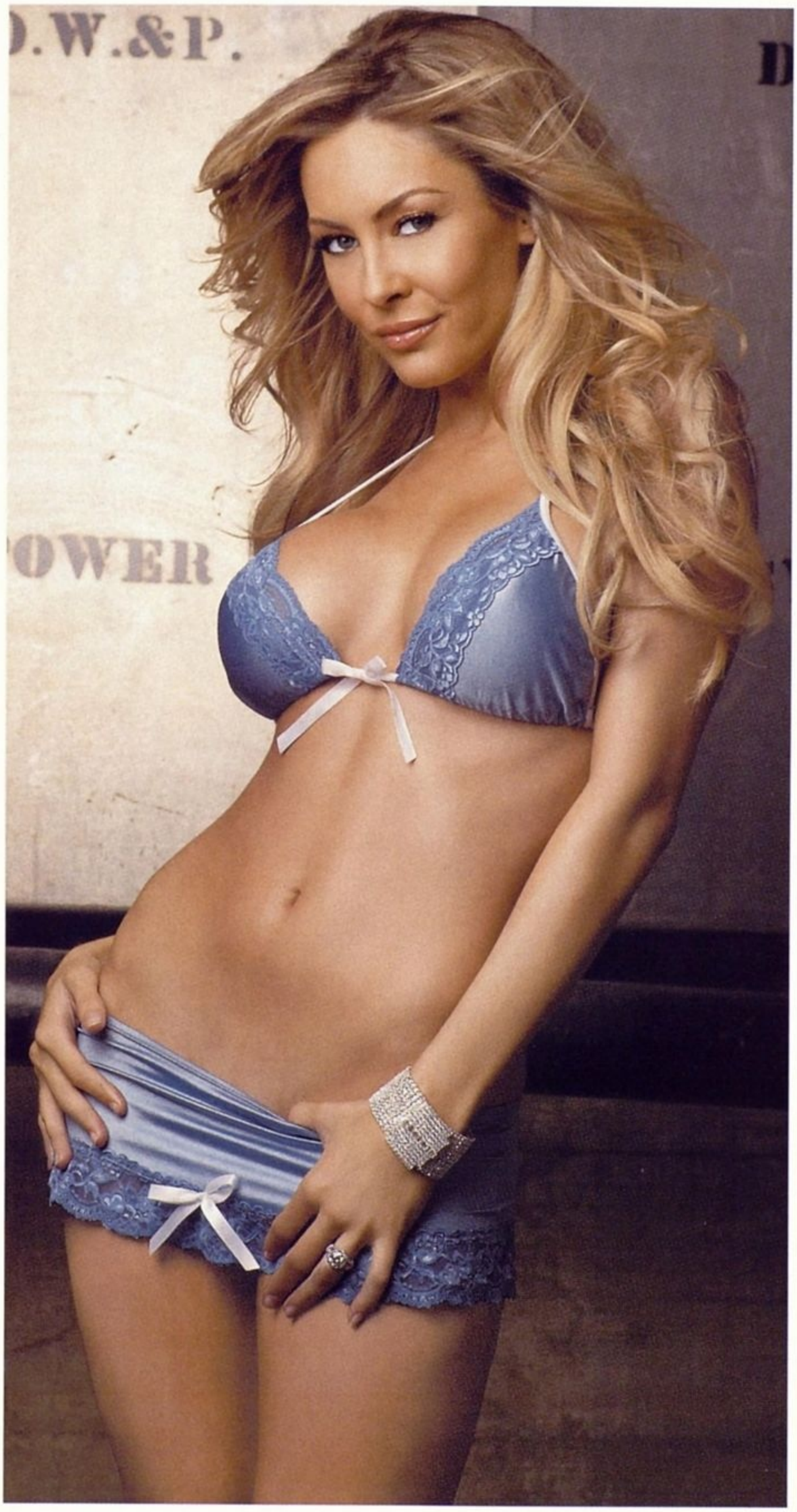
babe of the month

Bobbi Sue Luther

Starlet to Hef: Say the word and the snakeskin comes off

Bobbi Sue Luther isn't a Playmate, but she guest stars as one this season on *Curb Your Enthusiasm.* "I've never done nudity, but if Hef is reading, I'm not opposed to the idea," she says. "When I played an Orion slave girl on *Enterprise,* I was covered in green paint, had a thin piece of snakeskin across my breasts and wore a thong. I guess I was the first Orion female on *Star Trek* in more than 30 years, and I got a crazy fan response." Earlier in her life the reaction from peers wasn't always of the tongue-wagging variety. "I had food thrown at me in high school," she says. "I was really dorky, and I'm still a dork, but I've kind of filled out." Growing up in rural Maryland, Bobbi Sue showed horses competitively and won a full college scholarship to Maryland thanks to a killer tennis game. After school she moved to L.A. and appeared as the snake girl wrapped around Eminem's chest in his "Superman" video; she hits the big screen this summer as a sexy reporter in *Deuce Bigalow: European Gigolo.* In real life, though, this blonde prefers gentlemen. "There is no place for arrogance in this world," she says. "You don't have to kiss my ass, but it's nice to open a door for a lady. Guys, it's important to pay attention and set a precedent. Then all you have to do is make me laugh and keep up with me!"

"I was really dorky, and I'm still a dork, but I've kind of filled out."



PHOTOGRAPHY BY JOHN RUSSO

BOBBI SUE, PART DEUX

BEAUTY AND THE BEACH: "I've gone to a topless beach in the south of France," says Bobbi Sue. "As open-minded as the people are, you get looks if your breasts are enhanced. I didn't see anyone with boobs like mine, so the reaction was, 'Oh my God! Look at those!'"

WHAT'S COOKIN'?: Bobbi Sue is a former sous-chef and an unrepentant foodie. "In my fridge I always have spicy deviled eggs, which I can eat any day," she says. "There's also sugar-free Red Bull, guacamole and breakfast food, like eggs and turkey sausage. I'm such an eater."

SHOUT AT THE DEVIL: "I just had a Bible thumper come up to me and say that I'm using my looks to proselytize the devil and that I should find God," says Bobbi Sue. "I said, 'I didn't know he was ever lost.' I'm not religious, but I think I'm highly spiritual."

SLEEP ON THIS: On BobbiSue Luther.net true fans can buy a full-size pillow adorned with her image. "I'm topless and in lingerie," she says. "It's one of those long pillows you can curl up with if you want a little bit more of me."

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INSTANT CHARMERS

A BEST-SELLING AUTHOR'S THOUGHTS TURN TO LOVE

Malcolm Gladwell is the author of this year's immediately successful book Blink: The Power of Thinking Without Thinking, about the conclusions we draw, as he says, "in the first two seconds of looking." We asked him about meeting women.

PLAYBOY: Does love at first sight exist?

GLADWELL: Just so we're clear, if "love at first sight" means knowing whether you're sexually interested in and compatible with someone, the answer is yes. Human beings make these kinds of judgments very well and very quickly. A three-minute speed date is two minutes and 55 seconds too long.

PLAYBOY: Is that because we find a certain type sexually attractive?

GLADWELL: We tell a story about who we're interested in, but it bears no relationship to what happens in the moment. In speed dating, if I ask you to describe what you think you're attracted to, your description will have almost nothing in common with who you are actually attracted to. We have no clue what we're going to find attractive.

PLAYBOY: Are men and women different in this cluelessness?

GLADWELL: This part of it seems gender neutral. What isn't gender neutral, using the speed-dating-environment example, is that men will almost always be attracted to about half the women in a room, regardless of how many there are. Women will always be attracted to two or three men in a room, regardless of the number of men. Women are a lot more conservative, and they put more of their eggs in one basket. But I don't think they're any more in touch than men are with this mysterious thing called sexual attraction.

INSTANT FACTS A movie frame is on the screen for 0.04 seconds. Google can search its database of 8,058,044,651 pages and return 1,130,000 hits for "PLAYBOY Playmate" in 0.06 seconds. A human blink takes 0.3 seconds. A 95-mile-an-hour fastball goes from the pitcher's hand to the plate in 0.39 seconds. A tennis serve that comes off the racket at 130 miles an hour reaches the returner in 0.5 seconds. An average adult's heart beats every 0.8 seconds. Boxer Roy Jones Jr. can throw six punches in 1 second. John Hinckley fired six shots at President Ronald Reagan in 1.2 seconds. Steven Petrosino set the world record for beer drinking by consuming a liter in 1.3 seconds. Janet Jackson's breast was exposed for 1.7 seconds.

quick quiz

Which headline goes with this picture from *The New York Times*?
(A) MLB PONDERS ALTERNATIVES TO PEAKED CAP **(B)** CLERICS FIGHTING A GAY FESTIVAL FOR JERUSALEM **(C)** ARCHBISHOP OF SANTALAND JOINS PANEL ON RELIGIOUS HOLIDAYS **(D)** HATS OFF TO HOBOKEN

ANSWER: B

quickies

TODAY'S SEX NEWS IN SECONDS FLAT

SAXONY, Germany—Archaeologists have discovered 7,200-year-old statues they believe depict a man and woman having sex, which would be by far the oldest pornography on record. Male figure thought to be based on Ron Jeremy.... **LONDON**—British baby-food company Cow & Gate reports that one in three British men admits to trying his partner's breast milk. One in four admits to pouring it over Weetabix.... **BOISE, Idaho**—To skirt local laws against bottomless dancing, strip bar Erotic City held Art Club nights, at which patrons paid $15 for a sketch pad and pencil. Art-hating cops busted the club anyway.... **NEW JERSEY**—Unsatisfied customer Michael Coluzzi is suing the makers of Alzare, a penis-enlargement pill that claims a 95 percent success rate. Good to see someone standing up for the little guys.... **NEW YORK CITY**—A court has ruled that male cross-dressers can't use ladies' public restrooms. Good to see someone speaking out against gals who stand.... **LONDON**—*The Sun* has launched a campaign to save Jordan's 32FF jublies. The model and party girl has complained they're "a little big." Be careful what you pay for.

born to boogie

THE FAULT, DEAR BRITNEY, IS IN YOUR (POP) CHART

Does the single atop the hit parade the day you were born say anything about who you are? According to *Popstrology* author Ian Van Tuyl, yes it does—witness the strange logic of chart-topping tunes as he breaks them down for a few famous musicians.

Kurt Cobain (2/20/1967): "Kind of a Drag," by the Buckinghams "Yes, those born under 'Kind of a Drag' can be melancholy, but with Kurt Cobain you also have to consider Courtney Love. Her birth song was 'I Get Around.' Popstrologically it was a recipe for disaster."

Britney Spears (12/2/1981): "Physical," by Olivia Newton-John "Olivia Newton-John was a popstrological shape-shifter, morphing from the wholesome Australian good girl of 'Please Mr. Please' to the sweaty, leotard-clad vixen of 'Physical.' It's at the moment when Olivia is embracing her inner strumpet that little Britney pops out. The Bush twins are Physicals too—their birth star tells us they're classic good girls yearning to be a little bad."

Eminem (10/17/1972): "My Ding-a-Ling," by Chuck Berry "Naturally those born under the influence of Chuck Berry can achieve success by creating art considered shocking in its day. But for all Chuck Berry's influence on pop music, his only number one single was this bawdy joke, 'My Ding-a-Ling'—Ding-a-Lings often have something of the ironic genius-clown mentality."

drink of the month

O BEAUTIFUL, FOR CLOUDY SKIES

THE FORECAST CALLS FOR A DARK & STORMY

Betsy Ross may have done us a grand old flag, but whoever was supposed to mix our national drink dropped the ball. Substitute Bermuda's Dark & Stormy: Gosling's Black Seal Rum, sharp ginger beer, and lemon or lime. At New York's Grace, where the cooler is a patron favorite, the ginger beer of choice is D&G.

employee of the month

BRICK HOUSE

CONTRACTOR'S ASSISTANT KELLI PETERS SHOWS OFF HER IMPRESSIVE BUILD

PLAYBOY: Where do you work?

KELLI: I do office work for a general contractor in Arizona. We build single-family homes. It's a little of everything—contracts, securing permits, submitting plans to the city. Pretty much whatever needs to be done.

PLAYBOY: What do you wear at work?

KELLI: I can wear whatever I want, normally just a tank top and jeans or a skirt. I try not to show off at work, but when I go out I always show a little skin.

PLAYBOY: What do you do for fun?

KELLI: I live in a great community. It's on a lake, and everyone spends the entire summer hanging out there. I'm into sports, the more extreme the better. I have a boat and I Jet Ski—but wakeboarding is my thing.

PLAYBOY: Ever lose your bikini top?

KELLI: Sometimes when I wipe out, and I don't realize it until I get back to the boat. That happens often.

Employee of the Month candidates: Send pictures to PLAYBOY Photography Department, Attn: Employee of the Month, 680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611. Must be at least 18 years old. Must send photocopies of a driver's license and another valid ID (not a credit card), one of which must include a current photo.

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drinking games

THE LAWN & SPORT OF IT

LAZY SUMMER GAMES FOR COWBOYS AND KINGS

Distinguish your backyard social with some friendly competition—but nothing too strenuous. Break out the badminton, say, and you'll be blamed if someone turns an ankle. Better to choose a classic one-handed amusement: Boys and girls can compete on equal terms, and you never have to set down your drink.

Petanque (invented in France circa 1910) Call this game bocce within earshot of French people and risk a faceful of Roquefort. Object: Land a small metal ball (*boule*) near a smaller wooden one (*cochon*). What to get: set of eight boules and two cochons by OBUT ($60). Useful expression: "*Merde!*"

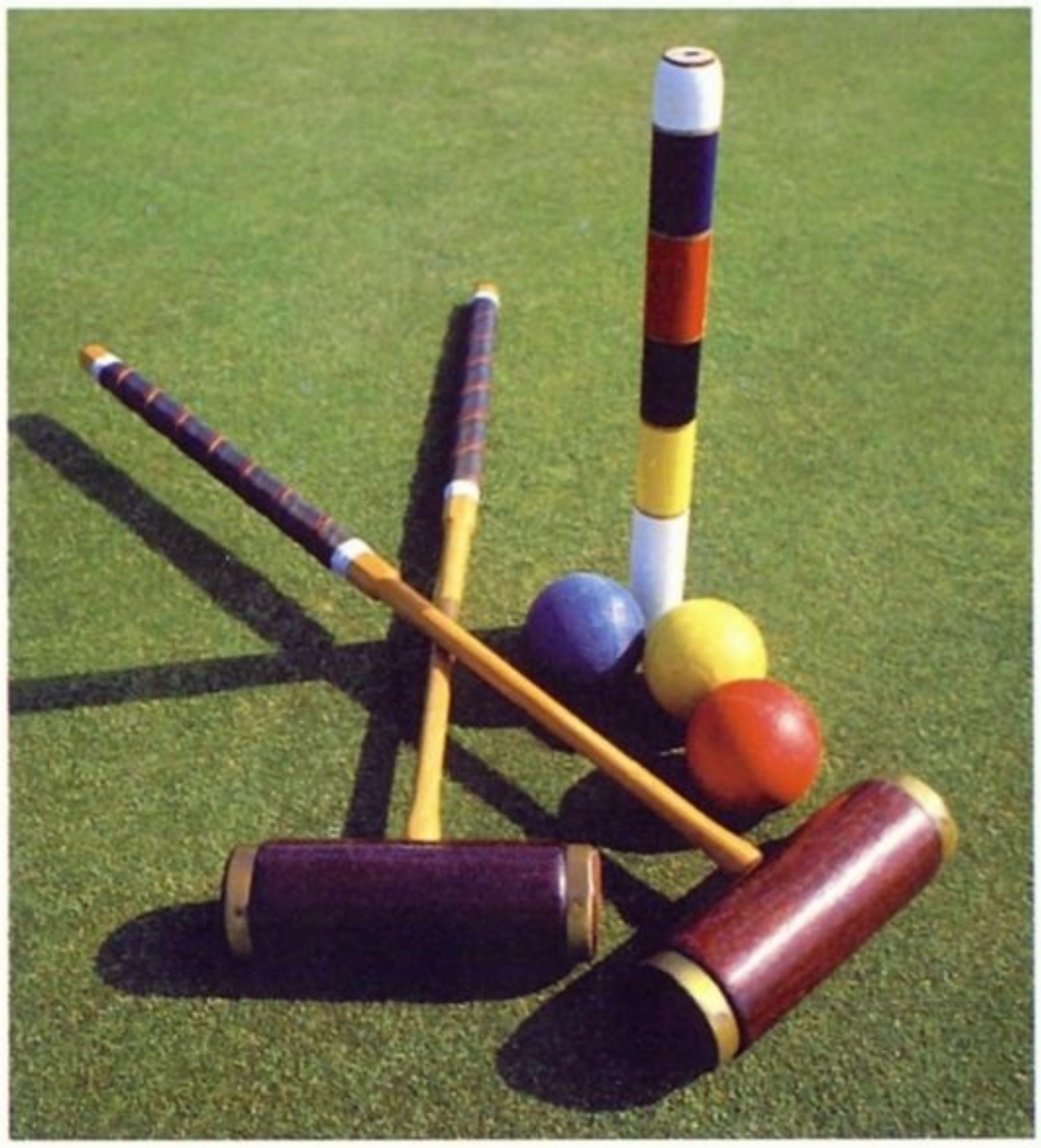
Bocce (Italy, Roman Empire) Like petanque but different. Object: Land a large, heavy resin ball near a smaller resin ball (the *pallino*). What to get: the Paris International Bocce Set ($119). Useful expression: "*Veni, vidi, vici.*"

Lawn darts (Native American) Indians played something like it with corncobs. Object: Lob your pointy thing so it lands in a small ring. What to get: Sorry, Charlie, it's been illegal to sell lawn darts in the United States since 1988. Useful expression: "Ow, you've punctured my eyeball. Please call an ambulance."

Horseshoes (Ancient Greece) It's the workingman's lawn game, one that goes particularly well with bottled domestic beer. Object: Score a ringer by landing a horseshoe on a metal rod. What to get: the Professional set by St. Pierre ($39). Useful expression: "Dadgummit."

Croquet (Britain, 1066) You need two hands (and the odd foot) for this one. Object: Use a mallet to whack your ball through the wickets before your opponents can do the same; a good strike will send theirs flying into the neighbor's swimming pool. What to get: Hurlingham croquet set from Wood Mallets Ltd. ($560). Useful expression: "Well played, Nigel, old bean."

Lawn bowls (Britain, 1299) Considered an actual sport in Commonwealth countries, this is no casual toss around. True lawn bowls requires a square, level surface as manicured as a putting green. Object: Roll your heavy black balls (woods) as close to the small wooden ball (the jack) as possible. The woods are biased so that a well (or poorly) spun ball will curve. What to get: set of Drakes Pride professional bowls for $235. Did we mention you need a white suit and special shoes? Useful expression: "No, go the other way, you stupid ball."



travel tip

DON'T LEAF HOME WITHOUT IT

Canadians are a proud people—and why not? There's something to be said for not pissing off the rest of the world. If you're traveling this summer, the Go Canadian kit's sticker, patch, T-shirt and pin might lower your profile and cut down on heckling. Go from arrogant regime changer to humble Molson swiller in seconds. Clever, eh? (t-shirtking.com/gocanadian)

ace up your sleeve

ALL SUITED UP

ONLY AN AMATEUR WOULD LOSE THIS SHIRT

Bowlers wear bowling shirts, tennis players wear tennis shoes, and golfers wear golf slacks—poker wear was inevitable. Festooned with cards and chips, shirts by High Roller Fashions are 100 percent silk to keep bluffers cool.

RAW DATA

SIGNIFICA, INSIGNIFICA, STATS AND FACTS

Eat Me. No, Really

For her London birthday party Mariah Carey commissioned a team of 17 chefs from Harrods to make a praline-and-butterscotch-filled cake in her image. It cost $9,500 and stood four feet tall.

Horns of Dilemma

45 to 12

Vote of the Wyoming state house in favor of designating an official state mythical creature—the jackalope.

If Being Wrong Is Wrong, They Don't Wanna Be...Uh...

Polled Americans who'd fight for the USA "right or wrong":

Republicans	66%
Democrats	33%
Independents	42%

Adult Education

26% of Americans can name a porn star—39% of men and 15% of women. Jenna Jameson is the most frequently cited, followed by Ron Jeremy, John Holmes and Linda Lovelace.

No Rules, Just Right-Wing

Percentage of political corporate contributions that went to the GOP in the 2004 elections:

Pizza Hut	85%
Chili's	92%
Hooters	96%
Outback Steakhouse	98%

Book of Pointless Records

Largest Crossword Puzzle

64,371 words, composed over the course of seven years by Russian couple Svetlana and Semyon Belyayev. Its dimensions are 6 by 8 meters, and Svetlana estimates it would take two years to complete.

Fakin' It

Age of the giant stone penises near the Peruvian village of Chucuito said to be the ruins of an Incan fertility shrine that has drawn millions of tourists:

12 years.

Tempted by the booming tourism industry at nearby Lake Titicaca, locals erected the ersatz erections in 1993.

Freaking Ridiculous

Under a measure that passed the U.S. House 389 to 38, the proposed maximum federal fine for saying "fuck" on the radio: $500,000. The current maximum federal fine for illegally testing pesticides on human beings: $500,000.

Price Check

Jesus Built My Hot Rod

$37,000 Paid at an auction for Branch Davidian leader David Koresh's 1968 Camaro. The seller had hoped to get $80,000.

IN OZ, EVERYONE HAS A ROLE. WHAT WOULD YOURS BE?

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I'm a
VICTIM

HELLO
I'm a
SLAVE

HELLO
I'm a
MULE

HELLO
I'm a
PRAG

HELLO
I'm a
SNITCH

HELLO
I'm a
CORPSE

HELLO
I'm a
PATSY

HELLO
I'm a
ADDICT

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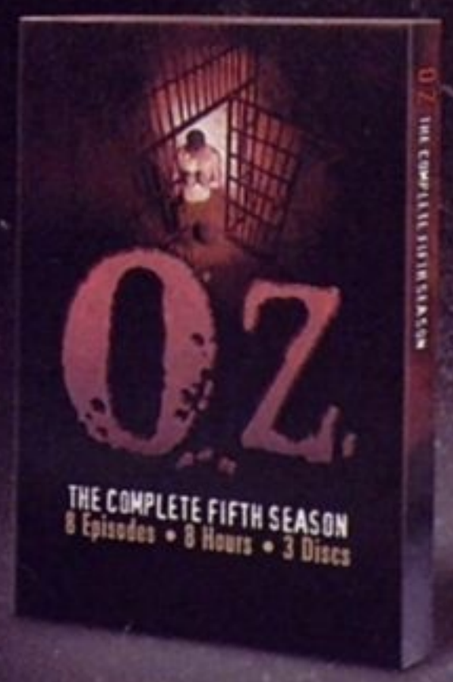


HBO VIDEO

REVIEWS

movies

movie of the month

[FANTASTIC FOUR]

More comic book superheroes storm the screen

"The stunts were so huge. I watched the effects team catapulting guys clear across a football field, and I was like, 'I don't think I'm doing that,'" says Julian McMahon, who stars in the big-screen version of the Marvel Comics favorite *Fantastic Four* as the armor-encased, fiendishly brilliant villain Victor Von Doom (a.k.a. Doctor Doom), the guy who makes things tense for fantastic foursome Chris Evans, Michael Chiklis, Jessica Alba and Ioan Gruffudd. For the uninitiated, think of the Fantastic Four as the comics world's superhero A-team—a group of astronauts who survive intense radiation exposure only to emerge with superpower attributes such as invisibility, infinite stretchability, the ability to start fire and impenetrable skin. But just because McMahon—TV's womanizing, morally challenged plastic surgeon on *Nip/Tuck*—wasn't about to hurtle across a football field for his art doesn't mean he had it easy.

> "Everyone has an opinion of what Doctor Doom should be."

"The idea of playing this part was a little overwhelming," he says, "because everybody has an opinion of what Doctor Doom could or should be. I delved back into the comics over the past 50 years and studied bad guys in films and literature. Then I just dumped all of it. I don't want to hear anybody say 'You suck in this' or 'That isn't what Doctor Doom was like at all.' I feel I did the best I could to fill those big shoes."

—Stephen Rebello

now showing

BUZZ

Wedding Crashers

(Owen Wilson, Vince Vaughn, Rachel McAdams, Christopher Walken) Wilson and Vaughn are divorce mediators who spend their weekends crashing weddings, mostly to pick up bridesmaids. Things get funny when they get too cozy with beautiful, engaged McAdams and tangle with her offbeat dad (Walken).

Our call: Friends and frequent co-stars Wilson and Vaughn (along with Will Ferrell in a small role) cook up their usual hip anarchy. What would summer be without a goofball comedy?

Bewitched

(Nicole Kidman, Will Ferrell, Shirley MacLaine) Laughs, romance and spell casting by nose twitching ensue when a TV crew filming a remake of the long-running series—about a suburban witch who uses her powers to assist her mortal spouse—realizes its star (Kidman) is the real deal.

Our call: Kidman is a spookily perfect Elizabeth Montgomery substitute. But look for Ferrell to steal the show as her befuddled husband trying to revive his acting career.

Charlie and the Chocolate Factory

(Johnny Depp, Freddie Highmore, David Kelly, Helena Bonham Carter) Depp and director Tim Burton—the De Niro–Scorsese of the surreally twisted—team up for this revamp of Roald Dahl's classic about five tykes touring a demented chocolate factory presided over by the eccentric Willy Wonka.

Our call: With the merrily offkilter Depp and Burton currently enjoying career rolls, this is perfect for 1970s kids who never got over the oddball Gene Wilder movie from their youth.

Happy Endings

(Lisa Kudrow, Jesse Bradford, Maggie Gyllenhaal, Tom Arnold, Jason Ritter) In this comedy-drama free-for-all, filmmaker Bradford blackmails birth counselor Kudrow. Meanwhile, Gyllenhaal beds both Arnold and his son Ritter, who in turn lusts after Kudrow's stepbrother, who...well, then things get crazy.

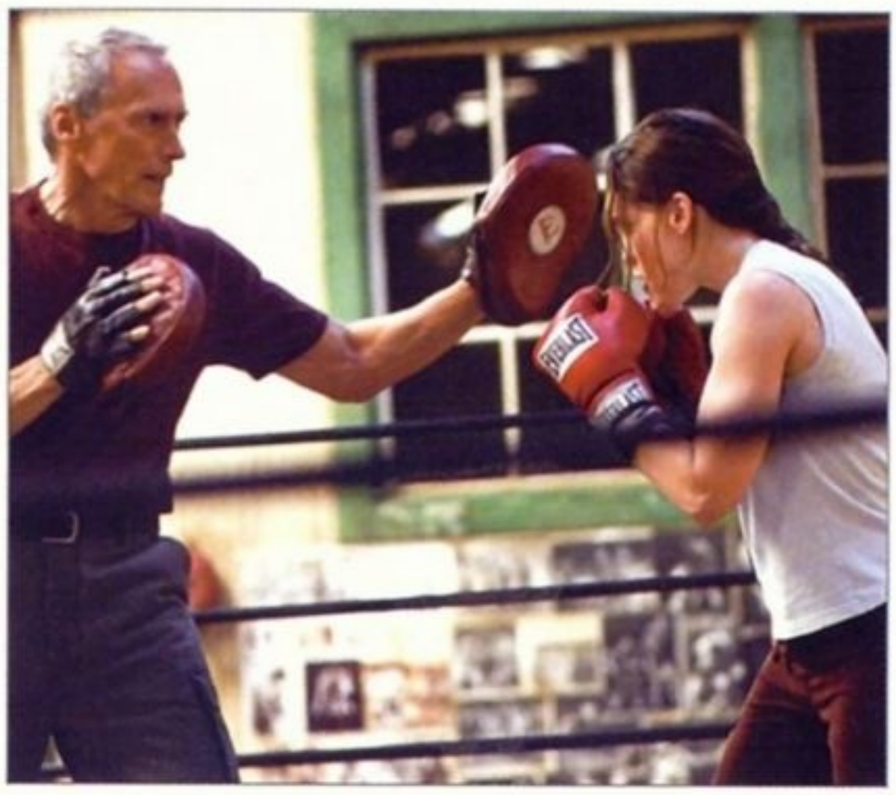
Our call: It's got a great cast and a kindly attitude toward wayward relationships, but director Don Roos (*The Opposite of Sex*) doesn't always deliver for mainstream audiences.

dvd of the month

[MILLION DOLLAR BABY]

Hilary Swank is a knockout in Clint Eastwood's boxing opus

Clint Eastwood diminishes the tawdry allure of ferocious girl-on-girl action with *Million Dollar Baby,* a more-than-just-boxing movie that earned the grizzled film giant his latest Oscars, for best picture and best director. Eastwood croaks his way through the film as Frankie Dunn, a haunted cut man turned trainer burning off his waning days at his run-down L.A. gym. Redemption shows up in the form of Maggie Fitzgerald (Hilary Swank), a 30-year-old wannabe who is desperate for Dunn's guidance and eventually becomes a title contender. Dunn's sidekick, Eddie "Scrap Iron" Dupris (Morgan Freeman), narrates the tale, a fable with *Rocky* overtones that come thudding to the canvas in the film's much discussed and top-secret third-act plot twist. Critics dubbed the film a knockout, but it's more of a crippling body blow. And all the better for it. **Extras:** A women-in-boxing featurette and a roundtable discussion with Eastwood, Freeman and Swank. ¥¥¥¥ *—Greg Fagan*



THE X-FILES MYTHOLOGY: ABDUCTION (2005) The truth is still out there for agents Scully (Gillian Anderson) and Mulder (David Duchovny) in a new four-disc compilation of 16 episodes culled from seasons one through three that follow the alien-abduction story line. This is the first of four planned sets that shrewdly reorganize, by theme, the otherworldly FBI cases of the sexy skeptic and her ET-manic partner. **Extras:** Commentary tracks on select episodes; part one of creator Chris Carter's new *X-Files*–illuminating documentary *Threads of Mythology.* ¥¥¥¥ *—Robert B. DeSalvo*

HOSTAGE (2005) Bruce Willis is an LAPD hostage negotiator who relocates to a sleepy town after a failed case leaves a family dead. He is soon sucked back into his old job, this time negotiating for two sets of hostages, one of which is his own family. This is one unpleasant movie, filled with stomach-churning gratuitous violence. **Extras:** Behind-the-scenes footage and the director's commentary. ¥ *—Matthew Steigbigel*

FILM NOIR CLASSIC COLLECTION: VOL. 2 Five more smoky film noir delights from the Warner Bros. vaults: Richard Fleischer's razor-sharp 1952 thriller *The Narrow Margin* offers gravel-voiced heavy turned hero Charles McGraw in his career-defining role; *Born to Kill* (1947) and *Dillinger* (1945) feature Lawrence Tierney—the future *Reservoir Dogs* mastermind Joe Cabot—in his menacing prime; Marilyn Monroe in scanties and a superb Barbara Stanwyck performance help lift Fritz Lang's *Clash by Night* (1952, pictured) well above standard period melodramas; and Edward Dmytryk's *Crossfire* (1947) positively sizzles thanks to Robert Ryan's turn as an anti-Semitic murderer. **Extras:** All of the films are remastered and feature scholarly commentaries. ¥¥¥¥ *—G.F.*

THE SOPRANOS SEASON 5 (2004) A rough year for Mafia boss Tony Soprano (James Gandolfini): His wife sent him packing and his kids remain ungrateful Mob brats. He's too distracted to realize that his right-hand man's girlfriend is in bed with the feds. By season's end she sleeps with the fishes. **Extras:** Episode directors Peter Bogdanovich and Mike Figgis provide two of the commentary tracks. ¥¥¥ *—G.F.*

CONSTANTINE (2005) After the comics crowd and confused mainstream critics nitpicked it, audiences steered clear of this decent supernatural thriller. That's too bad, because Keanu Reeves, a freelance exorcist trying to buy his way out of damnation, leads an impressive cast to hell and back in an apocalyptic take on the hard-boiled detective genre. Peter Stormare stops the show as a seedy Vegas-lounge Satan. **Extras:** The double-disc edition is fully loaded with featurettes. ¥¥¥ *—Brian Thomas*

tease frame

Sultry English minx **Helena Bonham Carter** began her career playing proper ladies in *A Room With a View* (1985), *Where Angels Fear to Tread* (1991) and *Howards End* (1992). She finally unbuttoned her corsets as her star rose, as in *Dancing Queen* (1993), *Fight Club* (1999), *Novocaine* (2001), *The Heart of Me* (2002) and *The Wings of the Dove* (1997, pictured), where she's on top of things. Not to sound sour, but there's little chance director Tim Burton will share his girlfriend's sweet assets in this month's *Charlie and the Chocolate Factory.*

This Summer, ~~Memories~~ matter.

the critical collector

[TEAM PLAYERS]

From extreme surfing to goalie action, these sports DVDs score big

Sports DVDs are outpacing every other home video category like Seabiscuit on amphetamines. DVD producers figured out that we don't want dugout follies, we want DVDs featuring events we don't see on *SportsCenter.* Take, for example, the professional surfers of *Billabong Odyssey* (pictured), certifiable nutcases who use satellite-based weather-predicting gadgetry to find major storms in the open ocean and then surf the 80-foot waves. It's a 92-minute vicarious thrill ride at the beach. For a change in climate we go to the frozen tundra of Lambeau Field. The soil-warming system installed by Vince Lombardi failed the frigid day his Green Bay Packers were to play the hated Dallas Cowboys in the 1967 NFL championship game. You can revisit the so-called Ice Bowl thanks to NFL Films' previously lost archival footage in *The Complete History of the Green Bay Packers,* including the legendary 12-play drive led by Bart Starr. *When It Was a Game: Triple Play Collection* shows baseball's loss of innocence from a fan's perspective, using eight-millimeter and 16-millimeter home movies of games, players and stadiums. By far the most comprehensive sports DVD collection has to be *History of Soccer: The Beautiful Game,* a 900-minute, seven-disc set that includes the first known footage of the game, turn-of-the-century international matches and every goal from every World Cup Final match. *—Buzz McClain*

special additions

Take a closer look at the art of car chases, air guitar and bar dancing

Action-film legend Steve McQueen would have blushed at the DVD celebration unfolding in his honor. The **Essential Steve McQueen Collection** earns its title with first-timers *Tom Horn, Never So Few* and *The Cincinnati Kid,* plus *Papillon, The Getaway* and the set's standout, *Bullitt.* The second disc includes a new documentary, but the real bonus is a movie-editing featurette that showcases *Bullitt*'s landmark San Francisco chase scene. McQueen fans should also seek out the season one boxed set of **Wanted: Dead or Alive** (pictured), the actor's lone TV series (1958–1961), which includes a multipart McQueen documentary.... The three-disc **Bill & Ted's Most Excellent Collection** offers both *Bill & Ted* flicks and a bonus disc that includes a tutorial from professional air guitarists. The 10-step program takes you through music and wardrobe selection to playing style (Pete Townshend or Jimmy Page?) before moving on to pointers and web links to get you on your way to pantomime Hendrixhood.... It's tough for a film about getting in touch with one's inner slut to squeak by with a PG-13, which is why the **Coyote Ugly Unrated Special Edition DVD** merits your attention. This cut from director David McNally restores seven minutes of footage, including an extended sex scene, some striptease action at the softball game and more wild dancing in wet T-shirts and bras. *—G.F.*

SCANNER

NIGHTMARE ALLEY (1947) "How do you become a geek?" asks Tyrone Power in this rarely seen gem, a brutal melodrama about carnies. See him rise through the ranks and fall through the cracks until he finds his answer. ¥¥¥¥

CURSED (2005) An apt title for director Wes Craven's stab at making a werewolf-genre *Scream* with this troubled production about two lycanthropic siblings in Hollywood. Skip the neutered PG-13 version and sniff out the unrated disc. ¥¥½

HIDE AND SEEK (2005) Robert De Niro is a psychologist and the father of young Dakota Fanning, who has gone all creepy after her mother's suicide. Up to the isolated country house they go to try to work things out. ¥¥½

CATHOUSE (2002) HBO put hidden cameras in the rooms of Nevada's Moonlite Bunny Ranch. Most uncomfortable segment: A mom sits on a bed while negotiating a blow job for her son. Yuck. ¥½

THE JACKET (2005) The atmosphere is moody and the plot murky in this time-traveling psychological thriller with Adrien Brody as a confused Gulf war vet and Keira Knightley as his sexy salvation. ¥¥

THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA (2004) Joel Schumacher resurrects the Broadway hit with this gaudy Gothic musical that suffers from iffy casting choices, including Phantom Gerard Butler. ¥¥½

HITCH (2005) Anonymous "date doctor" Will Smith schools clueless clients in the art of wooing. When he meets his match in luscious and aloof reporter Eva Mendes, you're knee-deep in a date movie, albeit one with more charm and laughs than most. ¥¥¥½

TILT: SEASON 1 (2005) The Texas hold 'em craze reaches its apogee in this ESPN drama featuring Michael Madsen's turn as the Matador, a Las Vegas card shark. Unless you hang on his every Tarantino tough-guy mannerism, take a gamble elsewhere. ¥½

¥¥¥¥ Don't miss ¥¥ Worth a look
¥¥¥ Good show ¥ Forget it

This Summer, *JOURNEYS* matter.

beat happening

[FLAVOR SAVER]

Cook Book proves Missy Elliott is back on track

Hip-hop artists and enormous egos go together like Louis and Vuitton, and on Missy Elliott's latest album the supa-dupa fly rapper shows that her self-confidence is mightier than ever. Over the course of 15 tracks that bounce with energy, the lightning-quick rhymer calls herself everything from "the beginning and the end" to "the grease in the frying pan." She claims she's "better than most," and she's right. After all, even a mediocre Missy collection—where the party's off the hook and the beats have been beamed in from outer space—blows most other hip-hop records away. But *Cook Book* is better than a mediocre Missy collection, and it puts her back on track after recent missteps. Here Miss Misdemeanor continues to prove her breadth of style can't be duplicated; joints range from goofball party hits ("We Run This") to edgy heartbreak jams ("Gotta Move On"). Fellow musicians Pharrell Williams, Mary J. Blige, Ciara, Slick Rick and Tweet (who's also on Missy's own Goldmind label) add to the fun. Will there be a track—à la "Work It" from Missy's *Under Construction* album—blasted in every dance club on the planet? The angelic hook in "Joy" is already stuck in our minds like Bubblicious. (*Atlantic*) ¥¥¥½ *—Alison Prato*

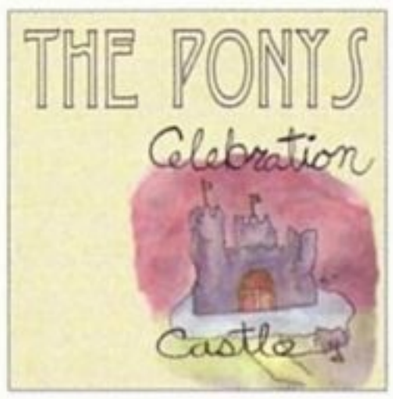
[UNFORGETTABLE FIRE]

Coldplay's _X&Y_ gives off a warm glow

As Coldplay's new album opens with the same ethereal feel as the band's breakthrough single, "Clocks," it quickly becomes apparent that there is now an identifiable Coldplay sound. With the basic formula intact from *A Rush of Blood to the Head*—atmospheric synth washes, mournful pianos, chiming guitars, ghostlike backing vocals—the coherence of the Coldplay aesthetic is so complete as to render comparisons to, say, Echo & the Bunnymen or U2 irrelevant. (Besides, Chris Martin's lyrics are so much better than Bono's that it hardly seems fair to emphasize similarities in the music.) Martin's vocals remain distinctive as he intersperses his falsetto within phrases or even within single words. Still, what most distinguishes Coldplay is its ability—like the Smiths, another era-defining band—to create shimmering, transcendent beauty from such a glum perspective. And fear not, the lead single, "Speed of Sound," is by no means the strongest song here; "What If," "Talk" and "Low" are all potential hits. (*Capitol*) ¥¥¥½ *—Tim Mohr*

COMMON • Be
This Windy City MC's new album is a distillation of hip-hop's pure essence. Kanye West produced nine of the 11 tracks, and the result is a raw, soulful Chicago sound. Common shows his storytelling abilities—and his confidence—with virtually no guest MCs. *Be* is nothing short of a classic. (*Geffen*) ¥¥¥¥ *—Dean Gaskin*

A BAND OF BEES • Free the Bees
On album number two, the Bees are still wildly inventive but have also found a sweet spot. Call this a modern-day version of the Zombies' late-1960s masterpiece *Odessey & Oracle*—a mellow Brit-soul take on the Beach Boys, built of vocal harmonies, keyboards and guitars. Brilliant. (*Astralwerks*) ¥¥¥½ *—T.M.*



THE PONYS • Celebration Castle
Young groups give plenty of lip service to 1970s art-rock bands such as Television and the Voidoids, but only the Ponys have tackled the sound with any real success. To do so the Chicago group drops in a Bo Diddley backbeat and blasts of overdriven guitar. It's quirky and smart. (*In the Red*) ¥¥¥¥ *—Jason Buhrmester*

DWIGHT YOAKAM • Blame the Vain
For a man from the hills of eastern Kentucky, Yoakam sure knows how to play Bakersfield. In this, his first self-produced album, he serves up a dozen well-crafted songs that would make Buck Owens proud. Great guitar, great singing—this is his best work in years. (*New West*) ¥¥¥½ *—Leopold Froehlich*

This Summer, making a splash matters.

game of the month

[LITTLE GRAY MEN]

A whole new definition of illegal alien

Defending the planet from alien invaders is overrated. How many marauding hordes have you saved mankind from at this point? And has mankind ever bothered to send even a thank-you note? Take out your frustration on the denizens of Earth with *Destroy All Humans!* (*THQ,* PS2, Xbox), a clever 1950s SF-schlock spoof. As Crypto, a gray alien, you have a mission to harvest human DNA for your ET masters. Objectives such as probing beauty queens and foiling FBI conspiracies can be accomplished by assuming innocents' identities. Prefer a more direct approach? Use your ray guns and disintegration beam to scare the locals into calling the National Guard, then toss livestock at the soldiers with your telekinetic powers. The grab bag of activities offered—from flying saucer shoot-outs to jetpack hopping—ultimately succeeds through sheer eccentricity. Not perfect, but enough to keep your puny humanoid brain well entertained. ¥¥¥ *—Scott Steinberg*

CONKER: LIVE AND RELOADED (*Microsoft Game Studios,* Xbox) Everyone's favorite perverted, wantonly violent squirrel is back and still as cute as a button. The single-player story line offers inventive and vulgar situations that parody *The Godfather, The Matrix, Saving Private Ryan* and other films. Multiplayer shines, allowing as many as 16 gamers to battle it out with gigantic guns and armored vehicles. Pure twisted fun. ¥¥¥½

—John Gaudiosi

FORZA MOTORSPORT (*Microsoft Game Studios,* Xbox) This riveting racer is a painstakingly faithful sim that lets you tune up and test-drive more than 230 autos, from Camaros to Bentleys. Breeze past up to seven buddies over Xbox Live, try for a place on the global leaderboards or join an online car club. Prefer flying solo? The game can simulate an entire career for you, down to how the heat on Daytona's track affects the tires you've chosen. ¥¥¥½

—Adam Rosen

KILLER 7 (*Capcom,* GameCube, PS2) From its unique post-anime, cel-shaded graphics to its willfully odd premise—a contract killer with seven personalities must save the world—*Killer 7* is unlike any shooter you've ever played. Each of hitman Harman Smith's identities (which include a masked pro wrestler and a femme fatale) brings unique capabilities to the gameplay and makes replay a worthwhile experience. Bizarre, violent and highly original. ¥¥¥ *—J.G.*

STAR WARS: EPISODE III REVENGE OF THE SITH (*LucasArts,* PS2, Xbox) Closely following the plot of the movie, this latest way to ingest the *Star Wars* universe allows you to taste both the light and dark paths as you alternately control Obi-Wan and Anakin. From the beginning of this thrilling effort, you play as an advanced Jedi, and exercising your powers is intuitive, so you feel truly in control of the awesome power of the Force. ¥¥¥½

—Chris Hudak

game gear

[PSParaphernalia]

The PSP is the first truly amazing thing Sony has done since the Walkman. Now it's time to trick out your tiny electronic pal. The PSP CHARGER CASE from Nyko ($70, nyko.com) not only protects your $250 investment by packing it in aluminum, it has a battery pack that triples your play time (giving you five additional hours).... Mad Catz takes care of the PSP's electricity habit in other ways with its POWER SOLUTION ($20, madcatz.com), a combo that includes a DC adapter for your car and a battery pack that lets you charge up using four AAA batteries.... Those who prefer using the PSP as a movie machine should check out Logitech's PLAYGEAR AMP ($80, logitech.com), a dock that upgrades the PSP's built-in speakers to a set of four microdrivers that delivers enough power to fill a small room. Plus it doubles as a stand and can run off batteries.... Want to give the impression that carrying your PSP is a matter of national security? Intec's deluxe PRO GAMER'S KIT ($30, intecgamer.com) is your ticket. It comes with a boatload of widgets, from a car charger to a three-disc case, all inside an aluminum mini-briefcase. Bonus points if you handcuff it to your wrist.... Finally, if you're one of the 20 men with a gaming girlfriend, this solid gold BABY PHAT PSP COVER is the perfect way to say "I have cash bonfires on the weekend." Sure, you're using a $35,000 item to protect something that costs $250, but since when has logic had anything to do with buying things for women?

WHERE AND HOW TO BUY ON PAGE 131.

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two masters

[WRITERS AT LARGE]

Umberto Eco and Paul Theroux talk about their new novels

Umberto Eco's fifth novel, *The Mysterious Flame of Queen Loana* (Harcourt), follows a 60-something rare-book dealer who awakes from a coma to find he can remember every book he's ever read but can't recall any details of his life. To jog his memory he combs through the relics of his adolescence.

Q: What inspired you to write this book?

A: Life is nothing but a long process of remembering one's childhood, yet I was embarrassed by the idea of revealing details about my own youth. I decided to write a fictional autobiography of somebody else who was not me but was representative of my generation.

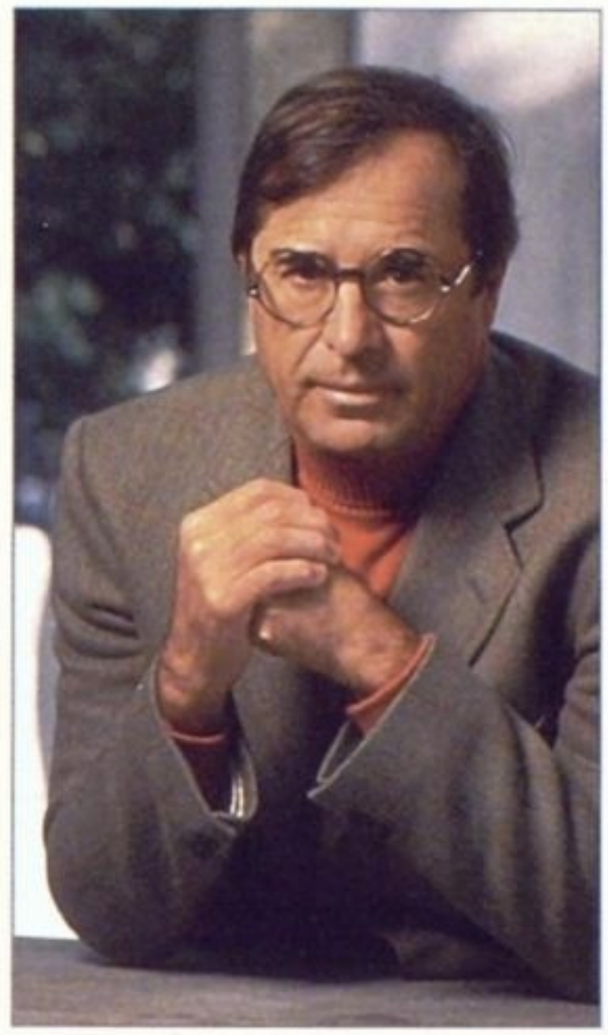
Q: Some would call your books highbrow. What do you think about easy-reading page-turners?

A: I respect them, but I also think that at times readers want something that engages them in an active mental process. Every writer's dream is to write a book so excitingly complicated that its readers feel obliged to turn the pages. James Joyce dreamed of a book written for an ideal reader affected by an ideal insomnia.

Q: Your last book of nonfiction was *History of Beauty*. Does PLAYBOY have a place in this history?

A: That book analyzes 3,000 years of different conceptions of beauty. In this crowd—with the Venus de Milo, Chartres cathedral and Greta Garbo—certainly the Bunnies have a nice spot.

In his fine new novel, *Blinding Light* (Houghton Mifflin), **Paul Theroux** writes brilliantly about sight, humor and eroticism. He answers a few of our questions.



Q: What is revealed to blind writers that sighted writers don't see?

A: During the spell of limited sight I had after double cataract surgery, my other senses were heightened. My world was eroticized. I wasn't blind, but I had severely impaired vision and I began to feel things I had never felt before. This novel is about sexuality and revelation. The blind narrator sees, feels and smells with his whole body, and he has a willing partner, a doctor who is also a sensualist.

Q: How different is the book industry now from when you started?

A: In the 1950s writers were mysterious, inaccessible—more like rock stars. You wouldn't see them at your Barnes & Noble. A writer was an outlaw or a mystic. Now we're perceived as hacks who sign your copies and give a pep talk at the bookstore.

Q: How do you feel about rereading books?

A: I don't reread my own work, but I reread books from my past. A book can make such an impression on you when you are young, and when you look at it again it makes no impression. *The Catcher in the Rye* didn't hold up. Neither did Hemingway, but Fitzgerald is better than I remembered. *Tender Is the Night* is wonderful. I read all the time. To me the ideal thing is to go to the beach, read, fall asleep, wake up drooling and then read on.

the erotic eye

STUDIES OF THE FEMALE NUDE

Andre de Dienes

The legendary photographer gave Marilyn Monroe her first modeling gig, documented the men and women of Muscle Beach in Santa Monica, California and shot some of the earliest PLAYBOY pictorials. This rich and varied study of the female nude emphasizes De Dienes's signature technique of superimposing his models' images over those of mountains, flowers and skyscrapers. The result is surreal. (*Twin Palms*) ¥¥¥

—Jessica Riddle

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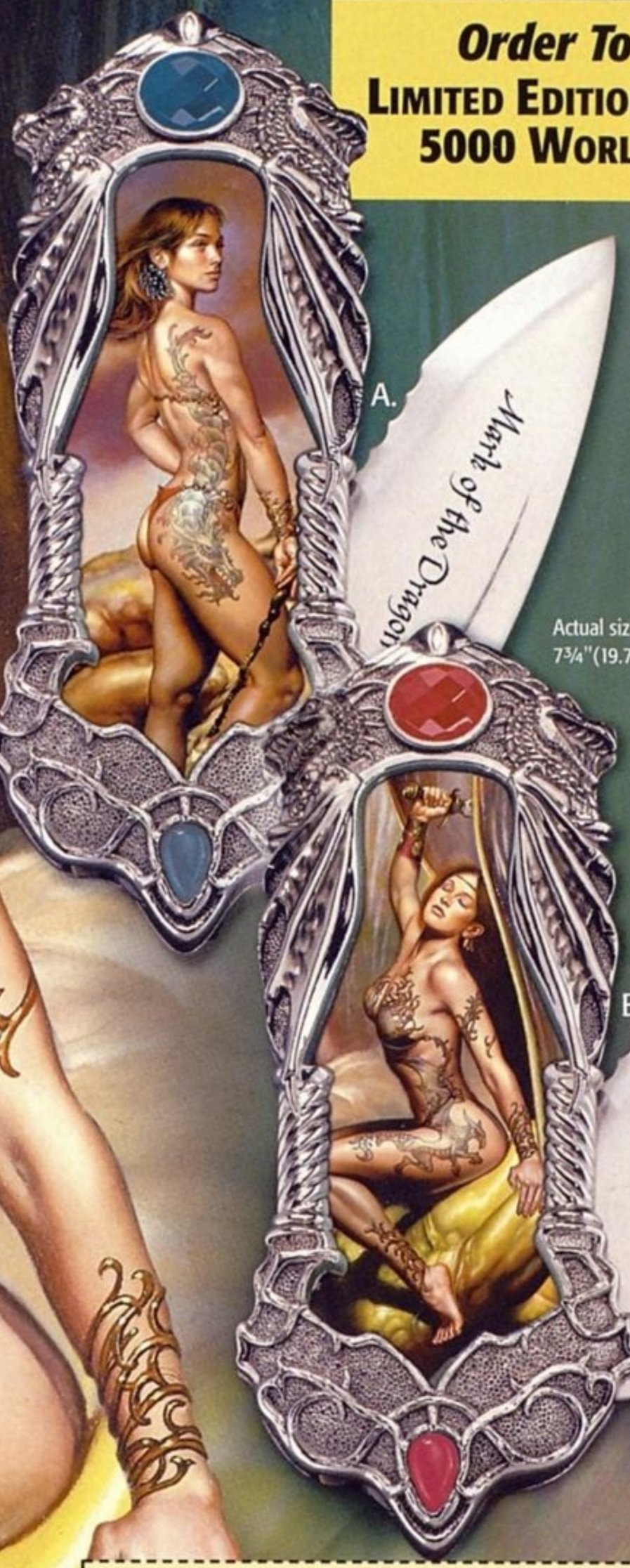

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What sort of man wears Playboy?

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Peak Season

Rugged adventure meets 007-style luxury in the mountains of Patagonia

IF A PICTURE IS worth a thousand words, this one says, "Patagonia is worth the 20-hour flight." It also says, "Crack that bottle of Chilean cabernet and cancel my meetings for the rest of the year." Explora's Hotel Salto Chico is an eco-retreat in Chilean Patagonia that serves as a luxe base camp for wild mountain treks. By day you've got 600,000 acres of the Torres del Paine National Park to play with—10,000-foot peaks, soaring glaciers and pristine lakes as crisp and clear as martinis. You can explore on foot, on horseback or by boat in any season (the microclimate is relatively mild 365 days a year). And when the sun sets, the Salto Chico's heated pool beckons, as does its alfresco Jacuzzi, which offers views that will make you question what planet you're on. For the truly adventurous, the hotel started running three-, four-, five- and seven-night expeditions this spring to Easter Island, some 2,300 miles northwestward in the Pacific. Salto Chico rooms go for $1,182 a person for three nights, including all meals. Info at explora.com.

Patagonia: True or False

1. Patagonia means "the land of people with big feet" in Spanish. The first explorers thought the natives were giants.
2. The adult Andean condor can have a 10-foot wingspread.
3. Ted Turner, Sly Stallone, Jerry Lewis, George Soros and the Benetton clan all own property in Patagonia.
4. Patagonia will be mankind's final stronghold against the robot overlords.
5. Huey Lewis wrote "The Power of Love" while hiking through Patagonia.
6. By law, a hunter can kill only seven partridges a day in the region, but he can bag as many minks as he wants.
7. There is a McDonald's in Patagonia.

Answer key: 1 (1), 1 (2), 1 (3), F (4), F (5), 1 (6), 1 (7)

Baggage Claimed

If you want to learn to craft ultraluxe Italian suitcases, belts, wallets and more out of the finest materials, enroll at Scuola del Cuoio ("leather school") in Florence. If you just want the goods, pull out your plastic and go to the *scuola*'s English site, www.leatherschool.com. Pictured: small (about $8,700), medium ($11,500) and large ($12,250) crocodile-skin suitcases with brass fixtures.

Life Cycle

With the incredible new 952, Norton rides again

YOU'RE LOOKING at a great American success story. For years Kenny Dreer was the go-to guy for old British motorcycles. After Norton went out of business in 1976, Dreer kept the legend alive one bike at a time, dragging aged Nortons into his Oregon shop, Vintage Rebuilds, and turning out polished beauties. Now he has acquired the rights to the name and relaunched the brand with this, the all-new Norton 952 Commando ($15,000, nortonmotorcycles.com). The first 100 retro roadsters sold out immediately, but more are coming. How cool are Nortons? Che Guevara rode one around South America (as seen in *The Motorcycle Diaries*). What are you waiting for?

Best Day of Your Life: Michael Chiklis

Twenty-four perfect hours with the star of *The Shield*

"I'D WAKE UP in my dream house on Point Dume in Malibu, and my chef would present me with nothing too healthy—eggs Benedict, fruit and an espresso. Then I'd change into a Puma tracksuit and play on the beach with my kids. After a few hours I'd jump into my Shelby Cobra muscle car and go to the grocery store to get food for the barbecue—Kobe beef, rib-eye steak, peppers and asparagus. Lunch guests would include Willy Shakespeare because I'd want to chat him up. Maybe he'd write a movie for me. The soundtrack for the day would be Cuban music, like *Buena Vista Social Club.* In the afternoon I'd get on a Jet Ski and take my kids tubing, passing some dolphins and whales. We'd have *frutti di mare* for dinner, which I'd catch myself from the ocean. Once the kids were in bed, my wife and I would take a swim in our birthday suits and end the day as any best day should."

About Time: the Dunhill Car Watch

YOU'RE CRUISING down the autobahn outside Berlin, late for an appointment in Paris. The speedometer is pinned. She says, "Will we make it, honey?" You check your new Dunhill Car Watch, whose angled crystal cover lets you see the time without taking your hand off the wheel. (You've had the plate number of your speedster engraved beneath the watch face.) "Don't sweat it," you say. "We've got 10 minutes to spare." Two styles are available. Pictured: black face with stainless steel bracelet ($3,220, dunhill.com).

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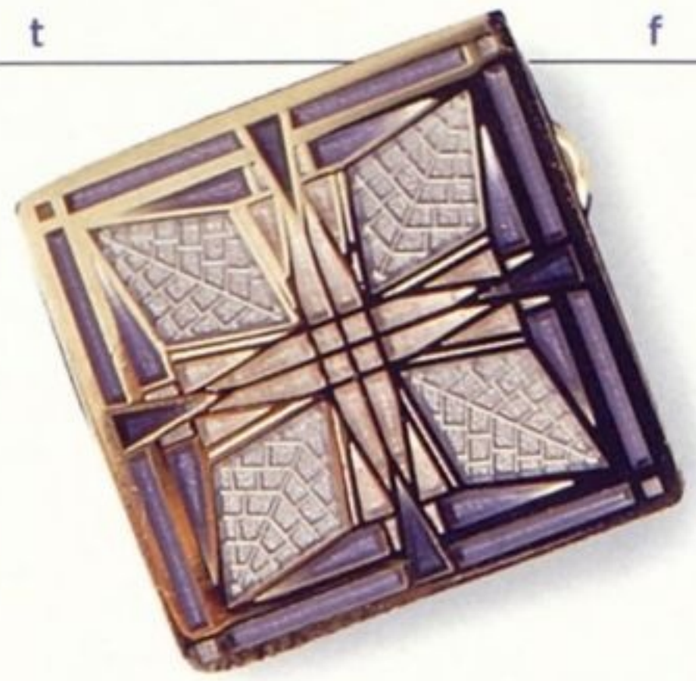

Links to the Past

CUFF LINKS ARE ALL about melding style and structure. Now you can get some help with that task from Frank Lloyd Wright, the man responsible for some of the 20th century's most strikingly stylish structures. The design adorning the Frank Lloyd Wright Thomas House cuff links seen here is taken from a light fixture in the entryway of one of the architect's most renowned creations, the Thomas House in Oak Park, Illinois. Unlike one of Wright's originals, these will run you only $70 at cuffart.com. Just be sure to Google "prairie style architecture" and spend a few minutes forming incisive opinions before you use them as a conversation starter.

Take Your Cut

THE SIMPLEST TOOLS ARE the best, and Blue Nile couldn't resist combining two of them in its cleverly named Money Clip Knife ($50, bluenile.com). Even if you don't need a sterling blade to protect your wad, it doesn't hurt to have one around to cut the foil on that 1966 Bordeaux you just bought.

Great Spirit

THE TWISTED story of tequila, in a nutshell: Way back when, the Aztecs drank a beer-like brew they made from agave lilies. They considered the drink a gift from the goddess Mayahuel, who had 400 breasts. When the Spanish pillaged Mexico in the 1500s, they brought stills with them and made liquor out of the local brew. Tequila was born—the bastard son of Aztec mysticism and European conquest. When it comes to your bar, you need three bottles—an *añejo* (aged for at least a year; for after-dinner sipping), a *reposado* (aged two to 12 months; for sipping and cocktails) and a *blanco* (aged up to 30 days; also for sipping and cocktails). Our picks, from far left: Herradura Seleccion Suprema *añejo* ($300), Milagro Select Barrel Reserve *reposado* ($70) and Don Julio *blanco* ($45).

WHERE AND HOW TO BUY ON PAGE 131.

DOUBLE DIPPIN'

A

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See Playmate of the Year 2001 Brande Roderick and Miss July 2003 Marketa Janska without their swimsuits in the Cyber Club. http://cyber.playboy.com

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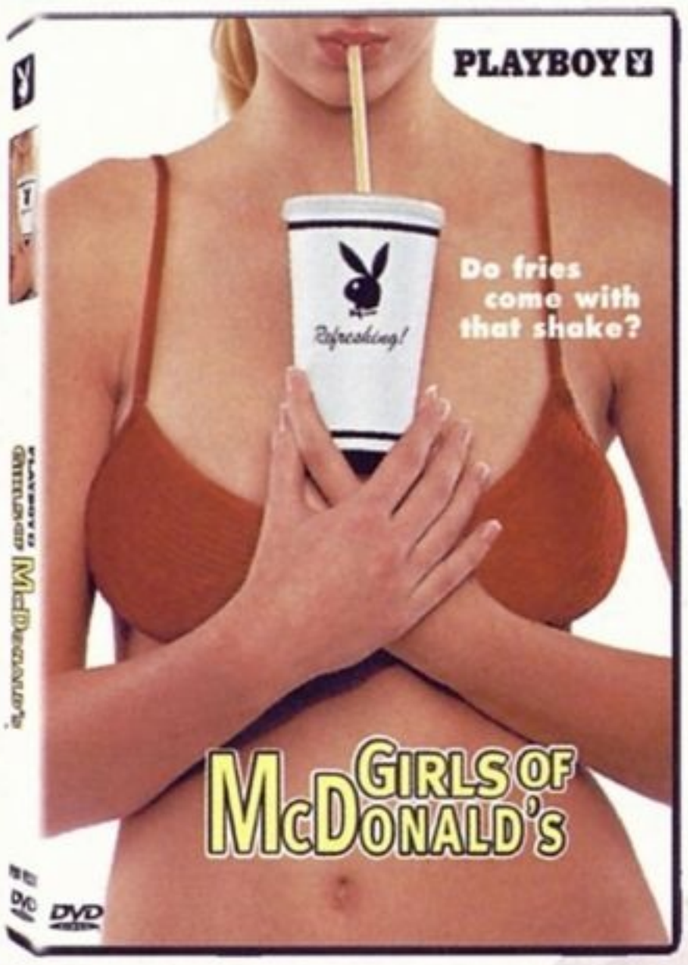

GIRLS OF McDONALD'S

Another arousing amateur model search from Playboy comes to life as the world-famous fast food chain's sexiest employees step out from behind the counter, strip off their uniforms and say cheese!

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The Playboy Advisor

Car commercials on TV always include a disclaimer that reads, "Professional driver. Closed course." How do you become one of these drivers, what is the pay, and is it necessary to become a professional to drive a car for a commercial?—Z.C., Albuquerque, New Mexico

It's harder than it looks. First you'll need a Screen Actors Guild card and a reputation with directors. The former is easier to get than the latter. For the past 20 years Georgia Durante has operated Performance Two, which specializes in providing drivers for TV ads. She says wannabes need to be trained in precision driving at schools such as those run by Bobby Ore, Rick Seaman and Skip Barber. "A big part of the job is keeping pace with the camera car," Durante says. "You see a car traveling down the road and it's serene, but the driver may have been behind a truck holding a camera boom inches over his hood. I had one driver who ducked just as the boom ripped the top off the car." Durante says her drivers all make six figures, with one earning more than $500,000 last year. That's in part because they receive residuals each time a commercial airs. To qualify, a driver has to perform a stunt. That can involve executing a controlled skid or jump; having his or her vision impaired by the camera, fog or smoke; or being asked to drive too fast for the conditions. Before you get any bright ideas about instant riches, Wally Crowder, editor of the Stunt Players Directory, points out that there are already 1,200 professional drivers hungry for work.

That March letter about how 33 hertz is the optimal resonance for clitoral stimulation is pseudoscientific crap. Cause and effect are never so simple in biology or psychology. Besides, what sort of woman subjects herself to a clownish experiment to test her orgasmic response to a subwoofer? You may think it's cute, but what about the neighbors who can't sleep or think? I doubt PLAYBOY condones wasting thousands of dollars to proclaim you have a big dick by broadcasting bass that can be heard half a mile away.—D.J., Phoenix, Arizona

What sort of woman has her sexual response tested with a subwoofer? The fun kind. Bass seems to arouse you in a different sort of way, and we agree that many bassophiles need to work on their timing. You'll find kindred spirits in groups such as NoiseOff (noiseoff.com) and Lower the Boom (lowertheboom.org). But we felt the 33 hertz experiment demonstrates how boom cars can be used as a force for good.

You recently had a question about cell phone blockers and then another about the effects of boom cars. That made me wonder: Do you know of any devices that can block car stereos at stoplights?—D.B., Fresno, California

The only one we know is called a lawyer. Last year a woman in St. Petersburg, Florida who claimed to be a victim of "audio terrorism" sued a teenage neighbor who played rap in his car as he drove to school each morning at 6:30. In a shocking turn of events he apologized and sold his system. In 2003 police in Lorain, Ohio began smashing the stereos of drivers who violated the local noise ordinance for a second time.

Here's a bit of trivia: Thirty-three hertz also happens to be near the frequency you hear from the lowest pedal pipe on most organs. Consider that the next time you're singing hymns in church.—M.L., Brookline, New Hampshire

This could explain the fervor of many fundamentalists. A U.K. study found that many churches have organs producing not only a 32 hertz bass but also vibrations that measure below 20 hertz, which is inaudible to humans but can produce sorrow, coldness, anxiety and shivers. One researcher suggests these reactions may "lead people to have weird experiences that they attribute to God."

I'd like to add a few comments to your advice in March about hiring an escort. I have had two dozen experiences with sex workers all over North America. Local customs vary widely as to what operators will discuss over the phone, which makes it hard to know whether you're hiring a stunner who will fuck your brains out or a troll who intends to rob you without lifting her shirt. Because you are operating outside the law, you have no recourse. A rule of thumb when "ordering in" is to grill the operator (or the woman herself, if she answers the phone). If she uses vague phrases like "Tipping is appreciated to have a good time," steer clear. If she promises "full service" or "satisfaction guaranteed" at a set price, it's usually a better deal. You can always add a tip later. I found Las Vegas to have the most cons and Toronto the fewest. You should be able to have a hell of a time for $300 including tip, unless you're treating yourself to two girls or a fetish. I hope this information is useful. Good luck!—I.B., Pueblo, Colorado

Thanks for all that. We are always at a loss advising readers on this topic because we have never paid for sex. Or, more accurately, we have never paid cash for sex.

A friend gave me a jar of black truffles from Italy as a gift. These things have such mythical status that I'm not sure how to use them to their best effect. I'm an adventurous cook within striking distance of a gourmet grocery, so anything is possible.—C.O., San Carlos, California

You don't need adventure or gourmet groceries. In fact it's best to keep it simple. "The traditional truffle dish is eggs," says chef Peter Urbani, whose family runs Urbani Truffles (urbani.com). "Add a quarter teaspoon of truffle butter or oil, and shave your black truffle over them." Urbani says your gift is either summer truffles (tuber aestivum vitt) or winter ones (tuber melanosporum vitt). "Look for 'tuber' on the jar," he says. "If you don't see it, it's not a European truffle and you probably paid too much for it." With any luck you have winter truffles, which are more flavorful. "It's like the difference between catfish and sea bass," Urbani says. He recommends using a microplane to shave your truffles onto a risotto or pasta with cream sauce. Unlike white truffles, the black variety can also be added to the dish near the end of the cooking process.

My girlfriend gave up all sexual activities for Lent. I am not Catholic and feel it's unfair that I'm being forced to give up something too. What's your opinion?—R.K., Blacksburg, Virginia

Is your hand Catholic? Look on the bright side: If your girlfriend is devout, this is a sign of how much she values fucking you.

What's the best way to know when a grilled steak is medium rare?—R.R., Boston, Massachusetts

The worst way is to cut into the slab, which releases the juices. You also can't rely on color. Studies have shown that even browned meat, especially ground beef, can still be undercooked. Most grillers press on the steak with tongs to measure its resistance; beef becomes less springy as it cooks. To get an idea of how it should feel, press the fleshy part of your hand between the index finger and thumb. That's rare. For medium rare spread your fingers out and poke the same spot. For medium make a fist. Or spend five bucks on a meat

ILLUSTRATION BY ISTVAN BANYAI

thermometer. The FDA recommends cooking beef to at least 145 degrees for medium rare, 160 for medium and 170 for well-done. Whole poultry should be cooked to at least 180 degrees, measured at the thigh. Chicken breasts should be cooked to 170 degrees, pork and ground beef to 160.

My soldier has lost all interest in sex since returning from Iraq. Is this common? Is there anything I can do to help him?—D.S., Tampa, Florida

It could be a sign of depression or combat stress. Many soldiers are irritable, anxious and withdrawn the first few weeks after they return, but 10 to 15 percent have lasting problems. The website of the National Center for Post Traumatic Stress Disorder (ncptsd.org) has more information. Psychologist Candice Monson has examined how veterans battling PTSD respond to treatment and believes many would benefit from inviting their wife to at least a few sessions. "Soldiers with PTSD may avoid any type of arousal, including sexual, because it feels too similar to the heightened tension of the battlefield, where they felt they had no control," she explains. Other factors may play a role. Some antidepressants affect libido, for example. And Monson points out the relatively remote but real possibility that a traumatized male soldier has been sexually assaulted. According to a Pentagon study, one percent of male soldiers report being the victim of an assault or attempted assault while serving.

If my wife goes on a business trip and promises to call every night before bed, and two nights go by without a call and with the excuse "I spaced out," should I trust her?—B.S., Dallas, Texas

You already don't trust her.

Because I work offshore, I have to buy my pipe tobacco by the pound. Can you tell me the best way to keep it fresh? Can you also recommend pipes and tobaccos that aren't too expensive?—M.S., Dickinson, Texas

Ideally your tobacco should be stored in an airtight humidor at a constant temperature of 70 degrees and a humidity level of 70 percent. But Richard Carleton Hacker, author of Pipesmoking: A 21st Century Guide, says he's seen those conditions only in tobacco shop walk-ins and warehouses. Many pipe smokers get by with plastic bags they twist and tie after use. You won't likely have a problem with humidity at sea, but play it safe and buy moisturizer packs or porous clay buttons to keep in your stash. In a pinch you can also affix to the lid a piece of organic sponge soaked in distilled water. Aromatics tend to keep better than English blends. You may hear from an old-timer that you should add a slice of apple or pear, but that will only lead to mold. You may also hear you should sprinkle on a few drops of rum or brandy—that can add flavor, but it won't keep tobacco any fresher. For inexpensive options try your tobacconist's house blends. They have the advantage of being available for smelling and sampling. You can also buy tobacco in tins, which are more expensive but easier to store. Try McClelland or Dunhill. For starter pipes Hacker suggests European brands such as Peterson (Ireland), Chacom (France) and Stanwell (Denmark). They're a better value than most English pipes.

A woman wrote in March to say she doesn't like sex. You suggested she may be asexual. She sounds to me like a normal "emotional sexual female," while her boyfriend is a "physical sexual male." These terms are explained in *Relationship Strategies: The E&P Attraction,* by the late John Kappas, founder of the Hypnosis Motivation Institute. According to Kappas, there are two sexual personalities: emotional and physical. Everyone has a mix, but generally you are ruled by one. "In the sex act, the Physical feels ego sensations quickly and frequently," Kappas writes. "Every touch builds the tension leading to orgasm. The Emotional's points of stimulation are narrowed more to the genitals, and sexual response begins in the mind. Thus, the Physical enjoys a rough-and-tumble kind of sex and strives to prolong the act. The Emotional feels the need for sex less often, responds to a gentler touch and seeks only orgasm, not prolonging the enjoyment."—M.F., Newbury Park, California

If only it were that simple.

Say a person takes a vacation to Amsterdam. While there he takes advantage of the freedom of the land and gets high. Upon his return home could he lose his job because he has pot in his system, even though the pot was legal?—D.N., Denver, Colorado

The legal status of the drug at the time it was ingested is of about as much concern to an employer as it was to your brain.

In March a reader challenged you to turn on your bullshit detector because you had shared threesome stories that all began spontaneously. In my experience as a 30-year-old woman, planned encounters never live up to expectations. More often a threesome is only as far away as your willingness to have one.—S.L., Fort Myers, Florida

And finding two people who agree.

A 61-year-old man wrote in March to say he averages 183 orgasms a year. I'm 55, and I don't find that unusual. I started a weblog four months ago to track my sexual experiences, so it was easy for me to go through the daily posts and count my recent orgasms. I've had at least 66 climaxes in that time. That's the equivalent of about 200 a year.—R.T., Tustin, California

You started a blog about your sex life?

A reader wrote in March because she wasn't sure if she should be giving her boyfriend so many blow jobs. You told her to move on. Have you lost your mind? You're obviously too distracted watching VH1 or whatever you do to comment honestly about what we guys truly care about, which is easily accessible blow jobs.—M.B., Dallas, Texas

In this instance we wanted what was best for the reader, not for her boyfriend. It's karmic. What blows around comes around. Besides, if your girlfriend is wondering whether she's giving you too much oral sex, that's your problem, not hers. It suggests her efforts are not being acknowledged and appreciated.

I need to buy my first suit for work and have a few questions. I know I need black, but should I get one with two buttons or three? What color should my second suit be? And how many do I need?—J.W., Harrisonburg, Virginia

Black is okay, but it may be better to start with gray or navy. Get one with two buttons, a look that is both classic and fresh—for a long time we've seen three buttons, which is preferred if you are wide in the hip. Joseph De Acetis, our Fashion Director, suggests buying six suits: three for spring and summer, and three for fall and winter. Go with medium-weight fabrics, which are more temperate. You don't have to buy only solids; throw in a pinstripe, chalk stripe or perhaps a plaid, which will be big this fall. John Bartlett, Perry Ellis and Ted Baker all make affordable, resilient suits.

My husband and I enjoyed the cunnilingus tips in February but found it interesting that no one has yet shared the best position for oral sex. The woman lies on her back with knees bent. The man lies on his side at a right angle to her, facing her pussy. His lips and tongue align with her labia, allowing complete coverage and range of motion. It's not a problem if he hasn't shaved, since his beard never comes in contact with her delicate tissues. The man doesn't have to worry about a stiff neck or sore knees, and the woman won't be distracted by her concern that her partner is uncomfortable.—L.M., Hollywood, California

Thanks for sharing. As luck would have it, that's the same position we get in to watch TV.

Is it customary for a gentleman to send flowers after the first time he has sex with a lady, or is chivalry dead?—N.P., Rushmore, Minnesota

If you were chivalrous you'd marry her. Once you've been intimate you can't go wrong sending flowers.

All reasonable questions—from fashion, food and drink, stereo and sports cars to dating dilemmas, taste and etiquette—will be personally answered if the writer includes a self-addressed, stamped envelope. The most interesting, pertinent questions will be presented on these pages each month. Write the Playboy Advisor, 730 Fifth Avenue, New York, New York 10019, or send e-mail by visiting our website at playboyadvisor.com.

THE END OF OIL

IN BOTH GEOLOGIC AND ECONOMIC MODELS, THE DAY OF RECKONING IS NEAR

BY CHARLES C. MANN

Is the world running out of oil? It would seem the most contemporary question imaginable, but long ago two leading researchers answered it definitively. The problem is, they came to opposite conclusions. M. King Hubbert, a Shell Oil geophysicist who died in 1989, is the patron saint of petroleum Cassandras. According to his theoretical model, the world will run out of oil soon. Very soon, in fact. "Thanksgiving 2005, plus or minus about three weeks," according to one of his colleagues, Kenneth Deffeyes. The consequences, Deffeyes warned, could be dire: "War, pestilence, famine and death."

A hundred years earlier pioneering economist William Stanley Jevons came up with a completely different model for natural resources such as petroleum. "When will the world's supply of oil be exhausted?" asks Morris Adelman, an MIT economist emeritus and a prominent Jevonsian. "The basic answer is never." Fretting about the supply, he says, is a distraction from our real problems.

Hubbertites and Jevonsians have been at a standstill for decades, and at this point it's safe to say that Hubbert is at least winning the battle of the bookstore; shelves groan beneath the likes of *The End of Oil, Out of Gas, The Party's Over* and Deffeyes's *Hubbert's Peak: The Impending World Oil Shortage*. Most of these texts begin by explaining Hubbert's central theory, which is that a country's oil production follows a bell curve. Once the nation hits its peak, in other words, it has nowhere to go but down. The postpeak journey can be of varying speeds, but it always moves toward zero.

Using generous assumptions about reserves, Hubbert predicted in 1956 that the peak of production in the continental U.S. would occur in 1972. No one in the industry liked the idea, but he was right: U.S. oil production peaked in 1970, two years before his predicted date, and has declined ever since.

Almost two decades after Hubbert, Colin Campbell, a petroleum geologist, repeated Hubbert's calculation but for the whole planet. Adding together every oil-producing nation's projected peak, he concluded that global oil production would peak in 1995. Shocked by his findings, Campbell retired to rural Ballydehob, Ireland, from where he regularly issues updated versions of his warning. Most recently he argued the peak will hit in 2005, after which declining production will cause, for starters, a global stock market crash.

Jevonsians roll their eyes when they hear these kinds of predictions. Consider coal, which when Jevons wrote, in 1865, was even more important to the British economy than oil is to that of the U.S. today. Jevons argued miners would extract the easiest-to-dig coal from the ground first and then gradually proceed to the more difficult veins. Eventually, MIT's Adelman says, Jevons predicted that coal "would get harder and more costly to develop, and at some point mines would have to sell it at a price few would be willing to pay. They would never run out—people would stop buying it."

Natural resources, Jevons in effect argued, are not static objects in the ground but rather the means of satisfying a particular economic need at a particular price. He was wrong in concluding from this observation that the rising cost of coal would put a permanent crimp in the British economy, because oil and electricity came to the rescue. But his disciples believe he was right in the way he viewed natural resources.

Oil is an example. In 1942 the U.S. Geological Survey estimated that the Kern River field in California had 54 million barrels of reserves. In 1986 the USGS examined the field again and estimated that it had reserves of 970 million barrels. In the intervening years the field produced 736 million barrels. The USGS was not incompetent; technology had changed: Engineers had discovered how to extract oil from rock that was previously too costly to mine and process.

As suggested by the current rash of books, relations between Hubbertites and Jevonsians are tense. But the

sides agree on two things. First, the fundamental nature of the oil debate hasn't changed since Hubbert first presented his findings. Second, and more important, even if there is plenty of oil in the ground, pumping it out won't always be cost-effective, possible or desirable. Much of the world's oil, they point out, comes from unstable, dictator-ruled countries. "Most of the places with oil are places where you cannot write an enforceable contract," Deffeyes says. "The governments nationalize the oil fields and do whatever they want. It's crazy to have our energy supply depend on them."

It's even crazier not to take steps to lessen our need for petroleum. Most of the oil used in this country is consumed in the form of gasoline for automobiles. Technology to make cars more fuel-efficient has long existed, whether in the form of the common-rail diesel engines now popular in Europe or the hybrid gas-electric cars introduced by Japan. Even ordinary internal combustion engines could get better mileage. But Americans have been reluctant to demand higher gas-mileage standards, something both Hubbertites and Jevonsians say should change.

"Whenever people have used some of a resource, they have always found more of it, gotten better at extracting it or discovered a substitute for it," says Michael Lynch, president of petroleum analysts Strategic Energy and Economic Research. "So I always say that the whole of human history suggests that we're not going to run out of oil. But that's completely different from arguing that it's a good idea to plan on using it forever."

WHO WINS WHEN ENERGY COSTS RISE?

Dwindling supplies will define our future, says Sonia Shah, author of *Crude: The Story of Oil*

Few of us want to admit it, but our ability to find and extract oil is diminishing. Sonia Shah, who has written a definitive new book on oil, says supply, more than geopolitics, is behind the alarming trends in oil prices.

PLAYBOY: We demonize Gulf oil sheiks, but they're not the only ones who profit from the high price of oil. Who else is making money?

SHAH: The people who own the vast majority of the world's oil make relatively small sums from selling it. Saudi Arabia, for example, earned about $60 billion from selling oil in 2001. The same year, ExxonMobil brought in three times that amount. The top five Western oil companies—ExxonMobil and ChevronTexaco in the U.S., BP and Shell in the U.K. and Total in France—collectively enjoy more than two thirds of global oil-sales income while controlling only five percent of the world's oil reserves. In Saudi Arabia, by contrast, the average annual income dropped from nearly $30,000 in the 1980s to less than $7,000 in the early 2000s, though the country sits on the biggest oil fields in the world.

PLAYBOY: The Bush administration is friendly to the petroleum industry. Is there a conflict between the interests of industry and those of the American people?

SHAH: Yes and no. Oil producers do enjoy windfalls during periods of high prices, and some in government positions may want to please them. But the industry isn't really interested in keeping prices high for long stretches of time. The fear is that when gasoline reaches, say, $5 a gallon, consumers might actually start taking the bus. If oil stays expensive over the long run, heating and transportation alternatives would look more alluring.

PLAYBOY: Most people assume that today's high oil prices are the result of the invasion of Iraq. But

is there something else going on?

SHAH: Yes. The basic trouble is that the volume of oil we can get out of the fields we know about is declining by about three to five percent every year. That might be acceptable if we could find sufficient quantities of new oil, but we haven't been able to do that. Since the 1960s the size of new discoveries has been declining. Since the 1980s the rate at which we discover those smaller pools has been declining. Meanwhile we burn ever greater quantities, with demand rising by about two percent a year.

PLAYBOY: Why does the industry never utter the word *depletion*?

SHAH: We'll never really run out of oil, so in a way depletion isn't relevant. We will have given up on oil long before someone drags that last barrel out of the ground, just as we'd abandon a well once we reach the muddy bottom. There's still plenty of resource left; it just isn't worth the trouble. The relevant question is how long it's worthwhile to keep drilling. As with any natural resource, we've used the best oil first, the kind that sits near the surface, that comes out of the ground under its own pressure. Now we drill for oil under tens of thousands of feet of water off the coast of west Africa, in the frigid Arctic and among hostile impoverished villagers around the world. Is that worthwhile? Clearly for the companies and governments involved the answer is yes. The fallout is also hidden by characterizing some of the costs as unrelated, such as the war on terrorism and the invasion of Iraq. We're squelching these malignant spawns of petro-states—Bin Laden and Hussein—in order to help us control an increasingly tight and aggressively competitive market. If these external costs were added into the price of a gallon of gasoline, we'd probably all be walking to work by now.

PLAYBOY: High energy costs don't hurt everyone. ExxonMobil last year reported the largest one-year profit in history. How long can that last?

SHAH: It's not clear. One analyst reckons the industry needs to invest $1 trillion over the next decade to keep pipelines full and convince us to keep slurping at the trough.

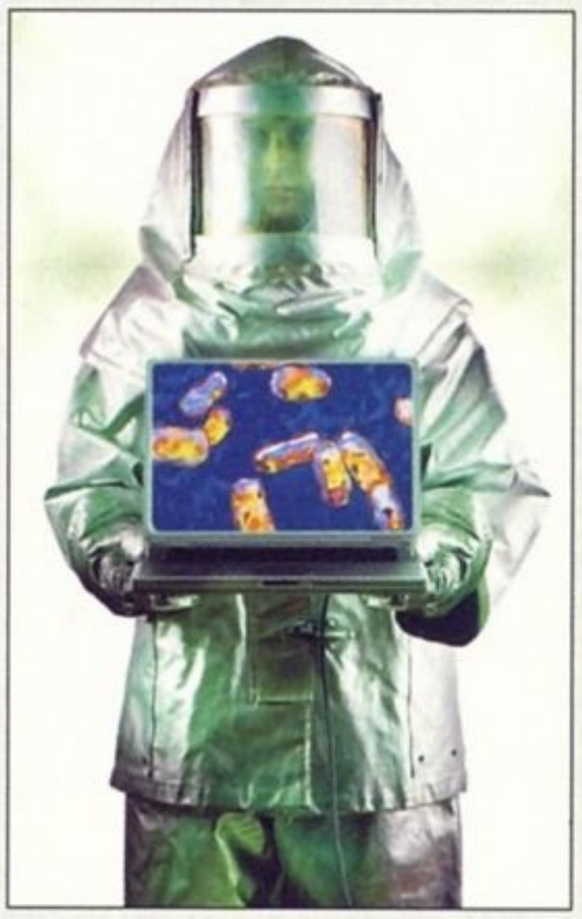
HACKING COUGHS

IT'S EASIER TO BUILD A DEADLY MICROBE THAN A BOMB

By Mark Frauenfelder

Three and a half billion years ago the first self-replicating microbe was produced in a puddle of enzyme-rich water. Since that moment nature has had the exclusive manufacturing rights to everything that has ever lived, from single-celled malaria bacilli to Donald Trump. But the monopoly was broken in July 2002 when researchers at the State University of New York at Stony Brook assembled a polio virus from scratch. It marked the first time scientists had made a living thing without using existing DNA.

The feat took three years. In November 2003 genomics researcher J. Craig Venter needed only two weeks to build a fully functioning, ready-to-replicate bacteriophage (a type of virus that attacks bacteria) from off-the-shelf parts. Called phiX174, the microbe is indistinguishable from its natural counterpart.



If genetic engineering is like swapping pieces between complex Lego models, synthetic biology is like building an entirely new model from a box of parts. And that's where the promise—and the peril—of synthetic biology lies. Being able to fabricate unknown life-forms in the same way engineers wire electrical components could lead to creatures that produce energy, exude powerful vaccines, pump out tumor-zapping drugs, neutralize toxic waste and excrete fertilizer.

But it could also unleash a microsize menagerie of nearly unstoppable murderous pathogens "worse than any disease known to man," according to a declassified CIA report called *The Darker Bioweapons Future*. The genetic blueprints for more than 100 deadly diseases—including smallpox, Ebola, hemorrhagic fever, anthrax, plague and tularemia—can be downloaded freely from the Internet. Even worse, many of the gene sequences that could give these pathogens resistance to antibiotics are also publicly available.

Some experts fear that terrorists (or even well-intentioned but sloppy researchers) could release an antibiotics-resistant pathogen and spawn a kind of rapidly spreading pandemic not seen since the black death. The CIA document, which reports on a panel discussion of life scientists convened in 2003 by the National Academy of Sciences, notes as an example how Australian researchers inadvertently discovered that the mousepox virus can be made more deadly by inserting a standard immunoregulator gene.

The report also recounts potential bioweapon disasters, such as a mild pathogen that becomes virulent when combined with its antidote or a stealth virus that lies dormant before being activated, perhaps by the release of another microbe.

Harvard genetics professor George Church has said that misused synthetic biology has the same potential for disaster as a nuclear weapon—and it's much easier to manufacture a deadly synthetic microbe than it is to build a bomb. Recently MIT biologist Drew Endy pointed out at a conference on emerging technologies that anyone can obtain online the gene sequence of a pathogen such as Ebola or anthrax and order various parts of it from firms that make DNA strings to order. Once a biohacker assembles all the pieces, he can stitch the parts together with tools found in a modestly equipped biology lab. (The researchers who synthesized the polio and phiX174 viruses ordered their synthetic DNA online.)

Most U.S. firms that make synthetic DNA check orders against a database of known pathogens to discourage anyone from making dangerous microbes. But many offshore synthesizing firms fill any order, no questions asked. Although he has made synthetics the focus of his career, Endy told the audience, "Questions on whether this work should go forward are valid."

It may be too late to prevent a disaster. Three years ago President Bush signed a bill outlawing the possession of pathogens except for research. But regulations are useless now that life-forms can be created so easily. The only hope is that the good biohackers stay a step ahead of the bad ones.

MARGINALIA

FROM WEBSITE Peace-out.com, which assists U.S. soldiers who wish to apply for conscientious objector status: "Do you feel that war is wrong? Do you feel uncomfortable carrying a weapon or training for combat? Do these beliefs come from religious conviction or a more personal, philosophical position? The military does not allow for a nuanced position. If your application is based on the wrongness of a particular war, it will be rejected. You must be committed to peace in almost every situation. Assuming that you volunteered, you must have come to the conclusion that war is wrong after your enlistment. This is far from uncommon, as many soldiers simply do not realize how they feel about war until they are deployed. Some soldiers in your unit may not be supportive, but you will be following a process recognized by the Uniform Code of Military Justice. If they don't agree with the process, they should take it up with the Pentagon."

FROM A REPORT by ActionAid and Oxfam: "There are 35,000 aid transactions a year, 85 percent of them worth less than $1 million. Donors tie about 40 percent of aid, and 20 percent of aid to Africa, to purchases of goods and services from the donor country. Italy and the U.S. are among the biggest culprits, spending upwards of 70 percent of their aid on their own companies. This is the ultimate form of round-tripping—taking with one hand what's given with the other while advertising your 'generosity.' More important, tying is hugely wasteful, inflating procurement costs by up to $7 billion a year. There is also a consistent gap between what donors promise and what they deliver. For Africa, disbursements fall short of projections by 14 percent for program aid and 26 percent for project aid. Finally, aid is allocated in a scattergun approach, with some countries getting the lion's share (the donor 'darlings') and others the scraps (the donor 'orphans'). So whereas Nicaragua receives $178 per person, Niger, with a similar income level, receives $22 per person."

FROM A DEPOSITION taken in a Texas lawsuit against a paint company represented by attorney Christopher Ege. Eric Birge represented the plaintiffs.

EGE: Do you know the brand name of any of the shingles you worked with?

WITNESS: No, sir.

EGE: Thank you. That's all I have.

(continued on page 51)

READER RESPONSE

WHERE THE JOBS GO

The reality of offshore outsourcing is far less outrageous than the dire account Lou Dobbs offers ("America's Other War," April). Cheaper labor is only one factor that determines where companies do business. If businesses were fixated only on that, third world nations would be flooded with investment. Instead the U.S. invests more in Ireland than it does in China, the Philippines and India com-

Will outsourcing kill the American dream?

bined. Yet in America the face of outsourcing is brown. Even so, outsourcing has little to do with foreigners. According to the Bureau of Labor Statistics, outsourcing rarely causes job loss. When that does happen, nearly 70 percent of the lost jobs stay in America. In other words, Americans are losing jobs to other Americans. Technology also snatches up jobs. Of course, technology brings more promise than pain, and the same is true of offshoring. Delta Airlines outsourced 1,000 call-center jobs to India, saved $25 million and hired 1,200 Americans for higher-paying jobs without laying off anyone. A Bay Area company avoided bankruptcy by offshoring some work, then hired more Americans. Hiring the Chinese to build electronics components gave a Minnesota-based company access to a huge new market. Thanks to offshoring, the company boosted its U.S. workforce by 400 employees. There are many other success stories, and as our nation enjoys low unemployment, you'd think we'd hear about them. The problem isn't outsourcing but how the media covers it.

Ted Balaker
Los Angeles, California

Balaker is the lead author of a Reason Foundation study on offshore outsourcing.

I once worked for a company that began moving its manufacturing to China and Mexico. It also moved its headquarters to Bermuda to avoid U.S. taxes. Whenever someone got laid off or quit, I got their work. I would have had to work 80 hours a week. I sent my boss an e-mail with the subject line "Brave New World" and the message "I quit." The middle class needs to defend itself.

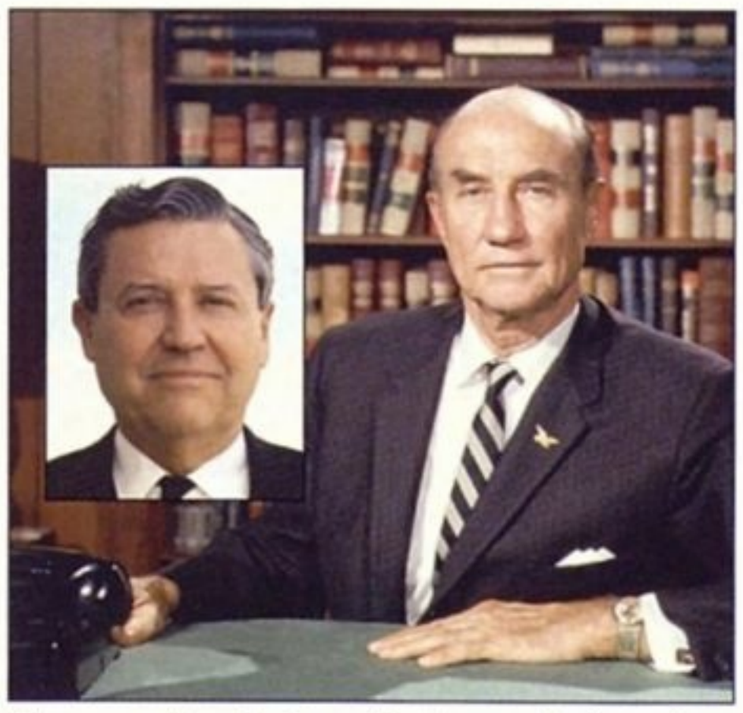
Michael Ahlgren
Colorado Springs, Colorado

Many opponents of outsourcing cite technology workers as exhibit A. But as a consultant I find that my career has been enhanced by outsourcing. No longer am I doing the "dirty work" of the digital assembly line. Instead I'm involved in the creative end of product development. Overseas outsourcing lowers costs and increases opportunities.

Michael Bacarella
Flushing, New York

POWER STRUGGLES

Given the pressures and animosities inherent in the legislative process, it is a wonder there hasn't been more congressional brawling ("Floor Fights," April). The most celebrated encounter of the modern era took place on July 9, 1964 when Senator Strom Thurmond of South Carolina, seeking to keep a committee from obtaining the necessary majority to vote on a nomination he opposed, tried to bar Ralph Yarborough from entering the committee room. He told the Texan, "If I can keep you out, you won't go in, and if you can drag me in, I'll stay there." Both men were 61 years old, but Thurmond, in far better shape, eventually pinned Yarborough to the marble floor.



Thurmond took down Yarborough (inset).

Perhaps as a sign that such physical encounters were more suitable to a distant past, other senators broke up the match with impatient warnings that each man was risking a heart attack.

Richard Baker
U.S. Senate Historian
Washington, D.C.

U.S. Customs isn't the only agency that thwarts creative smugglers ("Smugglers' Blues," April). The Australian Customs Service seized these suspiciously thick plates filled with cocaine and this belt-buckle pistol, which fires blanks.

THOU SHALT NOT PONTIFICATE

In an April letter, Randy Dinius writes, "Religion is necessary to provide common goals and beliefs so that groups can conduct commerce and defense, bring about civil order and produce large engineering projects." What a joke! Dinius is right when he says, "The problems of humanity stem from our being prone to mental and emotional problems," which include relying on religion instead of reason.

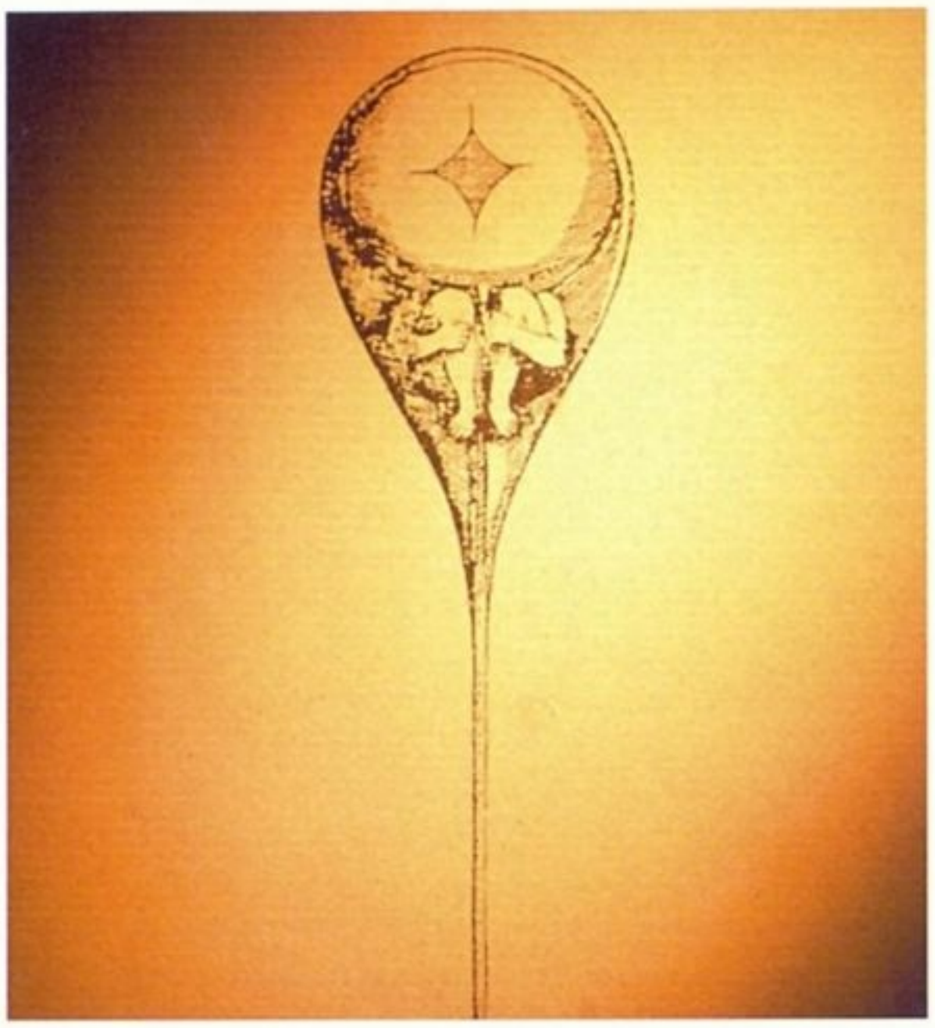
Brandon Vincent
Charlotte, North Carolina

Dinius and Neal AlChalabi are shameless apologists who seem oblivious to the fact that religion all too often brings out the worst in people. AlChalabi in particular leans on colonialism as an excuse to whitewash the defects of Islam, an excuse that won't wash here in the West.

Stephen Van Eck
Lawton, Pennsylvania

E-mail: forum@playboy.com. Or write: 730 Fifth Avenue, New York, New York 10019.

NEWSFRONT



The Gift of Life

CHICAGO—Two doctors had a four-month affair, during which the woman became pregnant. When Dr. Sharon Irons sued Dr. Richard Phillips for child support, he countersued for fraud and theft, alleging she had stolen his semen after giving him a blow job and then inseminated herself. Irons denies that is what happened. A state appeals court ruled that even if the allegations are true, she could not be said to have stolen the semen, because "there was no agreement that the deposit would be returned." There have been a handful of similar cases. In 1998 a New Mexico man sued his ex for theft and breach of contract because, he says, she lied about being on the pill. A judge threw out the case. No matter how a child is conceived, the courts have consistently ruled that the biological father must pay support.

"Why Am I Not Dead?"

ESTACADA, OREGON—After more than 200 legally assisted suicides in the state, the first complication arose when a man awoke 65 hours after ingesting what he thought was a fatal dose of pills. David Prueitt, who had lung cancer, asked his wife, "What the hell happened? Why am I not dead?" He lived 13 more days. Other patients have taken as long as 48 hours to die, but no one else has regained consciousness.

Bait and Switch

LANSING, MICHIGAN—Last year groups such as Citizens for the Protection of Marriage pushed for a state ballot measure to ban gay unions, insisting the legislation would not affect benefits given to partners of homosexual public employees. "Nothing on the books is going to change," said a CPM spokeswoman, who added that such "speculation" only "confused the issue." Turns out the speculators were on the money: In March the state attorney general ruled that, under the new law, university and other public employers could no longer provide domestic partner benefits. At the same time, a Christian law group is suing the Ann Arbor public school system, saying the benefits it provides partners of about a dozen gay employees are illegal.

Sensitive Souls

In Thornton, Colorado a new mother sued a hospital because a nurse brought her the wrong baby to breast-feed. The mistake was discovered within 10 minutes and the infant had not latched on, but the woman says she now has a stress disorder and can't work. In Dunn, Georgia a woman who won four cans of paint in a hardware-store drawing sued because she was given ceiling paint and wanted exterior. In Pennsylvania a man who was told he could not keep his eyes closed for his driver's license photo took the state to court for violating his right to free expression and happiness.

Taxing on the Ears

RAJAHMUNDRY, INDIA—City officials hoping to collect back taxes came up with a novel approach: They hired bands of drummers to play outside delinquents' homes. After a week the city had cleared 18 percent of its backlog. The city has also started announcing names over loudspeakers at temples. Regional officials are under pressure to improve collection rates to be eligible for World Bank grants.

Junk Dealers

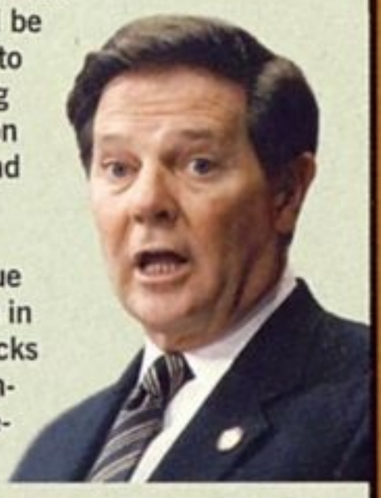
VANCOUVER, BRITISH COLUMBIA—In an attempt to reduce crime and determine if junkies can be productive during the time they would otherwise be searching for a fix, city officials have begun offering free heroin to addicts three times a day, seven days a week at a heavily secured site. The North American Opiate Medication Initiative will eventually serve a total of 470 addicts in Vancouver, Toronto and Montreal.

MARGINALIA

(continued from page 49)

BIRGE: Mr. Ege, if you ever imply that I manufactured testimony again, I'll fucking kick your ass. I'll do it right here in front of all these attorneys, okay? Because we're off the record. Did you hear what I said?
EGE: [*To court reporter*] Did you get that?
BIRGE: No, we're off the record.
EGE: No, we were on the record.
BIRGE: No, we're off the record. If you ever imply——
EGE: We were on the record.
BIRGE: I don't care.
EGE: That was on the record.
BIRGE: No, it's not on the record. I said we're off the record, end of deposition.
EGE: You never said "off the record."
COURT REPORTER: [*To Birge*] You have to agree, per the rules. I mean, that's just my—I'm sorry.
EGE: You never said "off the record."
BIRGE: That's fine. Whatever.

FROM COMMENTS by House Majority Leader Tom DeLay (R.-Texas) to the Family Research Council: "One thing that God has brought us is Terri Schiavo, to elevate the visibility of what's going on in America. That America would be so barbaric as to pull the feeding tube of a person who is lucid and starve her to death! This is exactly the issue that's going on in America—attacks against the conservative movement, against me and many others. The other side has figured out how to defeat the movement, and that is to go after people personally with frivolous charges and link that up to all these do-gooder organizations funded by George Soros and then get the national media on their side. That whole syndicate is for one purpose only, and that is to destroy the conservative movement. It is a huge, nationwide, concerted effort to destroy everything we believe in."



FROM GUIDELINES developed by the U.S. Access Board to help owners of miniature-golf courses comply with the Americans With Disabilities Act: "At least 50 percent of the holes must be accessible. These holes must be consecutive. The route in which the golfer must travel may not require travel back through any holes. The accessible route must comply with provisions for the location, width, passing space, headroom, surface, slope, changes in level, doors, egress and areas of rescue assistance. A one-inch-high maximum curb is allowed with an opening of at least 32 inches to permit the passage of wheelchairs. Designers should consider locating this opening in an area where the ball is not likely to roll."

SECRETS OF OUR FOUNDING FATHERS

THEY FOUNDED THIS GREAT NATION. BUT NO ONE IS PERFECT

By Michael Farquhar

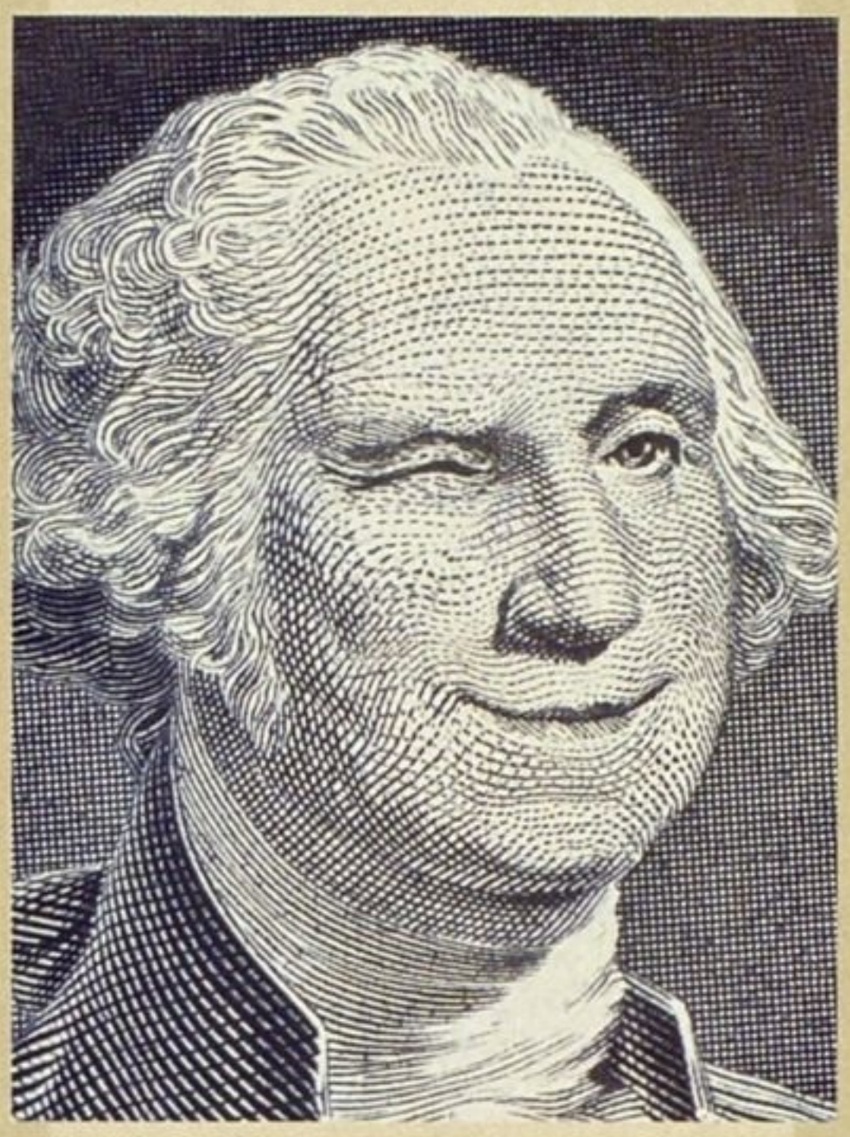
If great men have great flaws, the founding fathers were truly giants. Historians know them as a quarrelsome bunch. **John Adams** was the snarliest of all. He despised Ben Franklin, for instance, whom he considered a phony, and had a falling-out with Thomas Jefferson that culminated in the vicious presidential campaign of 1800. When he lost, the incumbent Adams refused to attend Jefferson's inauguration. Adams was also bitterly jealous of the nation's first president. "That Washington was not a scholar is certain," he wrote. "That he was too illiterate, unlearned, unread for his station is equally past dispute."

George Washington had his enemies, but none was the equal of his own mother. She complained loudly of his neglect, forcing poor George to publicly defend himself. "Before I left Virginia I answered all her calls for money and since that period have directed my steward to do the same," he wrote to the speaker of the Virginia house in 1791 after his mother appealed to the legislators for cash. "Whence her distress can arise, therefore, I know not, never having received any complaint."

It's enough to drive a man to weed. In *The Book of Grass: An Anthology of Indian Hemp,* George Andrews points to an August 1765 journal entry by Washington ("Began to separate the Male from the Female Hemp at Do—rather too late") as evidence that he partook. Male and female plants are commonly separated to yield better fiber, but Andrews argues that the phrase "rather too late" suggests Washington wanted to do this before the females were fertilized—a practice related to achieving potency, not fiber strength.

Ben Franklin was the most libertine of the founders; in his autobiography he admits to "intrigues with low women." Franklin once wrote that older women make the perfect mistresses and listed a number of reasons, including: (1) "Because there is no hazard of children"; (2) "Because through more experience they are more prudent and discreet in conducting an intrigue to prevent suspicion"; (3) "Because the sin is less. The debauching of a virgin may be her ruin and make her for life unhappy"; (4) "Lastly because they are so grateful!"

Gouverneur Morris, who drafted the Constitution, was also a rake, even with the disadvantage of a peg leg. Unlike Franklin, he preferred not to pay for sex. "I like only the yielding kiss," he wrote, "and that from lips I love." Morris was such a prolific seducer (at one point sharing a mistress with French statesman Charles-Maurice de Talleyrand) that the other founding fathers joked about it. When Morris lost his leg in an accident, for example, John Jay wrote that he wished his friend "had lost something else." For his part Morris bragged in Latin that he was "*suaviter in modo, fortiter in re*"—gentle in manner, resolute in deed.

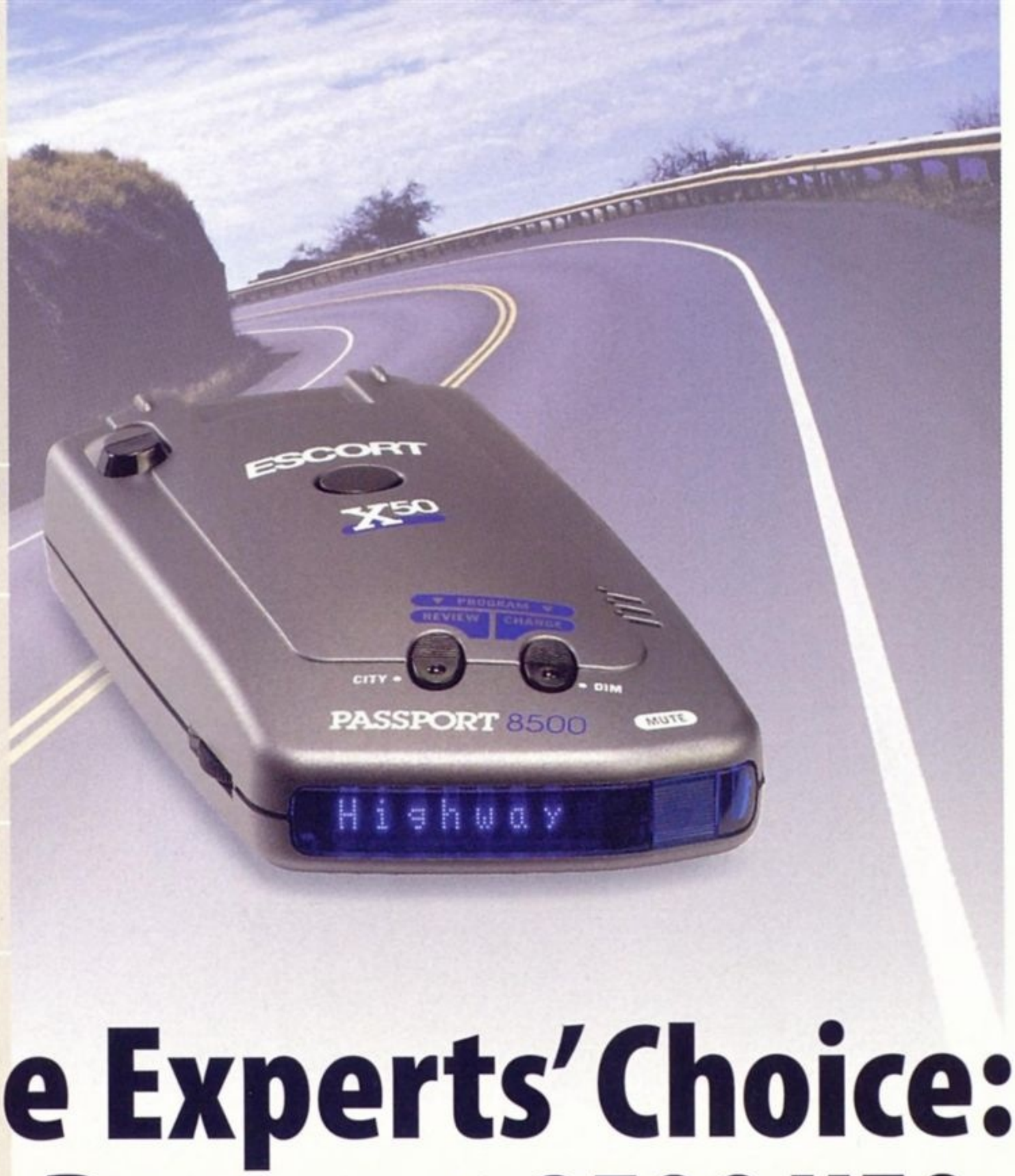


Morris pursued only women of grace. Not so **Alexander Hamilton.** His choice of Maria Reynolds as mistress was most unfortunate. When the affair ended, her husband blackmailed Hamilton, and still the otherwise brilliant man went back for more. When accused of financial improprieties with the husband, Hamilton made a humiliating public confession in a pamphlet, avowing that the only improper dealings he had were with Maria, in bed. Adams would later say of Hamilton that he possessed "a superabundance of secretions which he could not find whores enough to draw off."

That **Thomas Jefferson** owned slaves is hardly remarkable; many of the founders did. It's just ironic that the same guy who wrote so assuredly about the equality of all men could also express such ignorance. "They [blacks] secrete less by the kidneys and more by the glands of the skin, which gives them a very strong and disagreeable odor," Jefferson asserts in his *Notes on the State of Virginia.* "This greater degree of transpiration renders them more tolerant of heat. They seem to require less sleep. They are more ardent after their female, but love seems with them to be more an eager desire than a tender, delicate mixture of sentiment and sensation."

Benjamin Rush, a physician and signer of the Declaration, was slightly more evolved on the topic. He argued against slavery, though his views may have been informed by his hypothesis that blacks are actually whites suffering from a disease he called negritude, which derived from a form of ancestral leprosy that "appeared in so mild a form that excess pigmentation was its only symptom." Rush has been called the father of American psychiatry, but his methodology was more reminiscent of a medieval barber's. His reliance on severe bloodletting to treat disease earned him the moniker Dr. Vampire, and among his inventions were the gyrater, which spun a patient around on a board to increase the pulse, and the tranquilizing chair, which, he said, "binds and contains every part of the body."

Though he appears to have been a quack, Rush must have done something right, because John Adams admired him. "I know of no character," Adams wrote, "who has done more real good in America."



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PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: OWEN WILSON

A candid conversation with the movies' favorite slacker about his hatred of delis, his love of 7-Elevens and how he turned being a goof-off into stardom

Owen Wilson is an unlikely movie star, an unlikely screenwriter and an unlikely action hero. Renowned for his slow-pitch delivery, benignly demented improvs and smile that comes off as either knowing or out of it—or both—Wilson has generated a persona unusual for Hollywood. Surfers, stoners and hipsters all claim him as their own, and one critic even described him as the first "slacker hunk."

As close friend and frequent co-star Ben Stiller explains, "When I first saw Bottle Rocket it took me about five minutes to figure out where he was coming from, and after that I didn't stop laughing. There's a certain sense of self that he has, a confidence that's also completely self-deprecating. People try to categorize him, but he has created a whole new category."

Wilson has acted in some 25 movies, ranging in quality from the so-bad-it's-good Armageddon to the acclaimed Rushmore and The Royal Tenenbaums, for which he and cowriter Wes Anderson received an Academy Award nomination. He starred opposite Jackie Chan in the blockbusters Shanghai Noon and Shanghai Knights and put a distinctive twist on male modeling in Zoolander. The one constant in these movies? Wilson's quirky demeanor, which inevitably generates laughs in unexpected ways.

Wilson is also unique for what Gene Hackman once discreetly called his "original looks." Unsurprisingly the press hasn't always been as circumspect, particularly when it comes to his nose. Time magazine called it a "twisting, swollen ski slope"; the Los Angeles Times called it "a bulbous, dented, twisted clump." In an interview Stiller once told a reporter, "I don't get questions about my nose, and I have a huge nose."

Wilson says growing up in Dallas in a family with an "Irish strain of depression" gave him his offbeat humor. His mother was a photographer, his father an ad executive. All three of their children went on to become actors. Andrew, the eldest, was in Rushmore and Charlie's Angels. The youngest, Luke, starred in Anchorman, Old School, Legally Blonde and Home Fries. The three brothers appeared together for the first time in Bottle Rocket and later in The Royal Tenenbaums.

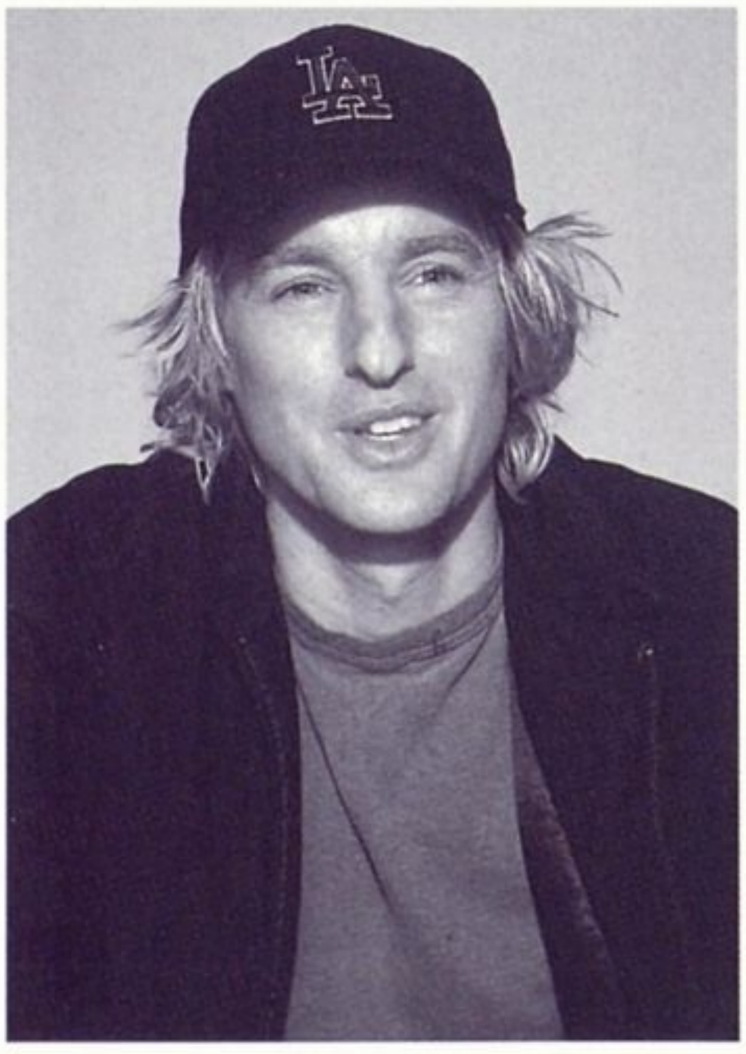
While in college at the University of Texas at Austin, Wilson first met director Anderson, with whom he co-wrote The Royal Tenenbaums, Rushmore and Bottle Rocket, their low-budget debut, which has become a cult classic. Martin Scorsese includes it among his top 10 films of all time.

Wilson, 36, never planned on acting. He took the lead role in Bottle Rocket only because no one else was willing to do so. In a short time he morphed into a bankable actor, working with everyone from Bruce Willis to Eddie Murphy to Vince Vaughn, not to mention his brother Luke and, more often than not, Stiller. Wilson's latest movie, with Vaughn, is Wedding Crashers, in which the two play a couple of lugs who invite themselves to strangers' nuptials and hook up with the hottest guests.

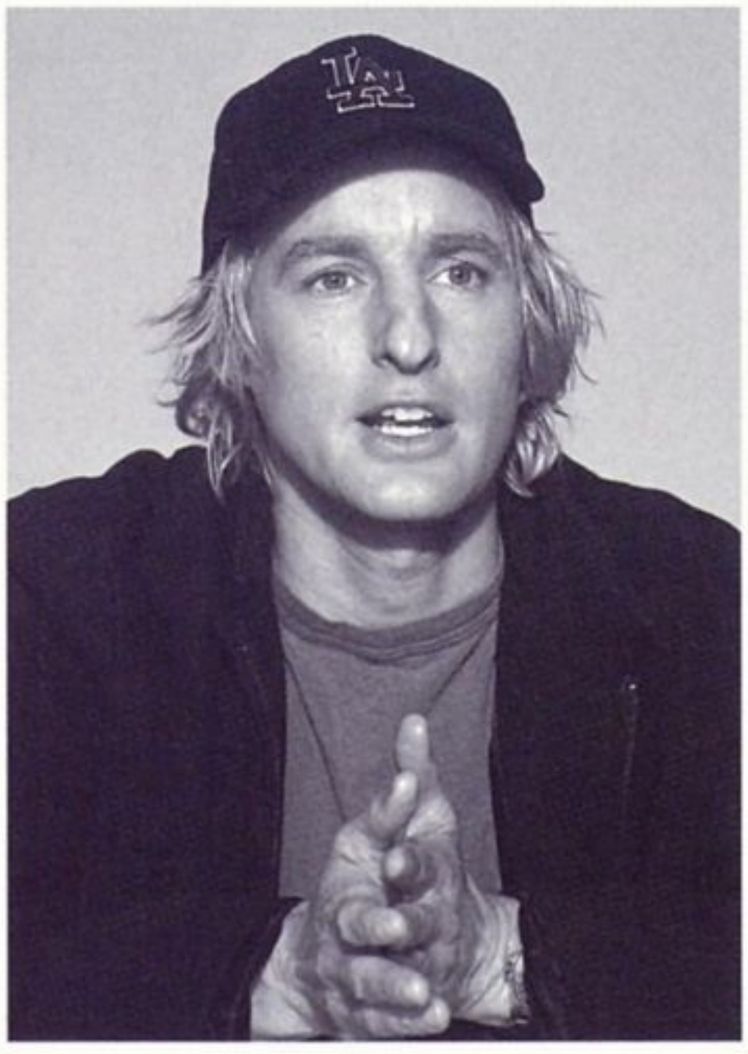
To interview Wilson PLAYBOY *sent novelist and screenwriter* **Jerry Stahl,** *who first met the actor when he appeared in the adaptation of Stahl's book Permanent Midnight. Here's Stahl's report: "The bulk of our sessions took place on the back porch of Owen's immaculate Cape Cod–style home in Santa Monica. From the outside the place looks as if it could just as easily belong to a dentist. But step inside and you're surrounded by overflowing bookshelves and countless gallery-worthy photographs. And contrary to his less than eggheaded on-screen image, the real-life Owen Wilson is probably the most intellectual, flat-out hysterical slacker-stoner-surfer-hunk you're ever likely to meet. In fact, he has the uncanny ability to make any hour spent in his presence seem somehow like time spent cutting fifth period in 10th grade."*

PLAYBOY: You never attend the premieres of your movies. Why not?

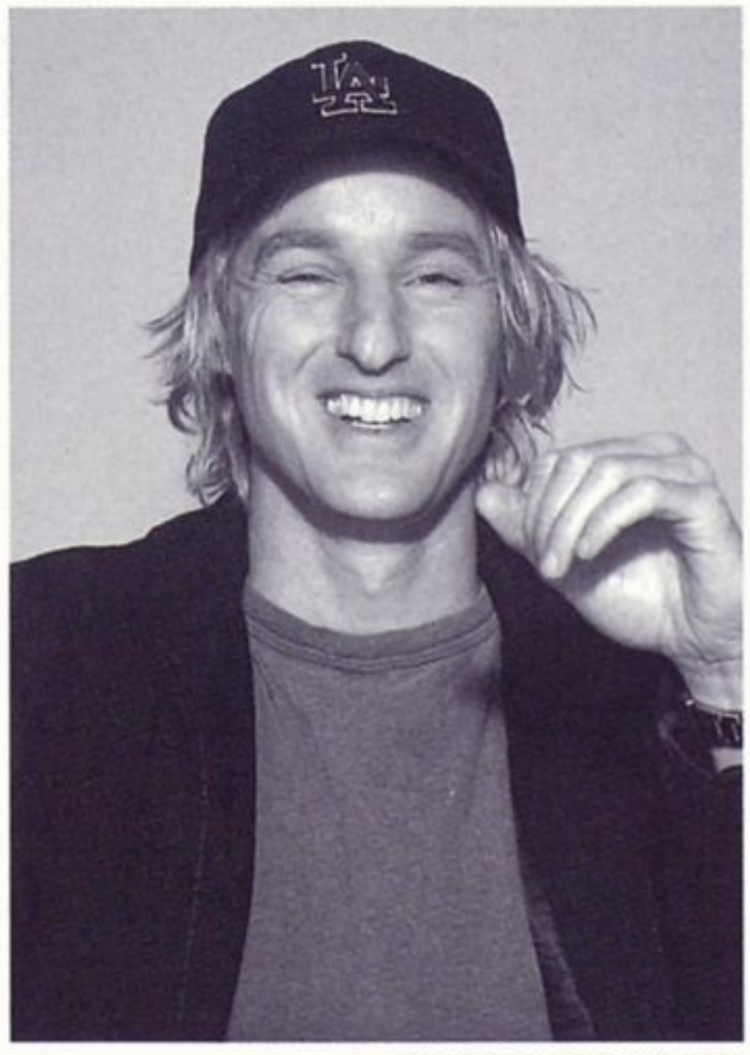
WILSON: I stopped going to any kind of



"I went to see the Dalai Lama speak, and it was horrible. Somebody asked, 'What's the answer to world hunger?' And his answer was like, 'Sharing!' And everyone oohed and ahhed like he'd just solved the problem."



"I had 50 workouts scheduled and missed 46. They decided I would keep my shirt on when I was swimming. That was a little insulting—I was going to be one of those guys who swim with their shirt on. I wasn't the classic hunk."



PHOTOGRAPHY BY DAVID ROSE

"My exes always seem to land on their feet. They always trade up. I should probably use that as a pickup line—'Look, it's not going to last very long with me, but the next guy you end up with will be great!'"

screenings after *Bottle Rocket,* which tested, like, worse than any movie in history. After one disaster in Santa Monica, when half the people walked out, I asked Luke if he thought anybody liked it. He said, "Let me put it this way. I was afraid someone was going to recognize me from the movie and beat me up." For a couple of weeks after that I couldn't talk. There was something about having my face up there that made it seem like a personal rejection. I just wanted to distance myself. I even looked into joining the military.

PLAYBOY: How far did you get?

WILSON: I got the phone book and started calling different branches. I was 28, and I think at the time the Marines had the oldest age for being able to sign up and still be an officer. I lived in a house with Luke and Wes, so I kept having to run out to the mailbox to keep them from finding any recruiting stuff.

PLAYBOY: Looking back, was it an excessive reaction?

WILSON: It seemed like a dramatic thing to do and sort of honorable. At the time I was thinking about Kurtz in *Apocalypse Now.* It seemed really cool when Martin Sheen talked about how he resigned his rank as a colonel and went back to jump school with guys half his age to be in Airborne.

PLAYBOY: Have you gotten better at dealing with criticism?

WILSON: If a movie goes south, it might not capsize me the way it used to. But I still have a terrible fear of failure. I'm a huge worrier. My father gave me a Beckett quote he used to keep taped over his desk: "Try again. Fail again. Fail better." I find that really liberating. Still, if I had to do the whole going-to-auditions-and-getting-rejected thing, it'd be over.

PLAYBOY: Have you ever had to audition?

WILSON: I obviously didn't have to audition for *Bottle Rocket,* and after that I just started getting offers. If someone doesn't want me, I'm not going to hang around and win them over.

PLAYBOY: Supposedly Jerry Lewis would intentionally leave a briefcase behind after his Hollywood meetings. Inside was a tape recorder. After retrieving it, he would play the tape to find out what people said about him. Would you want to know?

WILSON: I wouldn't. I had a job as a runner at a law firm when I was at the University of Texas. One of my specialties at any job was to lower expectations—I didn't want them to expect much from me. They would think I wasn't very bright and wouldn't give me too much responsibility. I'd act like I couldn't really follow what was going on. The secretary would send me out to do some errand, and I'd just go to a bookstore and grab a book, read a while, then go deliver my thing. But one time I came in through the back door when I returned to the office and heard the secretaries talking about me. They're going, "He's so stupid! And his voice, like, 'Uh, yeah, I don't know where that is.'" They were doing an imitation, and it was so mean. And even though I *had* acted like that, and that's what I wanted, I got really offended when I heard them. I quit the job that day.

PLAYBOY: Did you give up trying to lower expectations?

WILSON: Not really. It's the same philosophy I used when I was a waiter. The way I got tips was by letting them know at the beginning, "Look, I'm not a good waiter, so let's get that clear right now."

My father gave me a Beckett quote: "Try again. Fail again. Fail better." I find that really liberating.

PLAYBOY: Would you actually say that?

WILSON: No, but it was my demeanor, which was like, I'm a guy who looks like he's trying, but I'm not going to succeed. I'm going to screw things up. But I did okay as the incompetent waiter. I'd go for mercy tips.

PLAYBOY: Were these the first signs of your performing ability, or were you the class clown when you were a child?

WILSON: Class clown was never something I aspired to be. What I really wanted in high school was to be the cool guy. I wanted to be dark. One time I tried to freak out my mother, so I said, "I got some bad ideas in my head." But I was really copying that scene from *Taxi Driver.* Travis Bickle says to Wizard he's got some bad ideas in his head, and it just seems so sad and ominous. It's kind of pathetic when you're plagiarizing lines and emotions from a movie to your mother.

PLAYBOY: Did she buy it?

WILSON: I think she saw through it. I just wanted to seem tortured, about God knows what—maybe my curfew being one A.M. instead of two or some bullshit. I wanted to come across as this James Dean–like wounded type, only it wasn't in me. So even though I wasn't class clown, there was something going on. I remember being asked to get up in front of my Spanish class and give a talk, and people immediately started laughing. I wasn't trying to be funny. I think it was because I was bullshitting, like I obviously hadn't done my work but was trying to look like I was trying. So the whole class broke up. It's the same with talking your way out of speeding tickets.

PLAYBOY: That can be useful. Can you really do it?

WILSON: I've been able to talk my way out of some—and I'm talking about before a cop might have recognized me. It's not that hard for a famous person or a really hot girl—where's the challenge in that?

PLAYBOY: What works?

WILSON: Act incredibly cheerful and upbeat. And don't admit to speeding—tell the cop you deserve the ticket and then add, "But if I could say one thing in my defense, and this isn't an excuse, because I know you got me dead to rights...." From there start talking a mile a minute about something crazy—why you're in a rush and how you forgot something for your girlfriend and she's going to kill you or whatever. It doesn't even have to make sense. You just want to connect. You don't say it, but the subtext is, "Look at us out here on the road—it's all just a game, and we're both playing our parts because we've got no choice, but there's something kind of great about it...." And at the first sign of the cop cracking a smile, you smile, and pretty soon you're both kind of shrugging, like "Look how crazy life is!" And then—this is important—you don't ask to be let off; you say, "Wouldn't it be great if you let me off with a warning? How great would that be? Then we could both go our own way, and I've learned something and maybe you have too. And we just chalk it up to lessons learned." I don't know why, but I've had more success with black cops than white cops. Maybe black cops tend to have a better sense of humor or an appreciation for the absurdity of life. Who knows? Anyway, you don't really prepare all this; you just kind of

bullshit, but at the same time you're sincere.
PLAYBOY: Bullshitting and lack of preparation—they don't teach you this kind of stuff at the Actors Studio. Have there been times when this technique has caught up with you?
WILSON: I have been guilty of showing up at a movie and not knowing the ending. One day on *Anaconda* I kind of wandered up to the director and asked, "Hey, what are we up to today?" It turned out this was the day I had my biggest scene. I mean, I didn't even find out my character died until we did the read-through down in Brazil. I was like, "Wow!" It isn't so much that I'm lazy. Well, I am lazy, but it's also that I don't like to know too much. I like to get an idea of the script and the character, but I don't need to read the whole thing. I kind of like showing up at work and being like a little kid who's getting a story told to him. But the director completely freaked out.
PLAYBOY: How did you pull it off?
WILSON: I didn't go into scramble mode, because even though I hadn't looked at my lines, it's easy for me to get the dialogue down quick. It's not like learning math. It's a conversation. So I can remember, like, "Okay, you're going to say this, then I'm going to have my response, and it's just got to get you to the next thing." In that situation the director was already freaking out because I was supposed to get really buff for that movie.
PLAYBOY: Did you?
WILSON: Well, I had 50 workouts scheduled and missed 46 of them.
PLAYBOY: Obviously you didn't get to where you are without discipline.
WILSON: That's right. When I got down there they decided I would keep my shirt on when I was swimming. That was a little insulting—I was going to be one of those guys who swim with their shirt on. My character was supposed to be a hunk. But whatever I did with him, he wasn't the classic hunk.
PLAYBOY: Do you work out now?
WILSON: I swim a mile five or six days a week. But whenever I have to work with a trainer I ask a million questions about the different types of weights and the theory behind different exercises. I try to neutralize them.
PLAYBOY: Neutralize them?
WILSON: Slow them down so I don't have to exercise so hard. One guy finally said to me, "I've never had such a curious client!" I don't go to the gym much. I'll go down to Gold's once in a while because that one is kind of anonymous. But gyms are slightly creepy to me. There are so many insane muscleheads and these crazy women on steroids. I always feel like there's a whole underworld going on with bodybuilders. Like, how do they make their money? I think there's some kind of weird sex-pimping thing going on with these guys.
PLAYBOY: Happily, the sport people associate you with isn't powerlifting; it's

The Slacker Pack

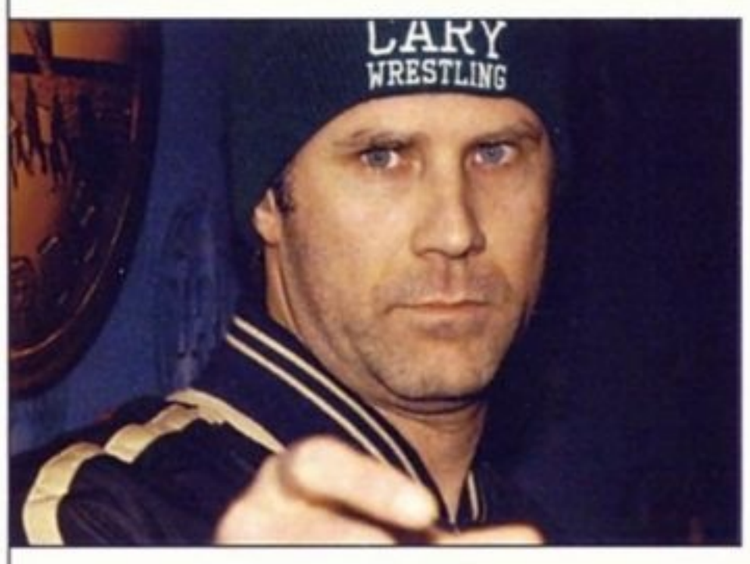
Meet Wilson's posse—on-screen and off

Luke Wilson

Six degrees of Owen: He stars in three modern classics co-written by big brother Owen (*Bottle Rocket, Rushmore* and *The Royal Tenenbaums*) and co-stars with Owen in the upcoming *Wendell Baker Story* (directed by brother Andrew).
The Owen factor: Yeah, they're brothers, but their vibes and looks are different enough that we'd rather see Luke and Owen together than Luke with former co-stars Drew Barrymore or Kate Hudson.

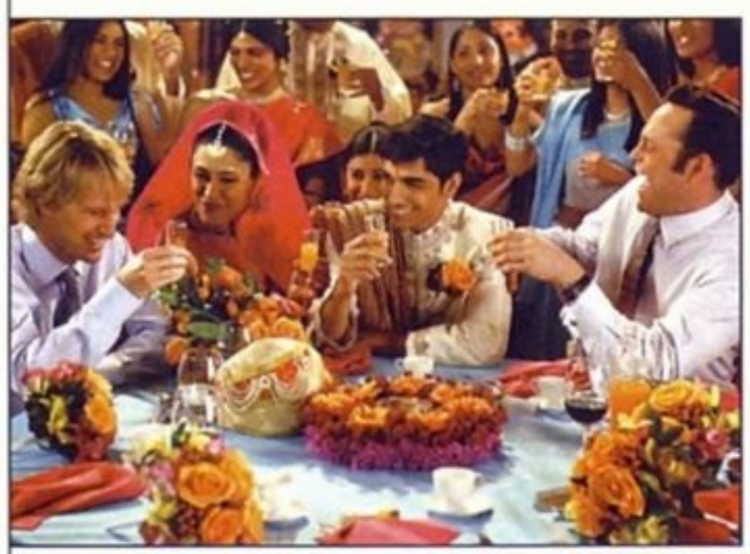
Ben Stiller

Six degrees of Owen: Their joined-at-the-hip act works well when they play idiot supermodels in *Zoolander,* rival boyfriends in *Meet the Parents* and dysfunctional family member and gonzo family friend in *The Royal Tenenbaums.* But they're never funnier than as Oscar presenters.
The Owen factor: Even without Owen, Stiller works brilliantly—his shifty-eyed, nervous schlemiel routine in *There's Something About Mary* is a classic.



Will Ferrell

Six degrees of Owen: He plays *Zoolander*'s nasty Eurotrash clothing designer, pops up in *Starsky & Hutch* as a snitch and will make a cameo appearance in *Wedding Crashers.* Apparently this guy never sleeps.
The Owen factor: Ferrell scores without Owen as *Old School*'s doofus bent on reliving his college days by running naked, drunk and disorderly. Of course, he's not Wilsonless—Luke co-stars.



Vince Vaughn

Six degrees of Owen: Vaughn coolly steals the show playing Zoolander's blue-collar brother and, in *Starsky & Hutch,* a coke dealer who buys his daughter a pony for her bat mitzvah.
The Owen factor: Vaughn's speedball hipster delivery is a perfect match for Wilson's slo-mo stoner-surfer vibe in *Wedding Crashers,* in which they play divorce mediators who troll weddings for horny bridesmaids.

Jack Black

Six degrees of Owen: He appears in the unsold 1990s TV pilot *Heat Vision and Jack,* with Owen as the voice of the talking motorcycle. They also team up in the Stiller-directed *Cable Guy.*
The Owen factor: So far they've worked together only with Black playing dinky cameos. But when Black rocks out at his wild-eyed, motor-mouthed best (as in *School of Rock*), he shows he's meant to be Owen's equal. *—Stephen Rebello*

surfing. You're pretty much a poster boy for surfers. Do you surf?

WILSON: I like the culture. If I hung out with surfers, though, they'd probably be disappointed that I don't know my ass from a hole in the ground out there. I like the way surfers seem to be straight-ahead and open. One of the coolest things I've ever read was an interview with Jay Moriarity, this amazing surfer who died a couple of years ago. He was 17 and on the cover of some surfing magazine, falling off the biggest fucking wave you've ever seen at this break called Mavericks, near San Francisco. Just a horrific wipeout. When they ask him what happened, he goes, "Well, the board got broken in three places." So the interviewer asks, "What did you do then?" And Moriarity says matter-of-factly, "I went and got another board and got back out there." The interviewer was like, "Dude, you're so gnarly!"

PLAYBOY: Have you at least tried surfing?

WILSON: The times I tried to learn, I didn't like it. As with everything, I like it at a distance. I like having that be something I say I'm always going to do. Maybe I'll get around to it, maybe I won't. It reminds me of this great book by Zora Neale Hurston, *Their Eyes Were Watching God*. I always think of the opening line: "Ships at a distance have every man's wish onboard." I really love that, and it sort of applies to how I feel about surfing. I could be driving down the highway and see the surfers way out there, and I'll think of that sentence. It's kind of a great feeling, and somehow it applies to a lot of things in my life.

PLAYBOY: Any other areas in which you think you rate an incomplete?

WILSON: I always think about taking a literature class with a great professor and knocking off a bunch of classics. I picked up *Speak, Memory,* Nabokov's memoir, and the first page is incredible. From one page you feel you've played a chess match. You're completely drained. But that's as far as I got. I've never read James Joyce, Tolstoy or William Faulkner. I want to read them all, but it seems so daunting.

PLAYBOY: What book are you busy not finishing now?

WILSON: For the past couple of days I've been reading a book on the history of the Australian cattle dog because I have one. And I found myself tearing up, I swear to God, reading the general description of the breed's temperament. Listen to this: "The cattle dogs want nothing more than to be your buddy and will be thrilled to accompany you in the most mundane chores or errands. They are often referred to as 'shadow dogs' because wherever you go they are right behind you. He will be happiest when allowed to be just under your feet or by your side." Am I crazy, or is this really moving? The first time I read that I felt like that guy Tommy at the end of Bellow's *Seize the Day,* when he stumbles into a stranger's funeral and starts bawling because he gets what his heart needed most. I think it was absolution or empathy—but whatever it was, reading that passage triggered something similar in my heart. I liked it so much, I memorized it.

PLAYBOY: It sounds as if you've got a spiritual side underneath that reluctant movie star exterior.

WILSON: It's like the surfing thing. I love the outdoors, but I'm not an outdoorsy type. I'm not interested in being in a sleeping bag on the ground. I like staying in nice hotels. Still, any type of spirituality I might have comes from nature-type stuff, like trees or the ocean. I know it sounds slightly ridiculous and corny, but these are the types of things I really get into. Sometimes I'll be swimming at the beach with the sun going down, and it's just so beautiful. And the beaches, especially here in California, they're so democratic. At Venice you see Mexicans, Asians, blacks, whites, everybody. And the idea that's so nice, when you're out there in the water with the sun going down, is that this is available to everybody. It's like that's the way it should be—the best stuff available to everybody. That kind of makes sense to me. I like that.

PLAYBOY: Are you one of the few Los Angelenos who admit to liking it here?

WILSON: I always chafe against that herd

mentality of having to have the right opinion because you're afraid of looking uncool. So I feel I'm always putting down New York just to make up for all the people putting down Los Angeles. It's a response to people who want to judge and say Los Angeles is shallow and superficial. It's just so stupid. Go drive around Los Angeles. It has some of the most incredible parts of any city in the world. It's amazing. And to me it's a much more American city. There's that sense of invention, of coming here and inventing yourself. Like that album cover for *Hotel California* you'd look at when you were a kid. To me it just seemed incredibly exotic. Something like Malibu, that whole scene, the idea of all that was unbelievable. The land of milk and honey. For me it had a lot more hold on the imagination than New York did.

PLAYBOY: When did you first come out here?

WILSON: In 1987 I went to USC for a year, which seemed like a vacation. I'd applied to five colleges, and all of them turned me down. The guidance counselor said, "Well, I know a junior who could maybe help get him in." So that's how I ended up there. I lived off campus, and the neighborhood back then was a little rough. But it was still great.

PLAYBOY: How does living in L.A. compare with living in New York?

WILSON: For one thing, I hate delis. I think of deli people as being particularly suspicious. I like L.A. because it has 7-Elevens. People who work in 7-Elevens are more—well, come to think of it, people who work at 7-Eleven aren't that friendly either. But I still love 7-Elevens.

PLAYBOY: That's a sentiment we rarely hear expressed.

WILSON: You have now. Maybe it's from playing *Asteroids* at 7-Eleven while growing up in Dallas. They used to have great video games. I really like the layout of them. I like the way 7-Elevens look. I like the uniforms, the 7-Eleven colors.

PLAYBOY: Do you appreciate their late-night hours?

WILSON: Yes. You roll in, grab some Gatorade, a lighter and some Clear Eyes, and you're good to go.

PLAYBOY: Did we just revisit some illegal territory?

WILSON: I'm talking about the bad old days, back when I heard the call of the wild coming in on a much louder and clearer frequency. These days, when I hit 7-Eleven it's just for a newspaper and a bottle of water, maybe some Pepperidge Farm cookies if I'm really living on the edge. But I partied more in L.A. than I did in New York. And somehow the partying seemed much darker and scarier in New York, like something bad could happen. I don't know why, maybe because it's colder—and hotter, too, actually—and because of all that concrete and those huge buildings hanging over like impending doom. And you're always in a taxi or on the subway. At least in L.A. you're in your own car, a little more the master of your own fate. People talk about Los Angeles being a dangerous city, but I've never felt scared driving around. And that's another great thing about Los Angeles—driving. It's like having your own horse, and that's the West. That's freedom.

PLAYBOY: Has weirdness come along with being well-known?

WILSON: I remember hearing that Jack Nicholson had this bumper sticker on his car in Aspen: YES, I AM A MOVIE STAR. I don't know if it's true, but it sounds so much better and original than the actor who says, "I hate all this stuff—I got in because I love my craft" or some shit. Even if it's true, don't say it. Because that's what everybody says, and it's boring.

PLAYBOY: How has your fame impacted your life?

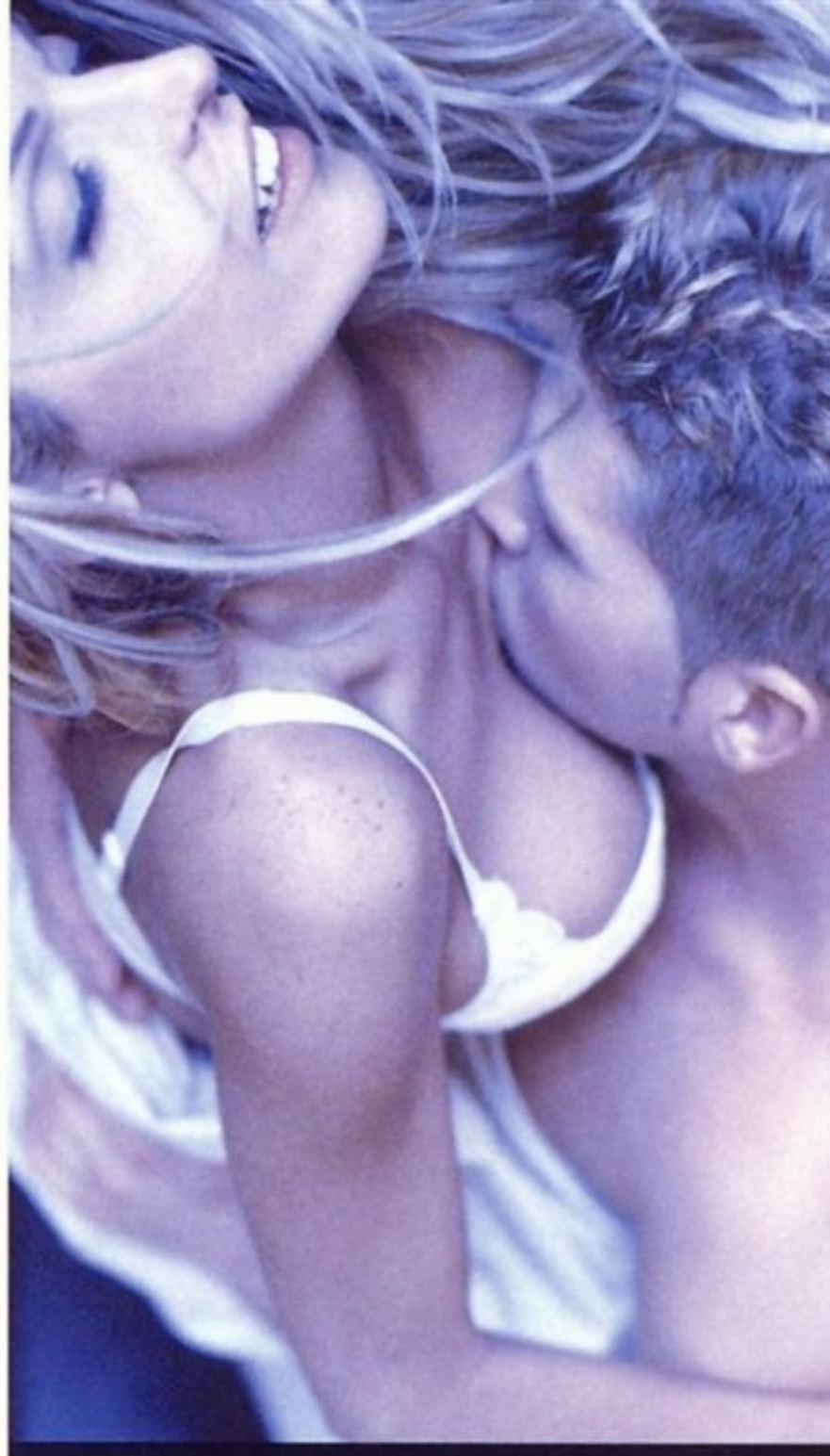
WILSON: Well, it's not exactly thrilling when some guy wants to have a conversation with you in the men's room. I'd just as soon not have men wanting to shake hands with me or take my picture in there. Beyond that there isn't much downside to people coming up to you to say how much they like you or bending over backward to do you a favor and be nice. To me it feels sort of like the way things should be. It's nice to walk into some restaurant or hotel and everybody's excited to see you—"Yes, of course we've got a room!" It's the way it should work for everybody. I'm serious! The attention reminds me of when I was a little kid and my parents would be having a party and wake me up and bring me in, and suddenly every head in the room would turn. All the grown-ups would be like, "Hey, look at him!"—just really happy I was there, you know what I mean? I was a little towhead; I was a little angel. Of course, the fame can go the other way, too. Especially if you're in a bar late at night and some drunk idiot with a chip on his shoulder comes over because he wants to prove something, because he feels obligated to come up and tell me he hated *Shanghai Knights* compared to *Shanghai Noon* so he can go back to his pals all puffed up, like, "I guess I told him!"

PLAYBOY: How do you deal with the chip-on-the-shoulder guys?

WILSON: I don't. I just kind of shrug and say, "Well, you win some and you lose some." It's almost like judo. You give them nothing.

PLAYBOY: So you resist the temptation to defend *Shanghai Knights* to drunken, belligerent strangers in bars?

WILSON: Yeah, that's a real win-win situation. But the subtlest thing you have to fight against fame-wise is somehow feeling entitled. A sense of entitlement is a really unattractive quality in anyone. I remember landing in Germany on a stopover on the way to Rome. Basically I got off the plane and was completely ignored. I kept trying to ask people, "What is this? What the fuck's going on?" But they weren't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responding. Turned out the problem was that I had to get to a different terminal to catch my connection and I was late, and rather than someone taking me with a special VIP car or just taking me to the front of the security line, I had to figure it out myself.

PLAYBOY: Were you waiting for people to realize you were famous?

WILSON: More like I was making fun of that. It was like, "Jesus Christ, is this what it's like? No one there to help you? No one to scoop you into this special little area where only you can go? How do people live?" I mean, I was mocking the whole dynamic. So hopefully that's my saving grace. But sure, if you're not careful you can get hung up on all that shit. That's the thing about living in Los Angeles—on one level the food chain is so visible. Even now I don't look at the trades. I try not to look at all the magazines. I'm doing okay, but it can still depress me. Because you can still think, Wow, all these people are doing so much better than me.

PLAYBOY: From what we've read, you were a lousy student, got thrown out of schools and didn't graduate from anywhere, so there are probably a lot of people who are either surprised or annoyed to see that you've come as far as you have.

WILSON: My dad was very aware of that. When my brothers and I first had some success with movies, he got really charged up. Some of it was pride and excitement, but a lot of it was imagining how this must sting all the people who had bet against us. In my dad's mind there were a lot of them—people for whom our success was a stake in the heart. The headmaster who expelled me, for example, would've been a charter member of the stake-in-the-heart club. I don't know how spiritually sound that kind of approach to life is, but sometimes you need little things to get you charged up, even if they're negative. Of course, we're Irish, and the whole stake-in-the-heart thing is a pretty good example of Irish humor.

PLAYBOY: So you were always an underdog?

WILSON: If you're an underdog, you'd better at least develop a sense of humor, because otherwise life is too painful. There's no question that losing is a lot funnier than winning. Clark Kent is funny, not Superman. I think Irish humor tends to be lacerating. Favorite targets are smugness and self-importance, people who put on airs. I don't know who first expressed the sentiment "Who the fuck does this guy think he is?" but it wouldn't surprise me if he was Irish. Also the Irish use humor as a way to do battle, to deal with how life can sometimes knock the wind out of you. I read somewhere about how Richard Goodwin, a speechwriter for the Kennedys, tried to comfort Robert Kennedy after JFK was assassinated. I guess Robert Kennedy was severely devastated and inconsolable, and Goodwin reminded him that Julius Caesar ruled for only three years and was still immortal. And Bobby answered, "Yeah, but he had Shakespeare, and we got you."

PLAYBOY: You and Wes Anderson received Academy Award nominations for *The Royal Tenenbaums*. Were you surprised he decided to write *The Life Aquatic With Steve Zissou* with somebody else?

WILSON: It was a nonissue when I thought he was going to write it himself. In fact it was kind of a relief. I was busy doing other stuff, and this meant I didn't have to go to New York to sit around and write. But I didn't know he was writing it with somebody else. When I found out about it I asked him, and I think he was a little embarrassed. Then I met the guy he was working with, and he couldn't have been a better guy. I expected to read the script and offer all kinds of suggestions, but it was just what I'd have hoped I could have done if I'd been sitting there with Wes myself. My big criticism was that the pirate attack was too long and zany. Then I saw the finished film and loved that stuff. I came out of the theater saying I hope he does an all-action movie.

PLAYBOY: Do you think of yourself more as an actor or a writer?

If you're an underdog, you'd better at least develop a sense of humor, because otherwise life is too painful. There's no question that losing is a lot funnier than winning.

WILSON: The writer thing is easier.

PLAYBOY: To do or to be?

WILSON: To say. If people ask about my occupation, I usually say writer first. There's a vanity I associate with saying "actor," and I just think "writer" sounds good. What I really wish is that I'd written *The Great Gatsby* or *Huckleberry Finn*. Think about it. On *Armageddon* they used a double for me galloping on a horse through the desert, and for the close-up they shot me in the parking lot sitting on a barrel with a fan blowing through my hair. The magic of Hollywood. I just don't think there's any writing equivalent to riding a barrel in a parking lot.

PLAYBOY: "Writer" won't get you laid like "actor," though, will it?

WILSON: Well, the combination can be very potent: "I'm going to write the part, and then I'm going to fuck you in the movie."

PLAYBOY: How has that worked out?

WILSON: Not well, because I'm not that prolific a writer.

PLAYBOY: Did you do all right with women before you became famous?

WILSON: Famous or not, I've done all kinds of stupid stuff to impress a girl.

PLAYBOY: Looking back, what did you do that makes you cringe?

WILSON: I went to see the Dalai Lama speak at UCLA once to impress a girl, and it was horrible, not so much because of him but the people there. The crowd made me want to throw up. At the end of his corny lecture, with a bunch of goofball utopian ideals, he opened it up to questions. Somebody asked, "What's the answer to world hunger?" And his answer was like, "Sharing!" And everyone oohed and ahhed like he'd just solved the problem. Somebody else asked, "What's the solution to racism?" And he came back with, "We all have the same color of blood," and everybody was swooning. I just couldn't see what the big deal was. But listen, I don't think it matters how huge you are, you still go through all kinds of insecurities. Like sometimes I'll notice some detail with a girl that really turns me off, like an errant hair or something. But I won't say anything—and this is an example of my paranoia—because then I'll start wondering if she's noticed something about me that really turns her off or even disgusts her and she's not saying anything. Then I assume it probably has happened, and it kind of freaks me out. I wonder what it might be and end up getting kind of depressed.

PLAYBOY: There has to be a difference between how women come on to you now and how they did before your face started showing up on magazine covers.

WILSON: Of course being recognizable makes it easier to get girls. But I don't abuse that sacred privilege.

PLAYBOY: Never?

WILSON: Well, I have to admit a lot of the heavy lifting is now done by DVDs and movies and stuff. But at the same time I'd like to think the girls are with me for me, not because of my "accomplishments." Maybe I'm giving myself too much credit, but I don't think I can get fooled. I'm kind of suspicious in a low-key way. I would rather have a girl who hasn't seen anything I've done and try to pretend she's seen something and say she liked it. I can get hustled for one night, but I'm hustling them for one night too.

PLAYBOY: When you put it that way it sounds like a wholesome, or at least fair, proposition.

WILSON: If she likes you for the movies you've been in, is that necessarily a bad thing? Even if she just likes that you're a recognized person, is that any more superficial than your liking her because she's got a nice ass? The worst are those girls who read books like *The Rules*. Everything is a negotiation. I like girls who, if they like you, are going to mess around on the first date and not play some lame-ass game, like on date number one we can do this, and on date number three we can do that. That's just so unoriginal and stupid. And it doesn't work. I guess they think they can parlay that into a relationship,

(concluded on page 144)

What sort of man wears Playboy?
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SEVEN DEADLY DISASTERS

In the wake of December's Indonesian tsunami, what does mother nature have in store for us next?

By
William Speed Weed

Richard Alley is a geologist at Penn State University. In his office he has a graph that shows the earth's climatic history for the past 100,000 years. The graph reveals that for the first 92,000 of those the global thermometer roller coastered in and out of ice ages and hot spells. The turmoil leveled off about 8,000 years ago into a period of anomalous calm, one that's still with us. "The chart goes *boing-boing-boing-boing-hmmmm,*" says Alley. "We live in the *hmmmm*." And because human civilization coincides with, and perhaps results from, this remarkable period of calm, most of us are blissfully unaware of the fire and ice that nature can throw at us. "We think it's always going to be *hmmmm,*" says Alley, "but it's not."

As it happens, during the past 8,000 years humanity has also generally been spared the grand-scale natural cataclysms to which the earth is heir: the mega-volcanoes, the perfect earthquakes, the species-extinguishing meteors. Last December, when mother earth cracked her back and launched an Indian Ocean tsunami that killed nearly 100 times more people than died in the 9/11 attacks, the world was shocked. Such disasters seemed passé, the types of things that could now be found only in history books and at Hollywood pitch meetings. But we should have known better: Though cataclysmic from a human perspective, the earthquake-tsunami combo is a geological cheeseburger and Coke. Calamities, scientists tell us, happen all the time. Here are seven that could hit tomorrow. Of course, odds are none of them will, but if any of us are around in 75,000 years we'll most certainly have seen them all.

ILLUSTRATION BY YUKO SHIMIZU

THE GREAT ATLANTIC TSUNAMI

As awful as last winter's Indian Ocean tsunami was, there is a worse scenario, in which 160-foot waves slam into the Atlantic seaboard between New York and Miami at speeds of 560 miles an hour. This may seem far-fetched; tsunamis, after all, are caused by the plates of the earth grinding against one another, and the plates under the Atlantic are fairly sedate. (Last December's earthquake involved 780 miles of underwater fault line, says Costas Synolakis, a tsunami scientist at the University of Southern California. Some areas of the seafloor jerked 30 feet, displacing an amount of water 10 times that of the Great Salt Lake.)

An Atlantic tsunami, however, would have nothing to do with plates. A group of scientists, most notably Bill McGuire of University College London, are alarmed by a half-trillion-ton mass of rock slowly sliding off the side of the Cumbre Vieja volcano on the Canary island of La Palma. Should Cumbre Vieja experience a major eruption (as it last did in 1949), its face would almost surely collapse, shaking the mega-boulder loose. Once it splashed into the water, McGuire envisions, it would be like a mammoth pebble landing in a lake, sending titanic ripples across the Atlantic that would clobber North America and treat Africa and Portugal even worse. (Remember, only the Pacific currently has a tsunami warning system.)

Most tsunami scientists think the likelihood of this chain of events is remote; some even believe McGuire has acted irresponsibly for shopping the scenario to the media. Landslides of the size required are extremely rare, and as a Tsunami Society press release puts it, "No such event—a mega-tsunami—has occurred in the Atlantic Ocean in recorded history. *None.*"

The problem with that disclaimer, according to Steven Ward, a geologist at the University of California at Santa Cruz, is that recorded history is little more than a blip. Moreover, our knowledge of tsunamis is limited. Unlike earthquakes, tsunamis are rare and leave precious little geological evidence; tsunami scientists are still arguing about how earthquakes and landslides generate these killer waves.

The upshot is that there's considerable disagreement about what a La Palma collapse would mean. One school of thought is that waves wouldn't increase by more than a mere meter or so, not even enough to affect surfing. Even Ward's calculations are vastly different from McGuire's. He envisions waves only 60 feet high—not enough to clobber Manhattan but just enough to submerge everything below the fourth floor.

Above: Aceh, Indonesia after last year's tsunami. The world was shocked by the destruction. Some scientists believe a far more destructive tsunami could be unleashed in the completely unsuspecting North Atlantic. Opposite: the Atacama Desert in Chile. Scientists believe that several times in the past few thousand years the American Midwest looked like this—and could again.

AMERICA'S BIG ONE

December's Indonesian earthquake was the second deadliest in history, though the vast majority of deaths were from the resultant tsunami. The deadliest earthquake on record, which occurred on January 23, 1556 in Shanxi, China, killed 830,000 people without the help of mega-waves. Geologists estimate that the quake was a magnitude 8, only one tenth as seismically intense as the underwater Indonesian quake last year. (The Richter scale is logarithmic: Each number represents a tenfold increase in measured amplitude, so a magnitude 9 earthquake has 10 times greater amplitude than an 8. The actual energy released by a magnitude 9 earthquake, however, is 32 times greater than that released by an 8.)

For decades Americans have been waiting for a huge earthquake to strike a major California city. October 1989's magnitude 6.9 quake outside San Francisco, which killed 63 people, and 1994's magnitude 6.7 quake outside Los Angeles, which killed 60, were pretty bad. If their epicenters had been closer to their respective big cities, the damage could have been catastrophic. Currently the U.S. Geological Survey puts the odds of a major earthquake—6.7 or higher—directly striking the San Francisco Bay Area within the next 25 years at 70 percent. In other words, it's more likely to happen than not.

According to projections by geophysicist George Pararas-Carayannis, co-founder of the International Hazards Society, a repeat of the 7.8 magnitude quake that upturned San Francisco in 1906—a quake whose epicenter was right under San Francisco, unlike the one in 1989, which was more than 50 miles away—would kill between 3,000 and 12,000 people. Much would depend on the time of day the earthquake hit; the damage at night, when people are asleep, would likely be less than during rush hour, when people are in concrete office buildings or on roadways. Either way, it could cause tens of billions of dollars in damage and render as many as 150,000 residences uninhabitable. A similar-size quake under Los Angeles could have comparable results.

California isn't the only vulnerable area in the United States. The USGS earthquake hazard map (eqhazmaps.usgs.gov) shows a glowing hot spot that stretches northeast from Memphis through the New Madrid and Wabash Valley seismic zones, almost all the way to Indianapolis. Although the region doesn't lie near plate boundaries, the plate it sits on is

cracked and strained. Scientists think the plate almost split when the supercontinents were breaking, and now it's pretty fragile.

Three jumbo quakes struck the area between December 1811 and February 1812. Each had a magnitude of 8 or higher; just about every structure around the epicenter of New Madrid, Missouri was damaged or destroyed. Fortunately what was a bad winter for tepees and log cabins probably wasn't so costly in human life. The next one will shake Memphis, Nashville, St. Louis, Little Rock and possibly Indianapolis. The USGS estimates that within the next 50 years there is a 10 percent chance of a repeat of the 1811 quake and a 90 percent chance of a smaller quake, say a 6.

While modern quake activity in this region is rare, the likelihood of damage is as high as in California. One reason is that many buildings and roads in the Midwest aren't built for shaking. Building codes in common earthquake places such as Tokyo and Los Angeles lessen the damage; the Midwest hasn't taken as many precautions, meaning many more buildings will crumble and many more lives will be lost. Another reason damage will be great is the terrain itself. It's composed of rich, thick sediments that propagate earthquake shaking far and wide. Consider that the 1906 San Francisco temblor was felt 350 miles away in Nevada, but the 1811 New Madrid quake rang church bells in Boston, 1,000 miles away.

KILLER LAKES

On the morning of August 22, 1986 a traveler approached the villages near Lake Nyos in a remote region of Cameroon. What he found was horrifying. Everything—every human, every cow, every dog—was dead. He alerted the authorities, who found more than 1,800 humans and thousands of animals lying dead, none with an apparent injury. Whatever had killed them had struck swiftly: One woman fell under her clothesline, a wooden pin still in hand. Most of the deaths were near the lake, but many were down in the valleys below it, the farthest victims 14 miles away.

Amid rumors of alien invasion, Western scientists were brought in. "There was no record of this before. It was bizarre," says USGS research chemist Bill Evans, one of the investigators.

The culprit turned out to be the lake itself. "Nyos is 700 feet deep and fairly narrow," Evans explains. "It's a meromictic lake," meaning its water doesn't mix vertically. The bottom of the lake is connected to a deep-earth magma source. The magma leaks carbon dioxide into the bottom of the lake at a regular rate, but because the lake is meromictic, the CO_2 builds up at the bottom and stays there, dissolving into the water the way CO_2 dissolves in champagne. On the evening of August 21 something happened—most likely a nearby landslide—that shook the lake, disturbing the giant cloud of CO_2 and causing it to rush to the surface. Because CO_2 is heavier than air, it pushed the oxygen-rich air up from the ground and away from the mammals who required it. Within a few gasping breaths, the entire village was wiped out. The CO_2 cloud floated down the valleys, suffocating everything in its path before it finally dissipated.

Nyos is highly unusual; few lakes both are meromictic and have a CO_2 source at the bottom. Evans and his colleagues searched for others. While they didn't find many, they did find one of enormous concern: Lake Kivu, which is on the border of Rwanda and the Democratic Republic of the Congo and is about the size of Lake Tahoe. The good news is that Kivu is a more stable lake than Nyos; it would take an eruption from the magma to disturb the CO_2. The bad news: About 2 million people live around that lake.

Lake Nyos is now regularly degassed. Kivu could be too, but Evans's warnings have gone unheeded by governments enmeshed in civil strife.

THE NEXT DUST BOWL

Regardless of whether humans are forcing the climate to change, the climate likes to change on its own. Lately, for reasons climatologists are still trying to understand, the West Coast has been deluged with rain. Las Vegas's rainfall in January and February was equal to its annual average; wildflowers are blooming in Death Valley. Meanwhile the Northeast has endured three especially cold winters.

Now, cold is okay for a while, and extra rain usually isn't a problem. But in other parts of the world, the opposite—a drought—could take hold at any minute. The dust bowl of the 1930s and the Sahelian (sub-Saharan) drought of the 1970s and

1980s that killed more than 1.2 million people are seared in our memory.

But these droughts are hardly worst-case scenarios. "The climate can change within a year or two in a given area and completely alter the ecosystem—from wet to dry, from hot to cold—and render our buildings, our agriculture, our way of life inappropriate to the climate very quickly," says Penn State's Alley, who recently served as chairman of a National Academy of Sciences study on abrupt climate change. He worries about the American Great Plains plunging into a drought that could last a century. "It has happened in the American Middle West several times in the past few thousand years," he says, basing his conclusions on fossils, studies of tree rings in the Dakotas and core samples of soil from lake beds. "These 100-year droughts make the *Grapes of Wrath* dust bowl look like a blip."

Were Alley's worries to be realized, soil would turn to dust, the Mississippi would diminish, and states would fight one another for water from the Rockies. If it got bad enough, people would abandon the center of the nation and flock to the coasts. We'll weather the crisis by buying food from overseas if the country is in sound financial shape. If not, tens of thousands will starve. Remember, the difference between the hardships of the American dust bowl and the 1.2 million deaths of the Sahelian drought was not the severity of the climates but the resiliency of the economies involved.

Above: This eruption in Hawaii looks spectacular, yet it's fairly harmless. But if the now-dormant volcano under Lake Yellowstone has another mega-eruption, it would wreak devastation across the Midwest and Rockies.

VESUVIUS, USA

Volcanic disasters come in two flavors: bad and really bad. An example of a bad one is Mount Pelée on the Caribbean island of Martinique. In 1902 an avalanche of fiery rock slammed into the town of St. Pierre at 80 miles an hour and killed 28,000 people.

A really bad eruption could be thousands of times worse. For example, 2.1 million years ago a hot spot of magma burst through the earth's crust near what is now Wyoming's Yellowstone National Park and ejected 600 cubic miles—yes, that's cubic miles—of rock. It landed as far away as Iowa.

U.S. geologists are now concerned about Mount Rainier, a dormant volcano just outside Seattle. Rainier's biggest threat isn't an explosive eruption but a giant lahar, or mud slide. Lahars are common on volcanoes, even on dormant ones, because the acidic gases inside weaken the structure of the rock on the side of the mountain. After a big rainfall whole chunks of volcano can liquefy like wet concrete, resulting in 40-foot-high walls of Slurpee flowing through valleys at 20 miles an hour. Small lahars slide off Rainier regularly, large ones every few hundred years. About 5,600 years ago a huge lahar called the Osceola Mudflow paved more than 212 square miles of what is now suburban Seattle and Tacoma, a region that today has a population of more than 100,000. A warning system has been set up, but if another Osceola flow comes sloshing down the mountain, there won't be enough time, nor enough high ground, for 100,000 people to escape.

Scientists are also keeping an eye on Yellowstone—yes, our lovely national park sits atop a volcano. It has been dormant, but dormant doesn't mean dead. Yellowstone first erupted on a really bad scale 2.1 million years ago, then again 1.3 million years ago, then about 640,000 years ago. "If we're on a roughly 700,000-year cycle," says John Valley, a geologist at the University of Wisconsin, "we're just about due for the next one."

We hope these eruptions are like *Rocky* movies, each weaker than the one before. If not, the next eruption could cause deaths in the millions. "Each of the last three eruptions covered everything west of the Mississippi," reminds Valley. The residents of Wyoming, Idaho and Montana would suffocate instantly, and their bodies would be incinerated by scorching ash and gas. Throughout the Midwest and Rockies, incandescent stones would fall from the sky, forests

(concluded on page 74)

"Who brought the lucky rabbit?"

KARINA

Karina

A DELICIOUS DOUBLE EXPOSURE

KARINA LOMBARD PUTS LUST INTO THE L WORD

BY ERIK HEDEGAARD

The other afternoon actress Karina Lombard wasn't doing much of anything but lounging around her house in Los Angeles after starting her day the way she usually does, by cleaning her tongue with a tongue scraper and jogging on the beach. She was still wearing her sweatpants. Karina, 36, with long, dark cascading hair, looked out a window at her garden and said happily, "Everything is very green right now. It's an easy life here."

Early in her acting career the current star of the USA Network's *The 4400* had small parts in good movies (*Legends of the Fall, The Firm*) and larger parts in movies that sucked (*Kull the Conqueror, Exposé*). Last year she was the breakout star of Showtime's steamy lesbian melodrama *The L Word*, playing Marina Ferrer, a temptress to the uninitiated in the ways of girl-on-girl love. In so doing she apparently also

THANKS TO THE MAGIC OF DIGITAL GRAPHICS, BOTH OF THE WOMEN IN THESE PICTURES ARE KARINA LOMBARD. AS THE SAYING GOES, YOU CAN'T LOVE SOMEONE UNTIL YOU LOVE YOURSELF.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MARKUS KLINKO & INDRANI

woke up many a woman in the national viewing audience.

"Thank you so much!" these newly converted sapphists said.

"Glad to be of help," Karina said.

Those days of gratitude are over, however, because the program's producers didn't invite her back for the show's second season. She thinks she knows why. "I became popular, and I guess that's not good," she said. "And then suddenly with the rest of the cast it became all about politics, ego and who's the better flatterer, all stuff I can't stand."

She shrugged and smiled. "Anyway, I did the show because it was dangerous and my character was dangerous, and what happened on the show happened with a lot of tension and buildup. But now there's no more tension in the show. It's become just about girls doing it."

As it happens, in real life Karina has done it with both boys and a number of women, though of late the women have maybe been getting short shrift. "Before *The L Word*," she said, "I thought I was bisexual, but I don't know anymore. Doing it with women on the *(text concluded on page 136)*

See more of Karina at cyber.playboy.com.

DISASTERS *(continued from page 66)*

The new strain of bird-flu virus is incredibly lethal: Of the 55 humans who've become sick, 42 have died.

and fields would burn, and the air would be filled with unbreathable ash.

This disaster, thankfully, is unlikely to happen on our watch. The USGS maintains the Yellowstone Volcano Observatory to monitor seismic and magmatic activity underneath the park. According to the observatory's director, Jake Lowenstern, there's no need to panic. "We have no indication whatsoever that this is getting active again," he says. Moreover, new activity will likely indicate a smaller volcanic event, of which Yellowstone has had thousands over the past 2 million years. "It's just not likely to be catastrophic," says Lowenstern. "My job often is to calm people down."

THE MODERN PLAGUE

Unlike geologists, who feel they have to downplay potential dangers, epidemiologists—scientists who study how diseases spread—feel as if they're screaming and no one is listening. "We at the World Health Organization believe the world is now in the gravest possible danger of a pandemic," Dr. Shigeru Omi announced at a conference on the Asian bird flu in Ho Chi Minh City in February. Gravest possible danger, eh? Mario quitting *American Idol* got bigger play.

The influenza virus is a tiny germ that attacks the respiratory system and usually threatens no one but the aged and ailing. But viruses evolve, mutating constantly as they circulate through animal hosts and pick up new genes. Every few decades a strain emerges with the three qualities needed to create a pandemic, or a global epidemic: First, it is deadly. Second, it is easily transmitted between humans, such as through a handshake or sneezing. Third, it is something our immune systems have never seen and have no defenses against.

In 1918 the so-called Spanish flu virus scored this hat trick. It spread around the world in two months and killed 500,000 in the United States (more than the U.S. lost in battle in World War I) and an estimated 50 million worldwide.

Omi and his colleagues at the WHO are worried about a relatively new strain of flu virus called H5N1, which is devastating chickens in Asia. This isn't bad news just for fans of *moo goo gai pan*. The virus has already met two of the three critical criteria: It's deadly and novel. Of the 55 humans who've contracted the disease, 42 of them have died, an incredibly high death rate.

The third leg of the stool—human-to-human transmission—is only a mutation away. The virus merely has to pick up another gene, perhaps from a pig virus (pig respiratory diseases are remarkably similar to human ones) and—voilà—a mercilessly efficient killer of human beings will be on the loose. While the WHO and the U.S. Centers for Disease Control and Prevention are working hard to contain the virus in Asia, the task is tough. The 1918 flu circled the globe before commercial air travel. Today, when one can fly from Hong Kong to New York nonstop, the virus can spread faster than we can detect it.

The CDC is developing a bird-flu vaccine that could save hundreds of thousands of lives in a pandemic. But only nine countries can produce vaccines. It's unlikely they'll be able to produce enough to inoculate all their own citizens and extremely unlikely they'll distribute the vaccine beyond their borders.

SPACE KILLERS

There's an inverse relationship between the severity of a disaster and its frequency. The worse the potential event, the less likely it is to hit tomorrow. With the exception of the pandemic, the catastrophes that cost many millions of lives occur only in many-thousand-year intervals. Which prompts the question: In the 4 billion years this planet has remaining before a dying sun engulfs it, what's the worst that can happen?

The answer: It can get slammed by a comet or an asteroid several miles wide. According to the calculations of University of Arizona geoscientist Henry Melosh, that impact would hit with the energy of 100 million megatons of TNT. It would send millions of cubic miles of rock into the sky; the rock would fall back to the earth in the form of a trillion meteors, which would heat the atmosphere to 450 degrees.

In reality, comets aren't a major threat, since they spend most of their time way out beyond the orbit of Neptune. But from time to time they roar toward the sun. Comet Hale-Bopp majestically sailed past in 1997, coming just inside Earth's orbit. And sometimes one even collides with a planet, as when comet Shoemaker-Levy 9 plunged spectacularly into Jupiter in 1994.

But Jupiter is a much bigger target, as well as a heavier one that pulls in comets gravitationally. The chances of a comet hitting our tiny planet are "close to zero," says Erik Asphaug, a planetary scientist at the University of California at Santa Cruz, who says scientists had a hard time calculating the risk of this event. "We assess hazards by multiplying the likelihood of the event with the destruction it would cause. How do you multiply a likelihood of zero times a destruction of infinity?" Still, in the extremely unlikely event that something on the order of the 25-mile-long Hale-Bopp arrived in your mailbox at a speed of 30 miles a second, Asphaug assures us, "there would be no living thing left on earth except those bacteria that can live deep underground in the rocks."

Asphaug can be reasonably sure of this because a much smaller body, the six-mile-wide KT asteroid, slammed into the Yucatán peninsula 65 million years ago and presumably broiled all surface creatures to death, most notably the dinosaurs.

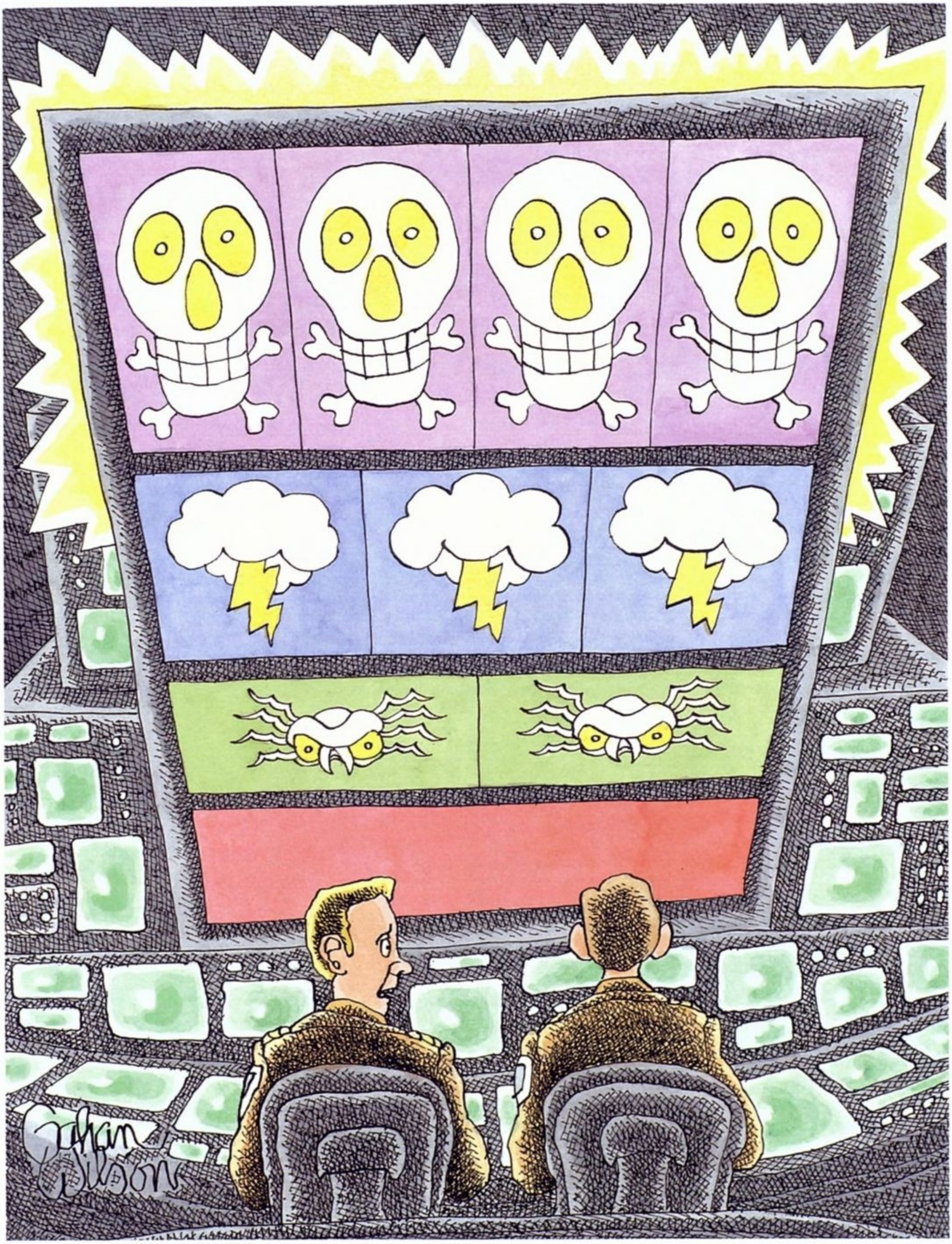
Let us pause momentarily to appreciate a small irony: Nature's destruction is also always creative. The sort of asteroid we think might destroy us is in fact the very thing that gave us life. At the time the KT asteroid struck, the first mammal species—small, weak and scared—were hiding from the mighty dinos. The smart ones ceded the surface to the ferocious reptiles and adopted a burrowing lifestyle. These gopherish forebears were therefore shielded from the asteroid-induced inferno, survived and eventually took over the planet.

We still have an edge, having developed technology that will allow us to spot these asteroids long before they hit. Already our telescopes have found all the near-earth objects (NEOs in astronomical parlance) wider than six miles, and we're developing a new telescope that promises to find all NEOs down to 300 yards in size. (Objects smaller than 300 yards could still surprise us with as much as a 1,600-megaton explosion and be a regional superdisaster, but meteors that small don't threaten extinction.) Says Asphaug, "Within 10 years we'll know all the NEOs down to one kilometer," roughly 0.6 miles.

At this point we know of nothing on a course to hit us. But what if something starts heading our way? "We'll have a lot of time, probably hundreds of years before impact, to figure out how to deflect it," Asphaug maintains.

The solution we adopt could be far simpler than the nukes Bruce Willis uses in *Armageddon*. "You probably just have to go up there and paint the thing white," Asphaug contends. "With the increased reflectivity, the sun's photons would change its course in time."

That's a relief. Now someone has to figure out how to pull that white-paint trick on the viruses.



"It looks like we've moved way past condition red!"

25

Easy Pieces

The tech you need to live the life you want

Technology used to be like Cindy Scheinman from 12th grade. You were madly in love with it, but no matter how much money you spent, it was indifferent to your true needs (such as a decent instruction manual). But unlike Cindy, tech has recently seen the error of its ways. It wants to spend quality time with you, and it can be a cheap date some nights. In appreciation of this trend, here are 25 terrific ways that technology has transformed from a high-maintenance nightmare to the chill, helpful and sexy companion you always knew it could be.

By Steve Morgenstern

◀ **Voodoo ENVY m:50** Buying a laptop is a devil's bargain. Do you want a 10-pound monster that could run Nasdaq or a one-pound marvel that barely has enough juice to surf the web? Forget we asked, because the witch doctors at VoodooPC have cooked up this featherweight phenom, encased it in carbon fiber and given it an appropriate name. Don't let its svelte 3.4-pound figure fool you—there's no skimping here. With built-in Wi-Fi and a speedy Intel Pentium M mobile processor under the hood, this thing will run any application you can throw at it. To fully pimp it out, you have a choice of colors, ranging from modest to mind-blowing, and a set of custom line-art tattoos (see left) that will give you a little mojo wherever your travels take you. ($1,938, voodoopc.com)

▼ **Audiovox NPC5400** GPS navigation systems are great—if you make your living as an explorer, a traveling salesman or a touring musician. For those of us who work in the same place every day (and can remember how to get there) daily use has been superfluous—until now. The real-time traffic system available in the NPC5400 receives road-condition information via FM signals and constantly updates your GPS to show accidents, congestion and construction as they happen. The system can automatically recalculate the best route based on the current circumstances, and with a single click you can get additional details about what's going on. ($1,100, audiovox.com)

● **YouSendIt** What do you do when a file is too funny to keep to yourself but too big to send in an e-mail? You use yousendit.com, a free, ad-supported service. Upload that homemade *Doctor Zhivago* remake to its site, along with a list of those you want to show it to, and it will send an e-mail with a link to the file so your pals can download it without clogging their in-boxes. The files you upload are available on the site for seven days and can be as big as a gigabyte—which is enough space for more than two hours of torrid *Zhivago* action. (yousendit.com)

● **Get Digital** Ripping a few CDs into MP3s is fast and simple. But what about 100 CDs, or 1,000? If you want to fill that new iPod with legit music without rebuying your collection, you're looking at a serious hassle—unless you let Get Digital handle the grunt work for you. For about $1 a disk, the company will send you boxes of empty CD spindles that you fill and ship back. About a week later it returns your CDs along with all the files ripped to any format and bit rate you choose, stored on data DVDs or a portable hard drive. You also get a binder containing all the album art and track listings. Does it get any easier than this? (getdigitalinc.com)

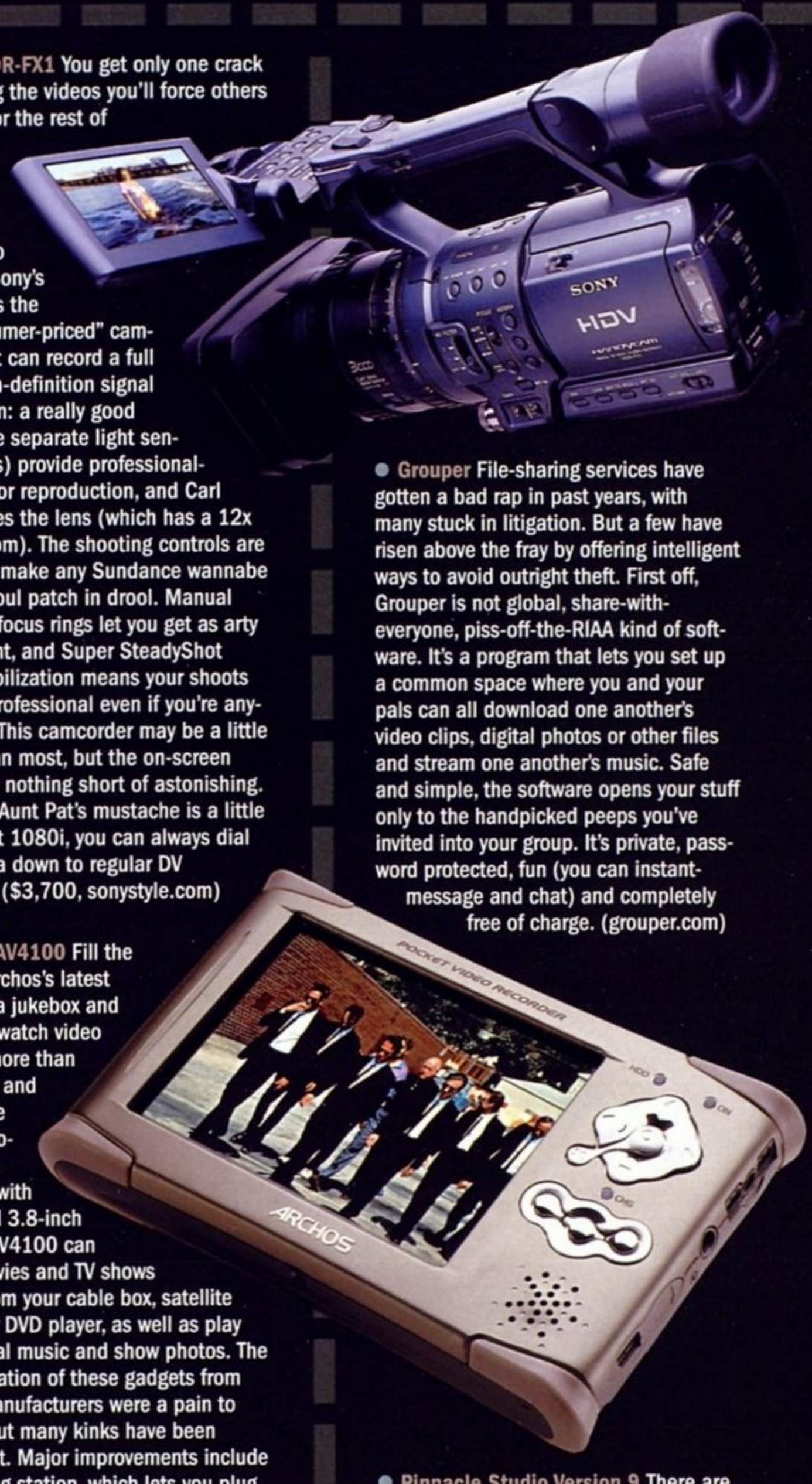
▲ **Canon Digital Rebel XT** Two years ago Canon introduced its extraordinary Digital Rebel, a digital SLR camera that cost just under a grand. Ditching film no longer meant giving up interchangeable lenses, fast shutter response or your left kidney in trade. Now a new XT version of the groundbreaking shooter is here, and it's even more impressive than its big brother, with a slimmer case, tack-sharp eight-megapixel resolution, zippy three-frames-a-second shutter speed and an impressive instant-on feature to keep you from missing impromptu chances to squeeze off a few shots. Plus, you're buying into a huge product line, with a vast selection of lenses and accessories just a credit-card swipe away. Now all you need to unleash your inner Pompeo Posar is a beautiful woman and a convincing smile. ($1,000 with lens kit, canonusa.com)

◀ **SanDisk ImageMate 12-in-1 card reader–writer** Our ever-expanding array of digital cameras, camcorders, MP3 players, cell phones and PDAs uses an ever-expanding array of itty-bitty memory cards to store information. Do you honestly know whether your camera uses CF or SD? Or where you put the transfer cord? Invest in a cheap and easy card reader like this one and you'll never have to answer such questions again. Slap it into a USB port, pop in any memory card, and drag and drop to your heart's content, loading and unloading your devices with the digital equivalent of wild abandon. ($35, sandisk.com)

● **Napster to Go** After Napster was forced to shut down in 2000, the smart money wrote off a comeback for the file-sharing pioneer—which proves the smart money is often dead wrong. Napster is not only back, it's once again schooling the establishment on what the people want and how to give it to them. For the price of a single CD a month, you get the run of a million-song (!) library, all of which you can load onto a portable player and take with you (check your player's compatibility before subscribing). If you stop paying, the songs stop playing, but that's a small price to pay for completely eliminating buyer's remorse. (napster.com)

▼ **Seagate Pocket Hard Drive** Those teeny USB thumb drives are fine for moving the odd word-processing document or music file, but when it comes to carrying complete digital movies, batches of high-res photos or a big chunk of tunes, Seagate's Pocket Hard Drives are the way to go. The three-inch disks are available in 2.5-gigabyte ($119) and five-gigabyte ($159) capacities and need no drivers or external power. Plug one into a USB port with its built-in retractable cable and you're done. No hassle involved—just instant, portable, sizable storage. (seagate.com)

▶ **Sony HDR-FX1** You get only one crack at shooting the videos you'll force others to watch for the rest of your life. You may as well treat the bastards to the best. Sony's HDR-FX1 is the first "consumer-priced" camcorder that can record a full 1080i high-definition signal (translation: a really good one). Three separate light sensors (CCDs) provide professional-quality color reproduction, and Carl Zeiss makes the lens (which has a 12x optical zoom). The shooting controls are enough to make any Sundance wannabe soak his soul patch in drool. Manual zoom and focus rings let you get as arty as you want, and Super SteadyShot image stabilization means your shoots will look professional even if you're anything but. This camcorder may be a little bulkier than most, but the on-screen results are nothing short of astonishing. Oh, and if Aunt Pat's mustache is a little too vivid at 1080i, you can always dial the camera down to regular DV recording. ($3,700, sonystyle.com)



▶ **Archos AV4100** Fill the drive on Archos's latest multimedia jukebox and you could watch video 24-7 for more than two weeks and not see the same explosion twice. Equipped with a beautiful 3.8-inch LCD, the AV4100 can record movies and TV shows directly from your cable box, satellite receiver or DVD player, as well as play back digital music and show photos. The first generation of these gadgets from various manufacturers were a pain to load up, but many kinks have been worked out. Major improvements include the docking station, which lets you plug in without wire hassles, and software that lets you turn the AV4100 into what amounts to a micro-TiVo. Don't be stingy when dragging and dropping those files—the 100-gigabyte (yes, that's 100-gigabyte) hard drive can hold more than 200 hours of video, 1,500 hours of music or literally a million photos. ($800, archos.com)

● **Grouper** File-sharing services have gotten a bad rap in past years, with many stuck in litigation. But a few have risen above the fray by offering intelligent ways to avoid outright theft. First off, Grouper is not global, share-with-everyone, piss-off-the-RIAA kind of software. It's a program that lets you set up a common space where you and your pals can all download one another's video clips, digital photos or other files and stream one another's music. Safe and simple, the software opens your stuff only to the handpicked peeps you've invited into your group. It's private, password protected, fun (you can instant-message and chat) and completely free of charge. (grouper.com)

● **Pinnacle Studio Version 9** There are no bad home movies, just bad home-movie editors (a.k.a. home-movie non-editors). To make people pay attention to your flicks, you need to get in and out quickly (i.e., your Grand Canyon trip should run three minutes or less). The good news: It's shockingly simple to do with this powerful package from Pinnacle. Load it onto your computer and turn raw footage into a polished production in a matter of minutes, with a musical score, cool transitions, titles and credits. It'll even let you design DVD menus and burn discs for you. Never has $80 saved so many from so much suffering. (pinnaclesys.com)

▲ **Kodak EasyShare-One** Why wait till you get home to show off that girl you met on the steps of the Parthenon? Kodak's EasyShare-One is the first camera to let you share the joy with your buddies back home from any Wi-Fi hot spot. With its built-in hardware and software, you can send photos over the Net right from the camera—no computer required. Plus it has a four-megapixel sensor, a 3x digital zoom and a bright, beautiful three-inch screen. Add such niceties as in-camera photo-editing and album software and you've got yourself one badass snapper. ($600, kodak.com)

▶ **iRiver H10** Do you really want to carry the same little MP3 player as your mom, the mailman and half the 12-year-olds on your block? Instead consider iRiver's sleek H10, which has miles of style, a bright 1.5-inch color display for photos, a built-in FM tuner (which rocks for pulling in TV audio at the gym) and a removable, rechargeable, replaceable battery that lasts up to 12 hours. It comes with five gigabytes of space (the standard for midsize players), as well as a slim profile and support for the Napster to Go subscription service. How's that for thinking different? ($280, iriveramerica.com)

◀ **Pioneer AirWare XM2Go** Broadcast radio has been circling the drain for years, while satellite radio keeps getting better. Now you can carry all of XM's commercial-free music, sports, talk and news channels wherever you wander thanks to this innovative XM2Go receiver. About the size of a transistor radio, the AirWare has a built-in antenna and a five-hour memory buffer that will bank audio for when you're out of satellite range. Plus you can mount this beauty in your car or on your home stereo. ($300, pioneerelectronics.com)

● **Google Desktop** With careful organization and scrupulous attention to detail, you'll always know where the files on your computer are stored—but what fun is that? It's far easier to download the free Google Desktop program and let it keep track of everything for you. You can set the software to automatically index the web pages you browse, along with your e-mail messages, IM chats and Word, Excel, PowerPoint, PDF and text documents—even photo, audio and video files. Just pull up the familiar Google search page, tell it to find a keyword (say, *defenestrate*), and it'll find any document on your machine that has that word in it. No more getting frustrated and throwing your computer out the window. (desktop.google.com)

▶ **Sony PlayStation Portable** By now you've probably had the chance to check out this miniature marvel for yourself, with its 4.3-inch widescreen, console-worthy game graphics, ability to play music and movies and built-in Wi-Fi. It's a seriously amazing gadget. It has the usual Sony buzz kills, like proprietary memory cards and video formats, but that's why we have hackers, right? In any case, for a device as incredible as this we're willing to look the other way just this once. ($250, us.playstation.com)

● **Norton Internet Security 2005 Anti-Spyware Edition** Got spyware? Not anymore. We've trusted Norton products to protect our computers since the dusty old days of DOS. Now, in addition to stymieing hackers and virus writers, the latest version strikes fear into the hearts of those who infest computers with dangerous spyware and adware. It's a one-stop solution to all your computer-security needs—highly automated, frequently updated and controlled through a single easy interface. The way we see it, 80 clams is a small price to pay for enjoying all the convenience of the Net without worrying about prying eyes. ($80, symantec.com)

▲ **Humax DRT800** Are you still letting network execs tell you when to watch TV? Still watching commercials? There are other brands out there, but TiVo's interface remains tops for digital video recorders, and this high-capacity box from Humax can hold up to 80 hours of televisual delight. Running out of room isn't a problem thanks to a DVD burner-player that allows you to save those *O.C.* episodes for your grandchildren's edification. And it all comes for less than the cost of a high-end cell phone. ($500, humaxusa.com)

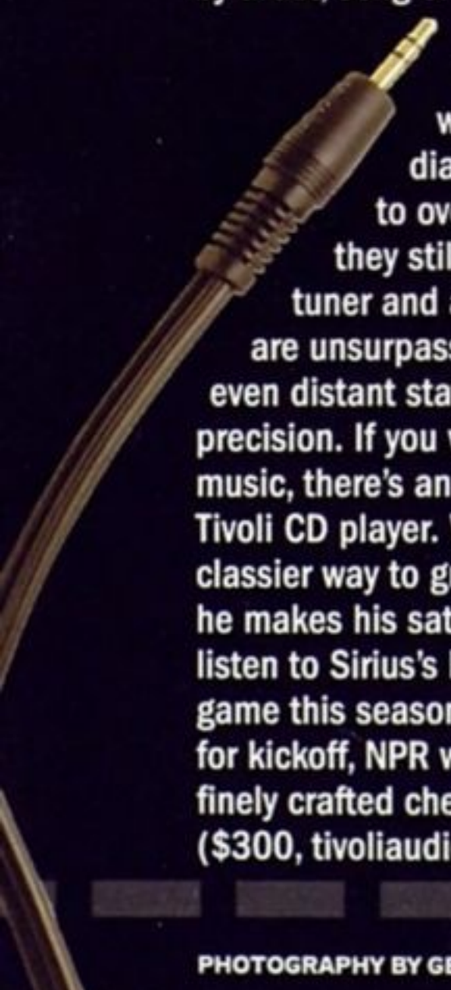
▶ **RCA-to-miniplug cable** Want to play your digital tunes through your stereo? There's no shortage of high-tech solutions, from hard-drive-equipped stereo components to network music clients to CD players that read MP3 files on disc. But there's an easier way that'll run you just $7 at RadioShack. Plug the little end of an RCA-to-miniplug cable into a PC or MP3 player and the two-pronged end into the AUX slot on your receiver. Now hit PLAY and spend the money you saved on a two-year Napster subscription.

◀ **Axentra Net-Box One** If step one is getting an Internet connection, step two should be adding a Net-Box One. Don't let its dorky looks fool you: This unassuming little white box handles a heap of digital dirty work, bathing your house in wireless Internet access and letting you store music, photos and other important files on the hard drive so everyone in your home can share the wealth. It'll also enable you to access your files over the Internet when you're away from home, perform automatic backups on any computer on your network and even serve up web pages to bypass those monthly hosting fees. ($500, axentra.com)

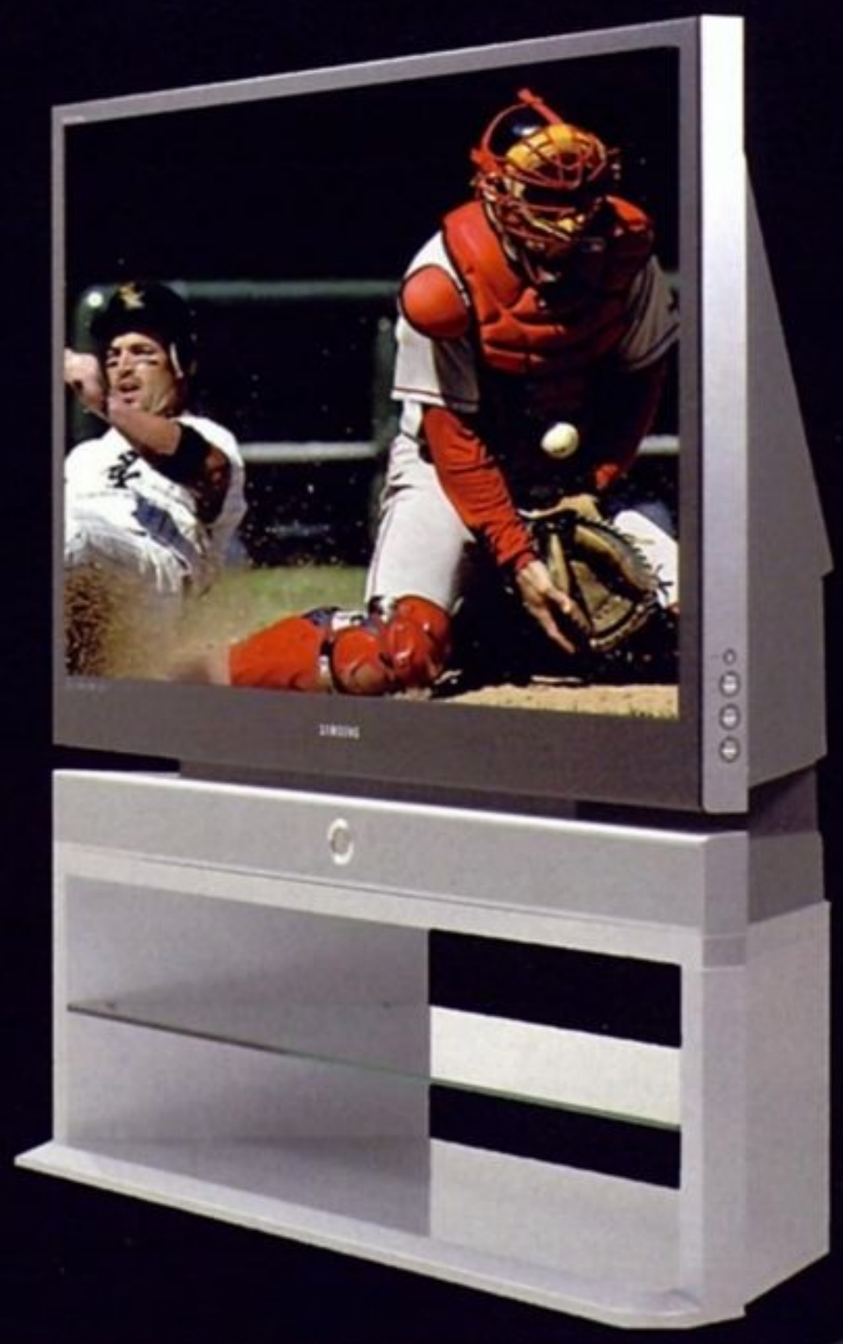
▲ **Philips Shoqbox** Good technology is the traveler's best friend. Case in point: This tiny yet room-filling micro–boom box from Philips is smaller than a can of shaving cream, weighs just 12 ounces and packs an FM radio, an alarm clock and 256 megabytes of storage space for music (enough to hold up to four hours of MP3s). The tiny built-in titanium speakers are surprisingly powerful, with a warmth and bass uncommon in such a small system. Sure, it may not be enough to drown out the sounds of your revelry for the hotel-room neighbors, but at least it will provide a little musical accompaniment. ($150, philips.com)

▼ **LG VX8000** Trading up to a high-speed cell phone connection won't let you finish conversations any faster, but it will make your constant companion a lot more entertaining. The LG VX8000 uses the new high-speed EVDO network from Verizon Wireless and comes with a 1.3-megapixel camera, a speakerphone, voice-activated dialing, an external color screen for photo caller ID and a handsome two-and-a-quarter-inch main display. What makes it really sing and dance, though, is Verizon's V CAST service, which delivers news, sports and entertainment video clips, plus 3-D games and mobile websites at speeds Verizon claims approach a DSL connection's. ($150 with contract, verizonwireless.com)

▲ **Tivoli Model Sirius Satellite** The outside is retro, but its guts are all techno. The latest in Tivoli's line of handsome, high-quality tabletop radios, this baby fills a room with both warm sound and high design, and it has AM, FM and Sirius Satellite Radio all built in. Tuning in the 100-plus Sirius stations couldn't be simpler—presets allow instant access to your favorite channels; you can search by artist, song or channel; and its generous LCD screen provides information on what you have currently dialed in. When it comes to over-the-air signals (yes, they still make those), Tivoli's tuner and antenna technologies are unsurpassed and can bring in even distant stations with remarkable precision. If you want to play your own music, there's an input for a matching Tivoli CD player. We can't think of a classier way to greet Howard Stern when he makes his satellite radio debut, or to listen to Sirius's broadcasts of every NFL game this season. While you're waiting for kickoff, NPR will do justice to the finely crafted cherrywood cabinet. ($300, tivoliaudio.com)



▶ **Samsung HL-R5688W** Because life isn't complicated enough, high-definition TV signals come in several different grades, each designated with a number (indicating how many lines are in the image) and a letter (*i* for "interlaced" and *p* for the superior "progressive scan"). Until now, when you bought a set you chose from models that could display video at 780i, 780p or 1080i. Still with us? This Samsung 56-inch rear-projecting DLP model is the first TV that can display a 1080p picture, putting even the most discriminating TV snob's jaw squarely on the floor. The impressive 5,000-to-one contrast ratio means Yankee Stadium looks as if you could walk right through the screen and into the dugout, while the progressive-scan display renders the Big Unit's hottest heat with surprising clarity. ($5,000, samsungusa.com)



PHOTOGRAPHY BY GEORGE GEORGIOU

WHERE AND HOW TO BUY ON PAGE 131.

20Q

BY DAVID RENSIN
PHOTOGRAPHY BY
ART DEPT./CPI

Scarlett Johansson

The 20-year-old with the impressive career—and great face—fesses up about what makes a lovely ass and why she'd like to have sex in the backseat of a car

Q1

PLAYBOY: For a 20-year-old you've had your share of memorable roles—in *The Horse Whisperer, Ghost World,* even *The SpongeBob SquarePants Movie*—but most moviegoers are fixated on *Lost in Translation.* Rather than disclosing what Bill Murray whispered in your ear at the end of that film, which you've never revealed, tell us what you wish he'd said.

JOHANSSON: Who said he whispered anything at all? I wish he'd whispered, "You're wrapped." [*laughs*] It'd probably be good to say he said, "I've just crapped my pants," but most of the time I just tell people they don't really want to know. Of course, they say, "I do! I do!" but I say, "Well, it doesn't matter, because there's just no telling." This much I'll tell you: Nothing was scripted. Bill just came up with whatever he thought was appropriate.

Q2

PLAYBOY: If we had to guess what most male moviegoers were whispering during the opening shot of *Lost in Translation*—as they gazed at you in your semitransparent panties—it would be "Wow!" Were you comfortable doing it?

JOHANSSON: Oh, that's nice. I guess you could have said, "Damn! That girl needs to do some squats." When I first saw it I silently thanked our director of photography, Lance Acord. I'd told him that if I looked like I had any lumps or bumps he'd never work in this town again. So good job, Lance. It doesn't look like my ass; it looks like a really lovely ass.

I told Sofia Coppola, the director, that I didn't want to wear sheer underwear. She said, "Okay, we'll find some other kind of underwear—but I think it would look really great." I was like, "Ugh!" So she said, "Look, I'll put on the sheer underwear and lie on the bed. If you think it looks strange, we'll make it some other kind of underwear." She put them on and looked fantastic, of course—Sofia has a lovely body. I also thought, Wow, if my ass looks like her ass, then I'll be doing *20Q* in PLAYBOY before long.

Q3

PLAYBOY: How long should a man stare at a beautiful woman? At what age is a man too old to ogle you?

JOHANSSON: Once you're old enough to be my father. I can't imagine being my dad's age and ogling a 20-year-old boy. There are exceptions to every rule, of course, so I would never really discourage someone from looking at me. You're talking to someone who has a horrible staring problem herself. I stare at people all the time, especially on the subway. Also in their cars, in the gym, when I eat alone in restaurants. What can I say? I like to watch people. It's not even that I enjoy it. I just can't help watching what people do when they don't know they're being watched. I think about the person, their mannerisms, what they're wearing, who they're talking to, and I wonder if they like being with that person. Before long I forget I'm staring.

Q4

PLAYBOY: You're in Woody Allen's next film, *Match Point.* Describe what goes through your head when you get a call from Woody.

JOHANSSON: It's pretty fucking cool. I couldn't believe it. I was shocked. It came totally out of the blue. Woody is one of the directors I really wanted to work with. They were a couple of weeks from shooting, and an actress who was supposed to play the role couldn't do it, so they called me. It was so surreal, and the experience was better than I'd imagined. I adore Woody. Actually, he probably wouldn't want me to say that. So let me say this, and it has to go in the interview: He is an ogre and a beast, and he was horrible to us. He's a screamer, that Woody. Oh yeah, he's a screamer. [*laughs*] He's wonderful.

Q5

PLAYBOY: You're not known for doing action films. What drew you to Michael Bay's *The Island*? *(continued on page 154)*

HIGH IN THE CANADIAN ROCKIES

MOVING TRIPLE-A TOP-QUALITY WEED OVER THE BORDER UNDER ORANGE ALERT IS NOT FOR THE FAINTHEARTED, BUT IT IS RICHLY REWARDED. AN INSIDE LOOK AT CANADA'S CONNOISSEUR MARIJUANA TRADE

BY ROBERT SABBAG

It is a clear, unseasonably bright day in the mountains east of Vancouver. A sleep-deprived man in his mid-30s, dressed for business in a baseball cap, a nylon tracksuit and running shoes, is parked in a logged clearing in a remote expanse of British Columbia forest about 40 miles north of the U.S. border. He is of average height and weight, and nothing in the way he handles himself would be likely to draw special attention. Betraying few of the attributes one would associate with the holder of an executive position, he would look perfectly natural on any loading dock in the country. Stretched out behind the wheel of his pickup, with his seatback reclined and the visor of his cap pulled down over his sunglasses, he listens through the open window for anything that might break the silence.

"If everybody holds it together, it's pretty efficient," he says.

In holding together his end of things, this unassuming entrepreneur—who has asked me to call him the Prez—does a lot of driving. The truck is only three months old, and already he has put more than 20,000 miles on the clock scouting locations like this one, a stretch of Canadian wilderness identifiable most significantly not by its name but by its GPS coordinates.

"Waiting," he says, "is the hard part. The top of a mountain has a lot of eyes." The Prez is always searching for "pockets"—small depressions amid the surrounding peaks—to minimize exposure to surveillance.

"It's not as easy as it used to be," he says of the business. "Everything doubled after 9/11." Stepped-up government patrols in effect since the fall of 2001 have made people on both sides of the border more careful, but little more than prices have changed. "There's always gonna be a way to do it," he says. "There's a lot of border there that's unprotected."

And few are better than the Prez at exploiting that fact, if his payday is any indication. The father of a new baby boy, the Prez may put in more hours—his workday typically runs from four A.M. to midnight—but he earns the kind of money NHL starters are paid. Or the kind of money some of them are paid. At just under 100 grand—$125,000 Canadian—he takes home more in a good week than all but two of the 23 guys who skated for the 2003–2004 Vancouver Canucks.

"This is pretty much my life," he says of a job that comes with little downtime. "I call myself a sleep opportunist."

The Prez is calculating the odds on stealing some rest—it is even money that he might catch an hour or two later in the day—when his glance shifts

ILLUSTRATION BY DANIEL MAFFIA

to the dashboard clock. He raises his seatback and unlatches the door.

"I hear it," he says, and steps out of the truck. It is what the Prez has been waiting to hear, and within seconds what he has heard is about all you can hear.

"You probably want to turn your back," he shouts as he circles the tailgate. "It's gonna kick up some dust."

And then everything gets military.

Rising suddenly out of the canyon, just behind the Prez, a helicopter springs up over the ridge, pilot and co-pilot visible through the cockpit glass, their faces obscured by tinted helmet shields. Behind the buffeting sound of its rotors, the aircraft swings in, noses down next to the pickup and then levels off, blowing up dirt as it goes through translation, the aerodynamic moment when a windstorm develops beneath the machine.

The helicopter, hovering, bringing with it the unmistakable, ever-present smell of kerosene, touches down no more than a few feet from the truck, settling with impressive precision into what could be an adjacent parking space. You can shake hands across the distance. The wind—but not the noise—subsides when the skids hit the ground.

Whirling above the roof of the pickup, the rotors continue to whine as the pilot keeps the machine hot. The co-pilot jumps out of the cockpit, a roll of duct tape in hand. While he crouches to mask the aircraft's registration number, the Prez hauls half a dozen black canvas hockey bags from the tail of the pickup and loads them aboard the chopper, jamming them through the rear door on the pilot's side.

The entire operation takes little more than a minute. In 30 minutes the cargo will be worth a lot more than it is now.

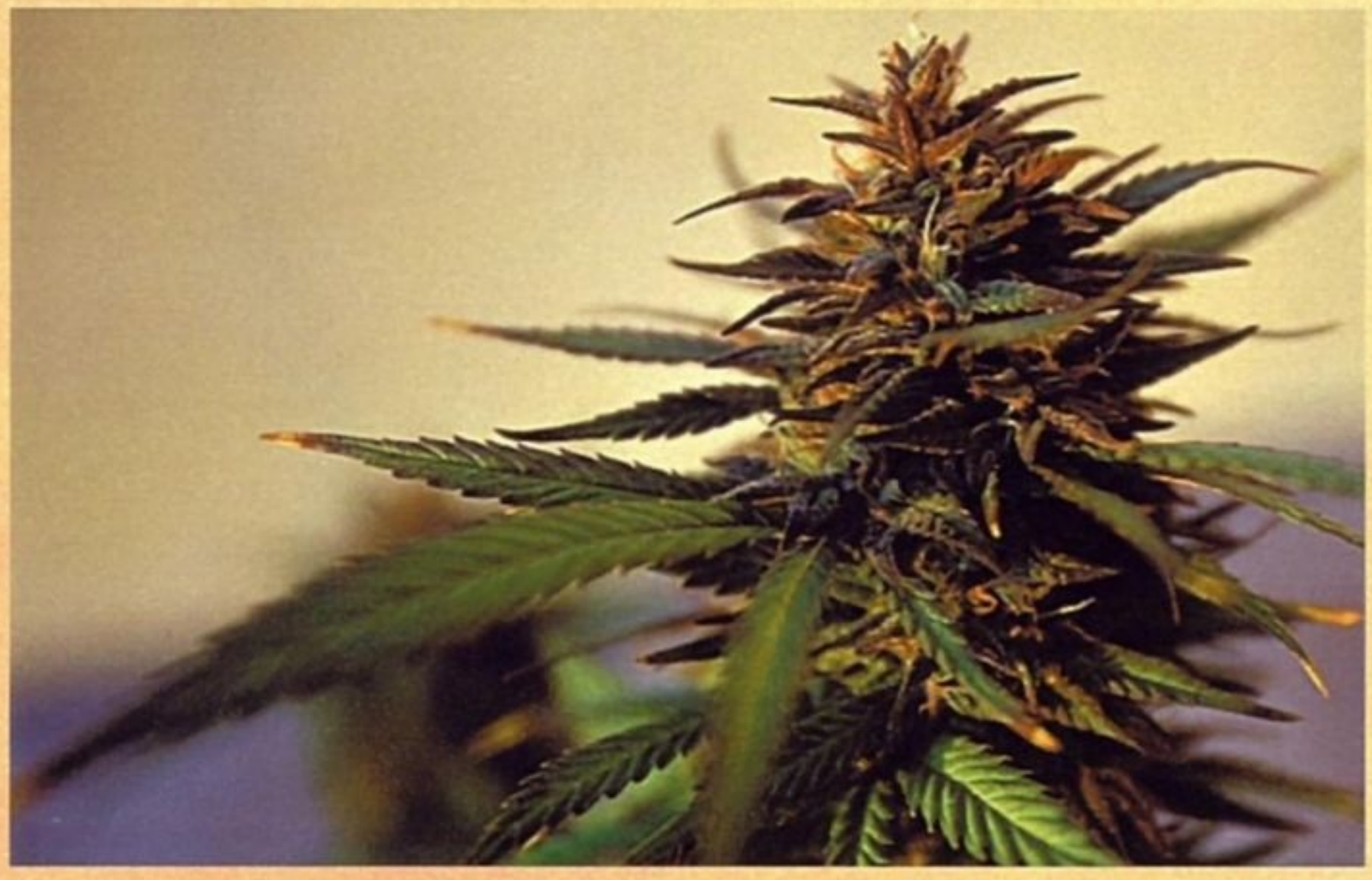
Circling the nose of the helicopter, the co-pilot climbs back on board. The Prez forces the door shut on the payload and steps away from the craft. The pilot throttles up. As the rotors gain speed the pilot pulls up on the collective, and breaking free of the ground, the helicopter climbs out—speeding away, hugging the treetops, moving as fast and low as possible in the direction of the Cascades, their peaks visible in the distance, rising against the blue, cloudless sky over Washington.

Another load off to market.

"Now I can go home," says the Prez, "and finish putting my son's crib together."

Aboard the helicopter bound for the border is 250 pounds of triple-A bud, the finest marijuana British Columbia has to offer—by popular consensus, as fine as any weed in the world. A fraction of the two tons the Prez is shipping this week, the contraband is worth about half a million dollars wholesale once over the border and represents an even smaller fraction of Canada's multibillion-dollar industry in domestically cultivated connoisseur cannabis, as much as 85 percent of which is smoked in the United States.

The value of marijuana production in Canada—estimated by a source no less sober and authoritative than *Forbes* magazine to be as high as $7 billion in British Columbia alone—exceeds the nation's receipts from cattle, wheat and timber.



They call it B.C. bud, high-end herb from British Columbia that is prized by demanding American clients. Wholesale it goes for $2,900 a pound in Seattle, $4,000 in Las Vegas.

Second only to oil and gas extraction in revenue, marijuana has emerged as "Canada's most valuable agricultural product," according to *Forbes,* which was moved to devote a cover story to the trade.

"Whole communities would go under if it were stamped out," says Richard Stratton, former editor in chief and publisher of *High Times,* a magazine that, if not so sober, is as authoritative as any on the economics of dope.

"WE'RE BETTER THAN FEDEX," SAYS ONE PARTNER. "AND THERE MAY BE GUYS BIGGER THAN WE ARE, BUT WE HAVEN'T MET THEM."

Much has been written recently about the rise of this illicit industry. Government officials on both sides of the border have served as sources for numerous stories, and there has been no shortage of Canadian growers willing to share their expertise or provide guided tours of their operations. Equally forthcoming are various activists. Rarely, however, has a reader been treated to even a glimpse, let alone an in-depth look, at what is unquestionably the riskiest and most clandestine side of the business: smuggling the product into the U.S. And never has even the most fully informed reader enjoyed access to the inner workings of an operation on the order of the one the Prez oversees.

"We're in the top five or the top three of the people doing this," says one of the partners to whom the Prez reports. "There may be guys bigger than we are, but we haven't met them."

As a marijuana "source country" by U.S. State Department standards—which measure quantity, not quality—Canada is just now hauling up the flag, providing no more than five percent of the marijuana smoked in the U.S.

"They grow more pot in California than in all of Canada," says Richard Cowan, editor and publisher of MarijuanaNews.com and a former national director of the National Organization for the Reform of Marijuana Laws.

But that says less about the Canadian industry than about the size of the U.S. market; comprising some 15 million smokers, it requires a healthy supply of imported weed to satisfy demand. Of that not provided by Canada, virtually all is shipped to the U.S. across the Mexican border.

One of the more striking features of Canada's rapidly expanding illegal industry is how highly diversified it is. Much of the pot is grown indoors, hydroponically, using 1,000-watt metal halide lights, hydroponic equipment and custom-designed nutrients and is produced not by criminal *(continued on page 128)*

"I just bought a new hat. What do you think…?"

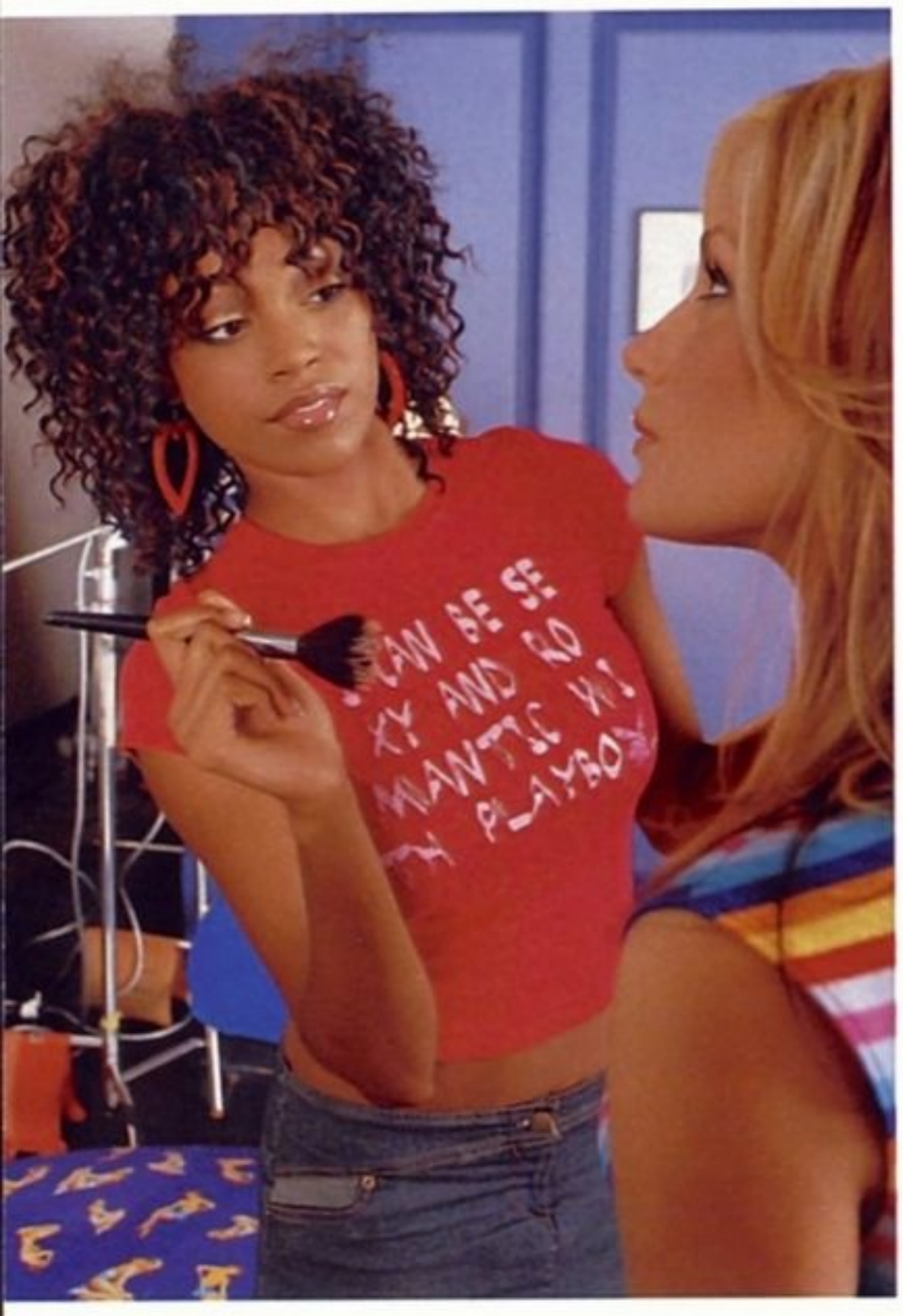
THE GREAT CHASE

When Miss July faces a challenge, she usually has a leg up on her rivals

Got gams? If not, Qiana Chase has enough to share. At five-foot-nine, the statuesque native of Los Angeles learned early on that if she took care of her stems, they'd take care of her. "I've always liked my legs," she says. "One guy told me, 'Oh my God, your legs. They just go from here to heaven.' Are they that long? I don't know. Maybe I can't tell because I'm looking at them from this angle."

Qiana (pronounced key-AWN-uh) has other charms, of course. She draws people close with her warm, high-wattage smile and laid-back vibe. She picked up the nickname Q when she started modeling a few years ago. "I don't know why, but it's so hard for people to say Qiana or remember Qiana, so I'd tell them, 'It's just Q, okay?'" she says, following with a throaty laugh that erupts easily and often. She first connected at PLAYBOY two years ago when she appeared in her first of two Special Editions. "I've been posing nude all my life," she says. "I've always been comfortable with it, which is almost scary, especially for my mom. She'll say, 'Please, put some clothes on. I beg of you.' She asked me to wait until I was 24 to become a Playmate, so today she's okay with it. Now that I'm older I'm more body conscious and aware of my angles. Modeling is a job that you have to study to see what works for you and what doesn't. There's definitely a rush being in front of the camera and having everybody make a big fuss over you."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY ARNY FREYTAG AND STEPHEN WAYDA



Qiana gives great face as a freelance makeup artist for MAC. "It's a cool job," she says, "and I've always had a feel for doing makeup." Q has met a couple of Playmates while working. "I told them I'm this year's Miss July, and we exchanged stories."

CATSMEAT
SDC
STRAYS

"I don't get jealous when I'm with a guy who flirts—I'm a flirt myself! But every relationship has boundaries and a balance."

Once she's away from the camera, though, Miss July wants fuss kept to a minimum. She plans to log a lot of quality beach time this season. "I try to stay carefree in the summertime," she says. "I'm hot, I'm loving it, I look good, I feel good." The season abounds with highlights. "Every year a friend from high school throws a huge Fourth of July weekend party that is so much fun. It's like a reunion. I'm social with everybody. I like a variety of people." When we ask her if this means her dates come in all shapes and sizes, though, she raises her eyebrow and admits that her dates tend to come in the varieties tall and extra tall. "I need to know that if I put on my highest heels, which will make me about six-five, he will be right there with me."

What does she do with eight-inch heels? As it turns out, she goes dancing—often. "I think I go out a little bit too much," she says with a grin. "My friends will ask me, 'Where do you live?' Because I'm never home. I love being in clubs, listening to the music, feeling the vibe of the people and knowing that everybody is out to have a good time."

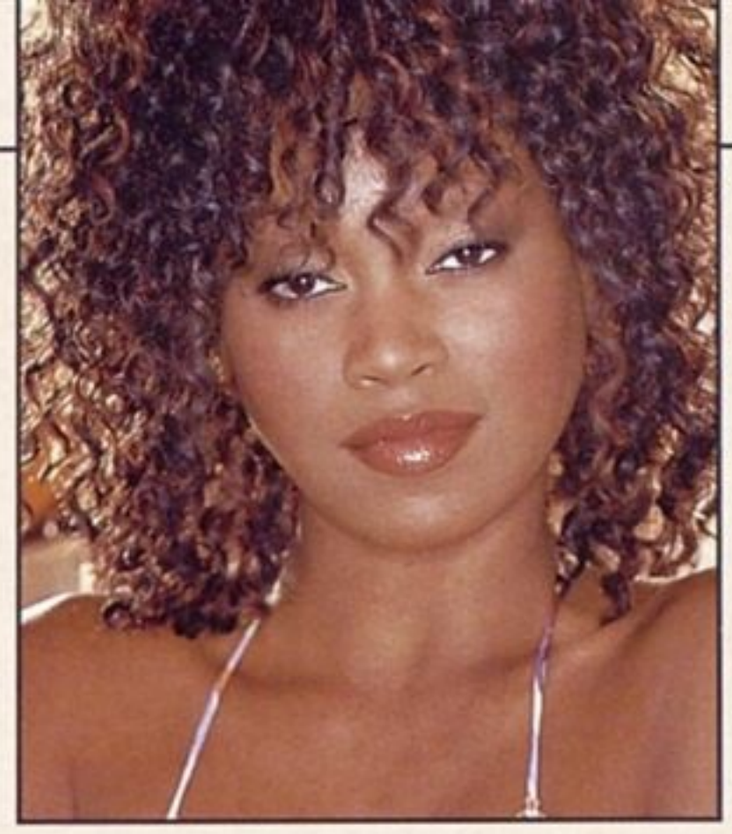
That's just the attitude you'd expect from a girl who calls herself a free spirit. And like a free spirit, she sees a world of possibilities opening before her. "I do so many things," she says. "Modeling, makeup, working in television. The sky is the limit, and I'll do as many things as the good Lord will allow me to."

See more of Miss July at cyber.playboy.com.

MISS JULY

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH

Promo Chair



PLAYMATE DATA SHEET

NAME: Qiana Chase

BUST: 36C WAIST: 25 HIPS: 36

HEIGHT: 5'9" WEIGHT: 130

BIRTH DATE: 2-12-81 BIRTHPLACE: Los Angeles, CA

AMBITIONS: I would love to be Playmate of the Year. I would also love to own as much property as possible.

TURN-ONS: I like people who are sure of themselves and what they want out of life. I love ambition.

TURNOFFS: I think one of my biggest turnoffs in people is arrogance. Arrogance is very unattractive to me.

NICKNAMES: Q, Ki-Ki or just... Chase.

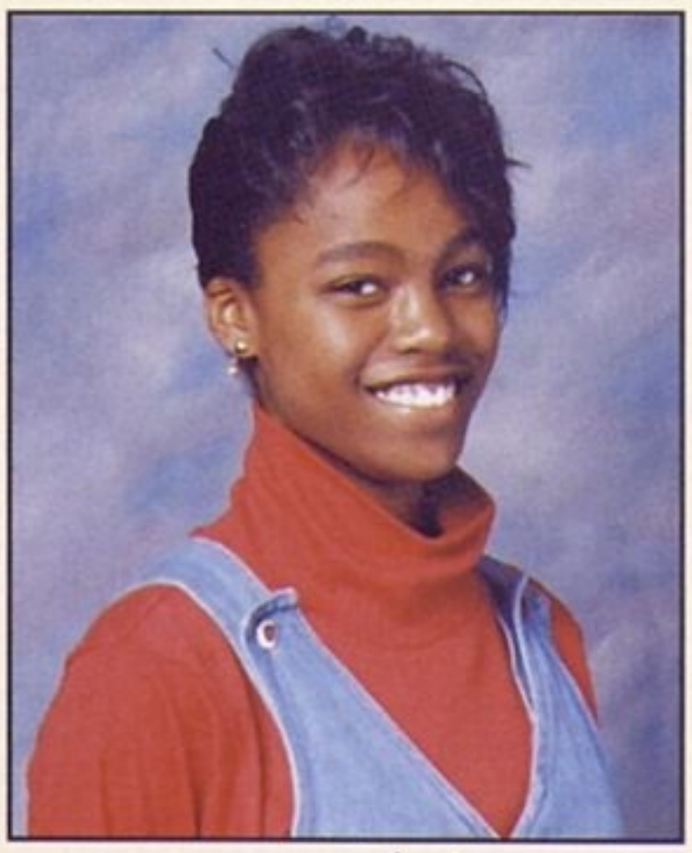
FAVORITE AUTHOR: Maya Angelou.

FIVE MOVIES I CAN WATCH REPEATEDLY: Swordfish, The Color Purple, Training Day, Monster and Finding Nemo.

SEXIEST CD I OWN: Destiny's Child / Destiny Fulfilled.

THE TASTIEST FOOD I EVER ATE: French fries (my favorite!).

MY EARLIEST MEMORY: My earliest memory is of my first boyfriend in first grade kissing my cheek.



12 yrs old; "7th" Heaven.

Westchester High Class of 1999, baby!

Poised and pretty.

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

A man was sitting at a bar, morosely staring at his untouched beer. The bartender asked, "What's the problem, pal?"

The man said, "My brother just told me there's a sperm bank in his neighborhood that pays $40 for a donation."

"Yeah, so?" asked the bartender.

"Don't you realize?" the man cried. "I've let a fortune slip through my fingers!"

Why did Einstein marry his cousin?

He postulated that men have a special attraction to the breasts of women in their own family. He called it his Theory of Relative Titty.

Superman had a hard week of fighting crime in Metropolis and was ready for a little fun. On Saturday afternoon he looked up his pals Batman and Spider-Man to see if they were interested in going on the prowl that evening. Batman and Spider-Man had other plans, so Superman was a little pissed. He was flying home when he saw Wonder Woman sunbathing stark naked on the beach. "Hey," Superman said, "I don't need those two clowns to have a good time. I can fly down there at the speed of light, catch a quickie and be gone before she knows what happened."

So Superman flew down, took advantage of the situation and was gone. "What the hell was that?" asked Wonder Woman.

"I don't know," said the Invisible Man, "but it hurt like hell."

An elderly married couple scheduled their annual medical exams on the same day so they could travel together. After the examinations the doctor said to the elderly man, "You are in good health. Do you have any medical concerns you would like to ask me about?"

"In fact I do," the man said. "After I have sex with my wife the first time, I'm usually hot and sweaty. But after I have sex with her the second time, I'm cold and chilly."

After examining the elderly woman, the doctor said, "Everything appears to be fine. Do you have any medical concerns you would like to discuss with me?"

The lady replied that she had no questions or concerns. The doctor then said, "Your husband had an unusual concern. He said he is usually hot and sweaty after having sex with you the first time and then cold and chilly after the second time. Do you know why?"

"Oh, that crazy old son of a bitch!" she replied. "That's because the first time is usually in July and the second time is in December!"

An attractive woman from New York was driving through a remote part of Texas when her car broke down. An Indian on horseback came along and offered her a ride to a nearby town. She climbed up behind him on the horse, and they rode off. The ride was uneventful except that every few minutes the Indian would let out a whoop so loud that it would echo through the surrounding hills. When they arrived in town, he let her off at the local service station, yelled one final "Yahoo!" and rode off into the sunset.

"What did you do to get that Indian so excited?" asked the service station attendant.

"Nothing," shrugged the woman. "I merely sat behind him on the horse, put my arms around his waist and held on to his saddle horn so I wouldn't fall off."

"Lady," the attendant said, "Indians ride bareback."

Two teenagers were arrested for possession of marijuana. At the police station the sergeant told them they were entitled to one phone call. An hour later a man entered the station and asked for the teenagers by name. The sergeant said, "I suppose you're their lawyer."

"Nope," the man replied, "I'm just here to deliver their pizza."

Why did the bald guy wear pants with holes in the pockets?

So he could run his fingers through his hair.

A down-on-his-luck boxer was desperate for money when he ran into Count Dracula in a dark alley. "Dracula," the boxer said, "I'll do anything for a buck."

Dracula replied, "Well, I'm quite horny. Give me a blow job and I'll pay you $50."

So the boxer went down for the Count.

During a job interview the employer said to the applicant, "For a man with no experience, you are certainly asking for a high salary."

The man said, "Well, work is much harder when you don't know what you're doing."

Send your jokes to Party Jokes Editor, PLAYBOY, *730 Fifth Avenue, New York, New York 10019, or by e-mail through our website at jokes.playboy.com. $100 will be paid to the contributor whose submission is selected.*

"So this is what they mean by winding up on the cutting room floor."

THE FALL OF THE HOUSE OF BRANDO

MARLON BRANDO'S LIFE WAS FULL OF TRAGEDY, ACRIMONY, SQUANDERED TALENT AND SCANDAL. HIS DEATH AND ITS AFTERMATH HAVE BEEN NO DIFFERENT. FOR AMERICA'S GREATEST ACTOR PEACE WAS UNATTAINABLE, EVEN AT THE END

Let us begin with Marlon Brando at home in bed approximately 24 hours before his death last year on July 1, 6:30 P.M., at the UCLA Medical Center. George Englund, a close friend and associate of the actor for five decades, had been summoned for what would be his last visit. Brando lay on his side with his back to the door. His robe was hiked up, exposing his vast behind. A Filipino woman named Angela Borlaza, the actor's housekeeper turned mistress (according to Brando's friends), knelt on the floor beside him, her hands in white surgical gloves. She was flipping wads of soiled tissues one after another into the nearby waste can. In the background the oxygen tank hissed. A gray stubble, a two-week growth, covered Brando's face. His eyes were vacant, lost at the end of a dark tunnel.

Englund and Brando began talking for what would be almost two hours, reminiscing about their shared past, their likes in popular music and women, as well as Brando's pain, a difficult subject the actor tried to joke about by referring to his "flaming asshole."

He was "weak and in and out of awareness," Englund recalls, trying to describe the exchange. "My words weren't to stimulate conversation. They were a lullaby for my friend."

When Englund rose to leave around five P.M., Borlaza reassured him that Brando's health was on the upturn.

"I think things are improving," she said, walking him out to his car. "He has a better set of doctors now."

She added that although she wasn't a nurse, her younger sister Vie was, and Vie was on call

LEFT: BRANDO AT HIS PEAK IN 1951. ABOVE: THE ACTOR VISITS AN L.A. HOSPITAL A FEW MONTHS BEFORE HIS DEATH.

BY PETER MANSO

IN HIS PRIME BRANDO PROVED HE WAS NOT ONLY A GREAT ACTOR BUT A VERSATILE ONE. FROM LEFT: *THE WILD ONE* (1953), *GUYS AND DOLLS* (1955), *MUTINY ON THE BOUNTY* (1962), AN OSCAR-WINNING ROLE IN *THE GODFATHER* (1972), *LAST TANGO IN PARIS* (1973), *SUPERMAN* (1978) AND *APOCALYPSE NOW* (1979).

to give Brando his meds whenever he needed them.

Late the next day, when the news from the hospital came, Englund was not surprised, but he was perplexed. How could Borlaza have thought Brando was improving? Who were these new doctors? Englund reminded himself that four months earlier, the last time he'd seen Brando, the actor had looked old and worn, but since then he had become a corpse. Why hadn't anyone alerted friends and family to what was happening?

In the first days after Brando's death, celebrations of his career were everywhere. Francis Ford Coppola made a simple, dignified statement, saying that since Brando would have hated the idea of people talking about his death, his only comment would be that he was sad. Al Pacino mused, "What will we do without Marlon in this world?" a sentiment echoed by Robert Duvall and James Caan. *Last Tango in Paris* director Bernardo Bertolucci declared that "in the very act of dying Marlon has become immortal."

But the news had a dark side, too. Gossip columnists and tabloids focused on the tragedies of Brando's life: the squandering of his talent, his son Christian's conviction for the murder of Dag Drollet (the boyfriend of Brando's daughter Cheyenne), Christian's imprisonment and Cheyenne's suicide. Speculation grew that the two-time Oscar winner might have taken his own life. When UCLA issued a press release citing the cause of death as pulmonary fibrosis, a chronic lung disease, the next hot item was that Brando had died destitute—his estate owed $28 million in back taxes and debts, and Tetiaroa, the famous Brando hideaway near Tahiti, was going to be sold as the site of a future five-star hotel.

For veteran Brando watchers it was business as usual. Brando had lived—personally and professionally—what could charitably be called a messy life. Behind the headlines and brief snippets on *Entertainment Tonight* was a story as complex and sad as the man himself. In the aftermath of his death, brother turned against brother, loyal staffers became litigants and relations turned acrimonious between new friends and old. As the story unfolded, it seemed that everyone, old-timers and newcomers alike, was destined to pay a price for being part of Brando's world.

LEFT: TETIAROA, BRANDO'S ATOLL IN FRENCH POLYNESIA, WAS THE FORMER HOLIDAY HOME OF THE TAHITIAN ROYAL FAMILY. RIGHT: THE ACTOR TAKES A STROLL AT THE UCLA MEDICAL CENTER IN 2001.

With the filing of the actor's will for probate on July 9, eight days after his death, more details began to emerge. Brando was far from destitute. According to the 15-page document, the estate was valued at $21.6 million, represented mainly by Brando's Mulholland Drive residence, worth $10 million, and his Tahitian atoll, valued at $8.6 million. Nine children were listed as equal beneficiaries, ranging from the actor's oldest son, Christian, 47, to the three children, ages 16, 13 and 11, he had sired with his ex-maid Maria Christina Ruiz. Excluded were Brando's adopted daughter, Petra Brando-Corval, and Tuki Brando, the son of Brando's late daughter, Cheyenne, and her lover Drollet. Small monthly stipends were granted to longtime assistant Alice Marchak and cook Blanche Hall. To guarantee the terms of the will and the living trust that went with it, a no-contest clause cut off any heir who challenged the stated distribution of assets.

It was a straightforward document with one important exception—one that Brando's friends couldn't have expected, yet given Brando's erratic behavior it was hardly surprising. On June 18, only 13 days before his death, Brando had signed a two-page codicil that changed the executors of his estate, substituting relative newcomers for the tried-and-true old guard. The new executors were film industry executive Mike Medavoy, an accountant named Larry Dressler and Avra Douglas, a woman in her mid-30s who had been a teenage friend of Brando's daughter Rebecca and her half-sister Cheyenne. The outgoing executors were Brando's assistant Marchak and JoAn Corrales, his longtime business manager.

The women had been designated executors two years earlier when the will was originally drawn up on August 28, 2002. Why had there been a change? Marchak *(continued on page 145)*

THE WOMEN OF BRANDO'S LIFE, FROM LEFT: MOTHER DOROTHY, SISTER JOCELYN, FRIEND MARILYN MONROE, FIRST WIFE ANNA KASHFI, SECOND WIFE MOVITA CASTENADA, THIRD WIFE TARITA TERIIPAIA AND DAUGHTER CHEYENNE, WHO KILLED HERSELF IN 1995, FIVE YEARS AFTER HER BOYFRIEND WAS MURDERED.

"Thank you for this time off, Mr. Johnson, but I really feel as though I'm still at the office!"

MEN IN BLANCO

THE URBANE CHIC OF WHITE SUITS IS THE SECRET TO LATIN COOL

Fashion by
JOSEPH DE ACETIS

Boxer

Gary Stark Jr.

11–0, baby. That's Stark's record since turning pro. When Damon Dash and Jay-Z saw Stark, then still an amateur, sparring at New York's Chelsea Piers, Dash was so impressed he decided to learn the boxing business from scratch in order to manage him. Here, Stark's jacket ($1,690), shirt ($525), tank ($190), necklace ($215), belt ($190) and jeans ($310) are all from **Dior Homme by Hedi Slimane.** The pocket square is by **Charvet** ($60), the boxers by **Dolce & Gabbana** ($50). Behind him: The jacket ($425) and trousers ($250) are by **Vestimenta,** the sneakers from **Dior Homme by Hedi Slimane** ($440) and the hand wraps by **Everlast** ($4).

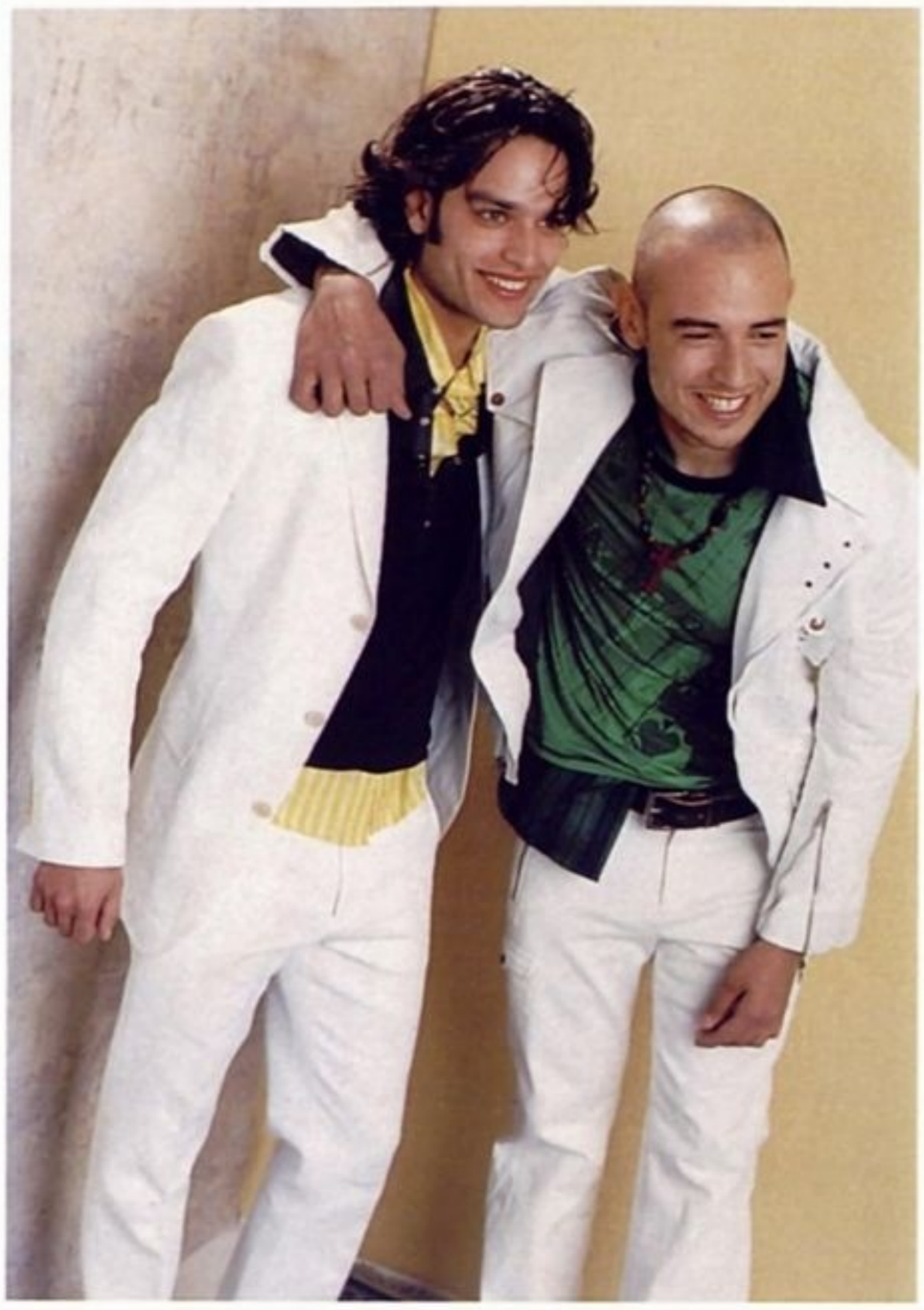
PLAYBOY FASHION

Singer

Diego Garcia

Diego Garcia is the frontman of Elefant, a New York band that evokes such 1980s icons as New Order and the Smiths. For a kid born to Argentinean parents, the sound seems unusual. "With my music, my voice, my values, I hope I can bring back what I think being Latin should mean," he says. "For me that's Buenos Aires, Rio or Havana in the 1960s and 1970s—Latin was synonymous with elegance, sophistication and glamour." His tuxedo is by **Boss Hugo Boss** ($995). The shirt ($315) and pocket square ($60) are both by **Charvet.** His cleats, by **Puma,** are his own.

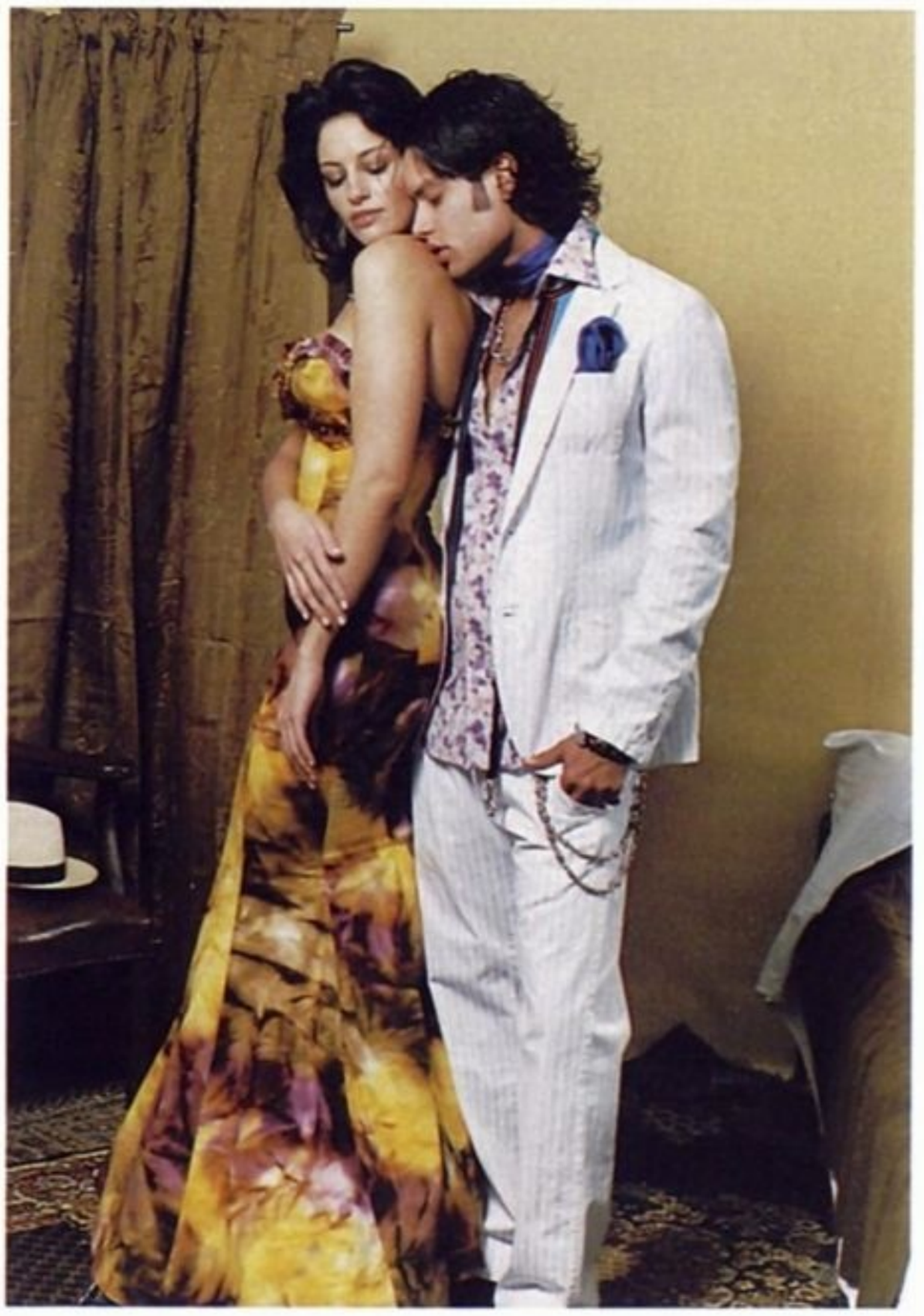
PHOTOGRAPHY BY HARRY BENSON / PRODUCED BY JENNIFER RYAN JONES
WOMEN'S STYLING BY MERIEM ORLET



At left: He's in a suit by **Boss Hugo Boss** ($895), shirt by **Ice B** ($275) and polo from **Soleil by Jean Paul Gaultier** ($325). At right: He's in a coat ($390) and jeans ($205) by **Kapadia,** shirt by **Dolce & Gabbana** ($375), T-shirt by **Cabral** ($39) and belt by **Iceberg** ($170).

He's in a zip-up jacket by **John Richmond X** ($525). His sweater ($428), featuring a gold design, and jeans ($200) are by **Just Cavalli. Kapadia** makes his shirt ($160). Her dress is by **Giorgio Armani** (price on request), and her sandals are by **Ice B** ($350).

His linen blazer ($160) and pants ($70) are by **Claiborne.** His floral-print shirt is by **Cabral** ($59), and the pocket square is by **Charvet** ($60). **Geox** makes his leather sandals ($95). She's in a dress by **Gai Mattiolo** ($725) and a lariat by **Alicia Shulman** ($500).



The white suit, long a staple of Latin style, was forever burned into the popular imagination with *Scarface.* This suit, with a thin blue pinstripe, is by **Iceberg** ($1,280). The shirt is by **Hugo Hugo Boss** ($265). Her gown is by **Leonid Gurevich** ($1,700).

Actor

Yul Vázquez

This Cuban musician turned actor is in Steven Spielberg's *War of the Worlds* this summer. Here, he's in a jacket by **Guido** ($860), pants by **Valentino** ($250), a shirt from **Soleil by Jean Paul Gaultier** ($250) and a pocket square by **Charvet** ($60). The oxford shoes are by **Johnston & Murphy** ($185). Her gown is by **Giorgio Armani** (price on request).

That's a picture of his parents on the wall. "When we discussed this shoot," explains Vázquez, "I realized I had this picture of my father wearing the classic Cuban white suit. A pristine white suit, perfectly creased, is the icing on the cake. Even my father's handkerchiefs were ironed."

Rapper

Immortal Technique

Born in Peru and raised in Harlem, this MC later spent time at Penn State and in a state pen. On *Revolutionary Vol. 2* (Viper), his rhymes are political, his flow hard-core. "My parents moved to a country where they didn't speak the language," he says. "My mom got a job, my dad got a job, and they toughed it out. For that I give my parents the ultimate respect—and I look at them as inspiration for how to make it." He's in a suit by **Haspel** ($395), a shirt by **Valentino** ($275) and a pocket square by **Charvet** ($85). Her dress is by **Frankie Morello** ($1,200).

Actor

Kamar de los Reyes

Perhaps best known for his role on TV's *One Life to Live*, this Puerto Rican actor is also an accomplished trumpet player; as a child prodigy he even shared the stage with Dizzy Gillespie. "White signifies a lot in our culture," he says of the suits here. "Wearing these clothes made me feel cool and alive—it made me want to dance." **Belvest** makes his suit ($1,995), **Valentino** the polo ($175), **John Richmond X** the tux shirt ($410), and **Charvet** the pocket square ($85). His necklace ($750) and her earrings ($150) are by **Gregg Wolf.** His shoes are by **John Lobb** ($945). Her gown is by **Iceberg** ($3,115).

WHERE AND HOW TO BUY ON PAGE 131.

the white stuff

This summer the new styles are beyond the pale

The classic cool of the tropics meets the quality and comfort of high fashion this year. While a Hawaiian shirt says, "Yabba grabba brew," breezy white clothing says, "How about a caipirinha on the beach before a night out dancing?" We assume you know which statement appeals more to the girl from Ipanema. THIS PAGE, from left: We begin with a canvas belt with blue suede detailing by **Ferragamo** ($195). The cotton pants with flap pockets are by **Calvin Klein Collection** ($225). **Borrelli** offers the shirt ($385) and tie with purple and blue dots ($185). Colored buttons distinguish the shirt by **H Hilfiger** ($98). The watch, with perforated leather strap, is by **Jeep** ($175). THAT PAGE, clockwise from upper left: A leather weekend bag, with pink lining, gets things started; it's by **Allison Burns Los Angeles** ($605). Adding color to the golf glove, by **Bottega Veneta** ($260), are red and gold details. The panama hat is by **Borsalino** ($250). Check out the small, sophisticated brim—sure, you might wear it to a barge party, but you won't need the canal-side shade of a full brim. **Phat Farm** makes the boxers ($16). Facial hair is uncomfortable in the heat, not to mention the weird tan a beard can cause, so try **Nivea for Men**'s shave gel ($3) and after-shave balm ($6). The foaming bath soak, to soften skin, is by **Skin Milk** ($5). Too hot for a jacket? Try these white braces by **Trafalgar** ($42) as an alternative. They add a touch of formality and show effort, the all-important ingredient in creating style. The slip-on loafer with black detailing is by **Mezlan** ($225). This summer **Birkenstock** puts a cool white spin on its comfortable leather sandal ($110). With Velcro closures, these tech sneakers by **Geox** ($102) couldn't be more convenient. The cotton V-neck sweater is by **Claiborne** ($90). Finally, in the middle is a pair of sunglasses by **Robert Marc** ($345).

fashion by joseph de acetis

PLAYBOY FASHION

PHOTOGRAPHY BY JAMES IMBROGNO

WHERE AND HOW TO BUY ON PAGE 131.

"That was nice, but what I asked was, if you'd like to play a round?"

Centerfolds On SEX

KAREN McDOUGAL

HERE'S THE PLAN, STAN

Like most women, I hate when a guy tries to pick me up by saying, "You are the hottest girl I've ever seen." It's totally unrealistic. There are beautiful women everywhere. A girl will assume you've said that line to 10 other women that very evening. I have to admit I was completely smitten when the guy who delivers my bottled water said, "You have the face of an angel and the body of a goddess." The worst line a guy ever gave me was "You just made me cry." When I asked why, he said, "Because your ass is so touching." If you want to meet a woman, it's best just to smile and say, "Hi, my name is Stan." Only if your name is Stan, of course. Otherwise tell her your real name. When I'm interested in a man I don't tell him outright. Instead I bite my lower lip, look him in the eye and then shyly turn away. For me the ideal date would be to drink wine in the backyard under the stars, listen to music and just talk. Then we'd eat steak and, later, dessert. If all went as planned, we'd save some of the dessert and play with it while making out.

HOT TIPS

I love to wear lingerie. The problem is that men always rip it off too quickly. When women are dolled up in lingerie they feel sexy. So let us wear it for five minutes before you strip us naked. It costs a lot of money, after all, and we want to enjoy it. The only foreplay I really need is for a guy to kiss my hip bone. The hip is the most erotic and neglected body part. Kiss the hip bone with your lips rather than licking it with your tongue. When a guy kisses me there it's ecstasy. I also love to have my neck bitten and nibbled on. When I'm trying to please a man I start by kissing him softly. Then I work my way over to his ears and down his neck and chest. Certain men love to have their nipples kissed, and I'm happy to oblige. And I never neglect kissing a man's stomach, nor anything south.

Karen McDougal

On a mountainside things
can change in an instant.
Then the moment passes
and the woods go silent

the fall

fiction by bill roorbach

They'd driven where Uncle Bud had shown them on his tattered maps—west on a long, unmarked logging road deep into the woods, through two unattended paper-company gates, then north on a faint jeep trail, once much used, no longer. They were to look for a particular boulder. And the pickup truck did fine, as her uncle had said it would, even with no four-wheel drive, Timothy confidently pulling the shift lever and kicking at the heavy clutch, bounding them upward through the deep ruts and grassy sections and singing—Timothy singing!—except Jean knew him just well enough after two years to know that the singing meant he was anxious.

Jean was tense too. "Where do you think we'll pitch camp?" she said. And "I really do hope I can manage that pack—you said 35 pounds but it's 46 now, and I'm quite trepidatious about my back, sweetie. It's hurting now."

Timothy looked her over coldly and said, "She's trepidatious!"

"That's all you're going to say?"

"You're strong enough to carry me, for Christ's sake." And he bumped over a boulder submerged in the mud of the old road, very slowly, one mile an hour, said a soulful "Fuck."

Which made her laugh. She clamped down on her lower lip with her perfect teeth—he always said she had

ILLUSTRATION BY JAMES JEAN

perfect teeth, but with a kind of disdain, seeming to hate even what he liked about her. He also said she talked too much, which of course led to fights. But she did chatter at times. Something on a vacation week in the warm August woods she ought to be able to prevent and by force of will did: She didn't say another word.

Pretty soon—before noon, just as planned—they were at the unmistakable rock Uncle Bud had described, mossy and dark under old trees. Timothy parked the truck and turned off the motor, leaving silence. They had wanted remote, and this was remote all right. Jean's idea, actually, she who'd snorted when Timothy suggested two weeks with his folks and his brothers on Cape Cod—again—after what had happened last August, dismal visit. And then Christmas—my God, was he demented? Two weeks in that paradise of stifled resentments and overbaked competition? But he'd gone for this. He had. Jean had to hand it to herself. She'd known him two years and had come to handle him passably well.

They had arrived, so she talked: "I'm just saying 46 pounds seems like a lot of pack for me." Jean was petite, especially small compared with Timothy (who didn't like to be called Tim and certainly not Timmy). One hundred five pounds, five-foot-two, eyes of blue, 25 years old, not the greatest beauty in the world, in her own estimation. Timothy was her giant bear, gruff, rational, reserved, a stark contrast to her more excitable (and in her opinion more exciting) nature. He said nothing, just pulled her pack and his easily from the back of the truck, her uncle's truck, old wrecks, uncle and car, both of them. (Uncle Bud in his cups last night had confided to her amusingly that he thought Timothy "a stiff" and then later "a cold fish," though he was glad to meet him: Now he could warn her off him. Wasn't he a tad bit too much like her father, speaking of stiffs? Speaking of emotional deserts? Uncle Bud's laugh was so infectious, even with his being so nasty. Wouldn't she do well to wait to get married? "Thirty is even too young, but at least, I beg of you, wait till then," he'd said. "I'll be your best man. I'll give you away! Find someone who's not so angry." They laughed and laughed until Timothy came into the big rustic room from one of many constipated visits to Uncle Bud's nice outhouse, and even then they could not stop laughing. Timothy, for his part, did not crack a smile and did not ask what was funny.)

"How's your pack?" Jean called. "Heavy," Timothy said. Just the one word meant everything.

At the parking spot in the deep woods Timothy put his hands on Jean's shoulders, pulled her up out of her reverie as he so loved to do and said, "We'll drink up that gallon of water in your pack there, and that weighs eight pounds alone." He'd said this before, ten times. He said, "We'll eat down the food." Ten times. He said, "And every day it'll weigh less. You'll be fine."

And he hefted her pack and held it to her back, let her find the straps.

He put his own on without help, staggering: 74 pounds, way too heavy too. And they hiked into the woods on the faint trail that would take them up Papawisset Ridge to Papawisset Peak the back way, Uncle Bud's way. For the first 20 minutes her thoughts were all ajumble and slightly furious—Timothy had talked her into too much weight. And too much weight for himself, too, always showing off. And no sign at all that he felt this was an especially romantic trip. But it was. Their relationship was the whole idea. And that you didn't always have to be off with your brother, or some replacement brother, someplace, doing manly things, making fun of everything on the planet, and Jean, for sport.

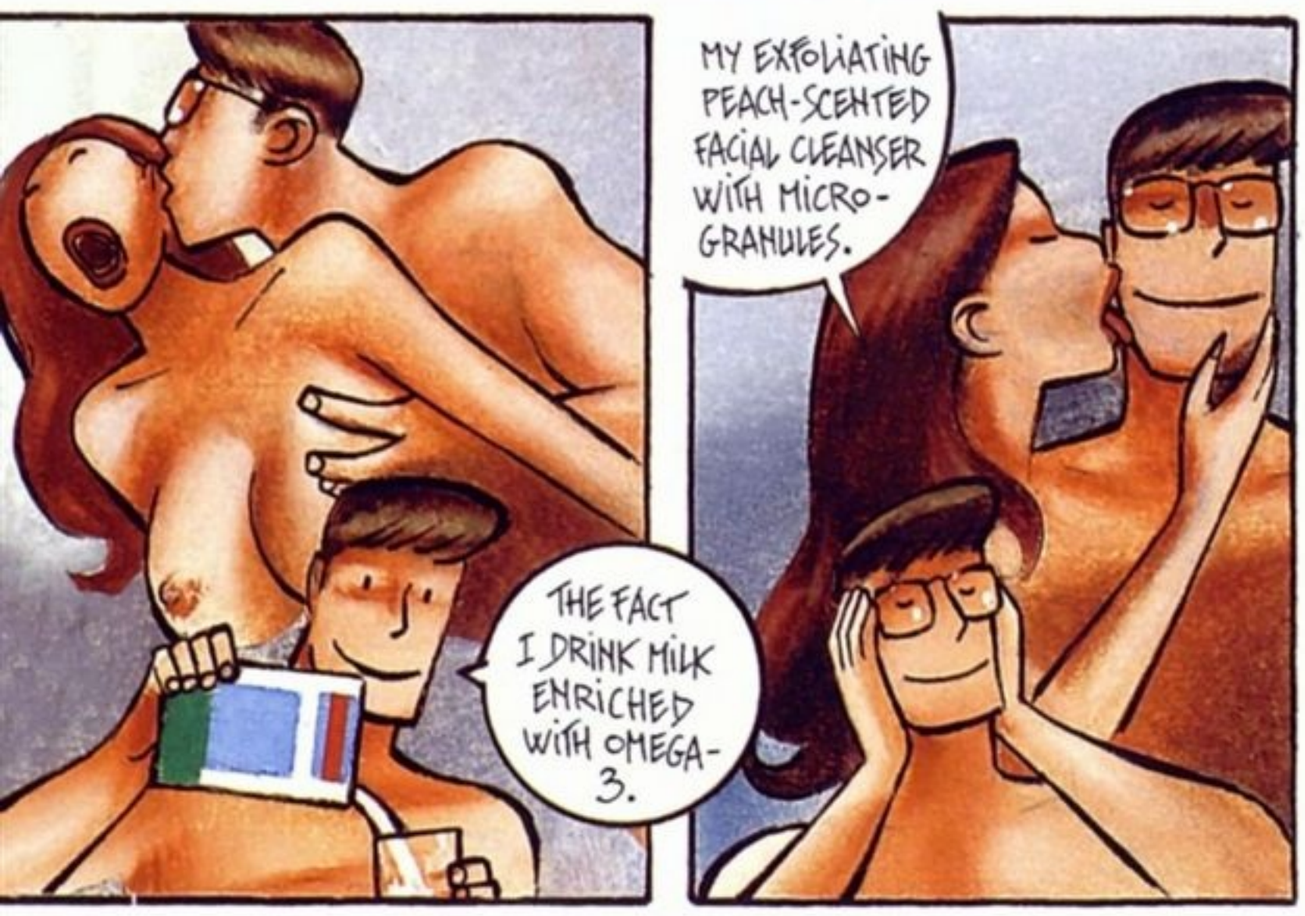
Jean and Timothy, hikers now, passed through thickset woods, mossy earth, an untouched old forest that loomed over a recent clear-cut so that there was a view out at times to the hills south and to Mount Abraham (she thought she recognized it but said nothing, not to invite derision in case she was wrong) and a strong, balmy updraft unto wind. Her pack felt light, actually. Her pack felt great, to tell the truth. No problem walking. Timothy pushed her to greater heights, and that was a good thing. They climbed, mostly—switchbacks, lichens, boulders right and left, warbler song, chickadees, wood-pewees. What a place Uncle Bud knew about! Timothy hadn't said two words.

"How's your pack?" Jean called forward.

"Heavy," Timothy said. He could say just the one word *heavy* in such an ironic way that it meant everything about the little argument they'd had last night and the bigger one this morning, and about all her complaining, and about how actually her pack was pretty light and comfortable even climbing up the big rocks here. To the right in the woods there was a gargantuan boulder, a glacial erratic, Jean knew, cracked magnificently, fallen into two pieces you wanted to push back together. "That is a glacial erratic," Jean called forward. Timothy said nothing and hiked on, though she knew he had heard her by the brief and infinitesimal tightening of his neck. They stopped a little higher, sat on a kind of wide shelf of cool, dry granite, pulled the top layer out of Jean's pack, ate a lunch of chicken roll-ups she'd made this morning and two carrots each (Timothy had peeled them nicely, making fun of Uncle Bud's garden and its very existence when there are grocery stores) and then two big pieces of the carrot cake she'd made for Uncle Bud that he had pressed on them this morning and a quart of water between them (which would be altogether nearly three pounds less for her to carry).

"Here's to Uncle Bud," Timothy said, layer upon layer of snide and arcane meanings packed into his tone. Then he was silent a long time. He was often silent. He was 25 too. Jean knew he was thinking and not to interrupt. He'd listen if she said something, but if she did talk he wouldn't say whatever was coming, whatever bit of conversation he was brewing up. This was the silence before the talk, and she loved to hear him talk, loved him, in fact, from the bottom of her shoes, despite what Uncle Bud had said late (Timothy already unhappily reading in bed)—poor, unshaven Uncle Bud slurring his whispered words, eyes liquid but so full of warmest caring and gentle humor: "You'll marry him and stay with him like your *(continued on page 136)*

Metrosexual



JVAN ALVAREZ · JORGE G

SUPER KRUPA

The planet's premier swimsuit model has the world on a string bikini

In this great wide world there are models and there are swimsuit models, and then there is Joanna Krupa. Ladies and gentlemen, behold the state of the art.

At 24, Krupa is at an age when a very few sublimely gifted people find that all doors open wide for them. She is blonde, blue-eyed, tall enough to look down on most of her fellow inhabitants of Earth and otherwise endowed with such an array of attractions that seldom must she want for companionship. Indeed, this has posed something of a problem, causing poor Joanna to be misunderstood as a flirt. "I mean, I don't think I did it intentionally," she says breezily. "I was just really friendly, and guys took it the wrong way. I tried not to hurt people's feelings, so if they'd ask me out I'd say I had a boyfriend even when I didn't. It was just easier to lie."

Those days of flirting and fibbing are over, Joanna says, now that she has a real boyfriend, actor Jensen Ackles (*Smallville, Dawson's Creek*), who is himself no slouch in the blond and tall departments. They've been going out for more than 15 months, and she is pretty gaga over him, seemingly for good reason. "He's a wonderful person, really laid-back, just a normal guy and not into the whole Hollywood scene with

In 2003 and 2004, magazines on four continents named Joanna the sexiest woman in the world. Magazines on the three other continents have some explaining to do. Above right, Joanna turns heads on the TV series *Las Vegas*.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY STEPHEN WAYDA
AND MARCO GLAVIANO

his head up his butt," she says. "And every time I have an orgasm with him it's amazing!" Now, there's an image to summon discreetly the next time your aunt starts discussing her Hummel figurines.

Sadly, Ackles is not with her today on her modeling shoot, so she has to make do with other, more pedestrian amazements. Lounging in her hotel on southern California's Catalina Island, a sweatshirt hanging off her shoulders *Flashdance* style, she flips through the channels on the television, checks her e-mail and does her best to extol the virtues of her latest acting job. Joanna, as it turns out, has copped the female lead in the chop-socky flick *Max Havoc: Curse of the Dragon,* opposite David Carradine, Carmen Electra and martial arts star Mickey Hardt. "In the movie my sister and I are traveling to Guam and I run into this jade dragon that's worth a lot of money, but it belongs to the Japanese mafia," she summarizes. "So basically the whole thing is about this stupid jade dragon, and the Japanese mafia is after it." Perhaps that description seems a tad nonchalant for someone who's embarking on a career thousands pine for in vain, but Joanna doesn't appear terribly impressed with the Hollywood scene. She says she once met Jack Nicholson at a Nicolas Cage party, at which "he seemed like a grumpy old man. I don't remember if he even said hi." (Jack, if you're listening, you've got to take off the sunglasses sometimes. Look what you're missing!)

The journey to get to a Nicolas Cage party began in Poland, where she was born. Her family moved to Chicago when she was a tot and lived in the Polish community there. At the age of 13 she saw an ad for the Barbizon school of modeling, begged her mom to let her attend, watched $10,000 go down the tubes with no results, enrolled at a two-year community college, left for L.A. when she was 19, got modeling gigs for Yamaha, Skechers and Izod, and eventually became a minor but nonetheless memorable face on quite a few television comedy shows, including *Just Shoot Me!* ("David Spade was a really friendly guy"), *Son of the Beach* ("It was fun. It was a chilly day") and *The Man Show.* Actually, she spent an entire season

on *The Man Show,* as one of the bouncing-boob Juggy dancers, and was not enthralled by the experience. "It was fun," she says, "but if I had to go back, I definitely wouldn't do it again. It was a waste of my time."

With our time together growing short, we ferret out a few more morsels of Krupa lore. She's a junk-food junkie ("Foodwise, I love to eat"), she says, and cops to being a nail biter. When asked which of her features she thinks men find most attractive, she talks about her eyes and her lips, which she describes, accurately, as "nice and plump." True enough, but readers should feel free to make their own selection.

Outside her window some sailboats are drifting past. "What do you see when you stand in front of a mirror?" we ask.

"I don't know," she says remotely. "It's hard to say." And off she goes, tall, blonde and 24, ready to model the hell out of some lucky bikini, our last stupidly obvious question fading from her ears.

See more of Joanna at cyber.playboy.com.

CANADA *(continued from page 84)*

"Everybody knows somebody who's doing it," says the Prez. "My dad wanted to start a grow."

organizations—as it is south of the border, where outdoor cultivation predominates—but by a multitude of independent, otherwise law-abiding citizens. Highly decentralized, it differs from U.S. production as well, displaying little of its vocational thrust, being more avocational, if you will. Many Canadian growers, unlike their U.S. counterparts, hold other jobs.

"Everybody knows somebody who's doing it," says the Prez of the vast network of domestic grows stretching from British Columbia to the Maritimes. "My dad wanted to start a grow, throw up a couple of lights."

The Prez's uncle suffers from epilepsy, and his father had intended to cultivate marijuana for the stricken man's medical use. Medical marijuana is legal in Canada, but regulations governing its cultivation and purchase are constantly shifting. While a program is being implemented, appropriate mechanisms for getting quality pot to patients remain something of a moving target.

In addition to enacting procedures for its lawful therapeutic use, the Canadian government is on the verge of decriminalizing possession of small amounts of cannabis for recreational use. In light of such developments—and in part just because Canadians tend to be laid-back about a lot of things—pot possession in Canada currently occupies a kind of quasilegal no-man's-land when it comes to enforcing the prevailing statutes.

It is reasonable to conclude, considering the posture various states have adopted, that Canada looks a lot like what the U.S. might look like if Washington loosened up. Experts on both sides of the border, and both sides of the issue, believe decriminalization in Canada is just a first step toward outright legalization. What the United States might be like if that were to happen inspires hysteria in the typical Washington bureaucrat.

"They're talking about legalization while Rome burns," says U.S. drug czar John Walters, threatening to slow movement of goods across the border if our nation's largest trading partner follows through on decriminalization. Such hysteria is infectious. *The New York Times* succumbed to it in March. In a front-page story, the newspaper, citing U.S. authorities, reported the murders of four Royal Canadian Mounted Police officers as "stark evidence" of an "increasingly violent" marijuana industry north of the border. Within a week even the RCMP had backed away from that position, its commissioner admitting that he was too quick to link the murders to marijuana. The *Times*, reporting in the same article that the murder rate in British Columbia had "soared in the past two years" as a result of drug-gang killings, ran a correction five days later stating that the murder rate had in fact remained stable.

Shooting across Harrison Lake, the helicopter with the Prez's cargo aboard travels south about 50 feet off the ground, moving in and out of the canyons. The pilot—"You can call me George," he says—pushes 120 knots all the way to the border.

George, like everybody who admits to being part of the operation, seems to fall within an age range between mid-30s and mid-40s. Also like everybody else, he is happy to let you use his name as long as the name you use is not his real name—which, like everybody else, he refuses to give you in the first place.

The weather is clear all the way to the drop. About 40 miles into the U.S., George closes on the GPS coordinates he has been given. Below him, alone in the emptiness of upper Washington state, a pickup is parked, its driver standing by the tailgate. Before putting the helicopter down, George executes a fly around, "clearing the area," circling the site to verify that it is not under surveillance. According to the Prez, the ones most at risk in the operation are the catchers, the personnel in the States on the receiving end of the pot. Part of the pilot's responsibility is to evacuate them in the event of trouble. "If there's trouble you ditch the load," he says. "You leave the truck and get the guys back."

After assuring himself that the landing zone is secure, George puts the helicopter down next to the truck, keeping the machine hot while the catcher unloads the dope. "You never leave the controls," he says. The skids are on the ground for not even a minute. Lifting off as the truck's tailgate goes up, George circles again, double-checking the site before turning the machine north.

He drops to 50 feet off the tree line and speeds back to Canada.

"The money's over the border," says the Prez.

Canadian pot production far exceeds its domestic demand, and the industry, like many others in Canada, thrives on U.S. dollars. It is probably safe to say that with almost 10 times Canada's population, the United States is the largest market for just about any commodity produced in that country.

Washington's war on drugs severely inflates the value of marijuana in the United States. Canada, for example, unlike the U.S., does not support what amounts to a drug-enforcement air wing overflying the country to pick up your neighbor's infrared signature, a reading generated by the heat that emanates from the lights in his house. Canada does not throw its citizens in jail on racketeering charges for pot possession. In the run-up to September 2001, when the U.S. was funding its antiterrorism budget at $10 billion a year, it was spending $18 billion at the federal level and about that much at state and local levels—call it $68,000 a minute—on drug enforcement.

Vigorous enforcement and draconian penalties bring elevated risk and a higher cost of doing business. For these and other more elemental economic reasons—the same ones that lure Hollywood to shoot movies in Canada—a product that equals or exceeds the quality of anything grown in the U.S. doubles in value once it lands there. In many cases buying it makes more sense than growing it, and that accounts for what may be the newest development in the marketplace: many U.S. growers abandoning agriculture to broker B.C. bud instead.

Canadian cannabis competes not with other U.S. imports—pot coming out of Mexico, or Mexishwag, as it is known, does not target the upper end of the market—but with the domestically produced commodity. And in the end it does not really compete at all but is simply a supplement, serving a connoisseur market, the demands of which cannot be met by homegrown product alone.

When Canadian pot arrives in the U.S. the supply-and-demand equation reverses itself—if there is a saturation point south of the border, no one has yet found it. "The U.S. is a consuming nation, a hungry whore, an angry nation. We've got to get them their medicine," explains a wealthy British Columbia grower who quit his lucrative job as a salesman for a large agricultural company in his eagerness to enter the cannabis trade. "I couldn't wait to get

"That's not what I meant when I said you'd have to share the bath with the woman down the hall."

my target commission so I could spark up a hundred-light show."

The U.S. market is unlimited, says the Prez, and servicing it is serious business. He and the people to whom he reports take pride in conducting their business as reliably and responsibly as they would any legitimate endeavor.

"We're better than FedEx," says one of those people, call him Gentleman Jim, a principal partner in the smuggling venture for which the Prez is operational chief. "We pick up anywhere in the lower mainland and deliver anywhere in the state of Washington."

As is customary at his level of participation in the trade, Gentleman Jim pays a lot more attention to the cut of his clothes than does a hands-on exec like the Prez. Impeccably groomed, dressed casually but neatly, he holds forth today from a pricey downtown Vancouver restaurant at which he appears to be a favored regular.

"We have two or three choppers running all the time," he says, "running three times a day, as many days as the weather's good. We never work weekends." One thing that makes weekends difficult is the presence in the mountains of hikers and campers—witnesses overrunning the loading zone.

Gentleman Jim says his U.S. buyers are "people we've known for years, nonviolent, peace-loving guys, low-profile, clean-cut." And they are fussy about the product. "They all want trips—triple-A weed, vanity weed. You may have to look at 1,000 pounds to get 100 pounds of trips."

The term *B.C. bud* reflects nothing so much as a very successful exercise in branding. U.S. dealers apply it to just about everything shipped out of Canada. But while everything sold under the brand seems to meet a certain minimum standard—all the high-end dope sold today is easily five times as potent as the commercial weed most veteran smokers were weaned on—by no means is all the herb of comparable quality.

"Grade is everything to these guys," says Gentleman Jim of the people his operation supplies. "Smell, color, frost, bag size—they want full pillows." A $6,000 machine is used to vacuum seal the packages. Care must be taken not to crush the buds or otherwise disturb the resin that clings like frost to the flowers. "You've got to go to five or six guys for one 250-pound run of triples," he says, insisting that among his customers "the demand is there for 2,000 to 3,000 pounds a day."

But the Canadian marijuana business has its own predictable, characteristically relaxed rhythm. "In September everybody gets busy growing indoors," explains J.R., another partner in the enterprise. "Everybody wants money for Christmas." By December—by which time the annual outdoor crop has also been harvested—supplies of the product are ample and prices in Canada relatively low. With the onset of winter, prices drop further. "You can't get the marijuana across the mountains," J.R. says. "You can't get ATVs through the snow. There are no boats in the water." The weather backs everything up. The Canadian market remains flooded with product, and prices stay down until April, when the frontier opens and the product goes through. On any night there will be 50 to 60 people crossing, carrying pot over the border, depleting the once ample supply. Summer brings a dearth of product. High demand and elevated prices prevail, a condition exacerbated by what J.R. calls "the lazy Canadian male syndrome." In the summer, he says, everybody tends to kick back, uninspired until the need for Christmas money once again makes itself felt. "It's very dry until the first week in December, when the outdoor crop comes in and prices start dropping again."

"When you asked if I was up for a threesome, I didn't think you meant inches!"

The war on drugs is just one of the longer-lived of the wars Washington is currently waging that Canadians look on with some incredulity. And it is not the only war in the prosecution of which Washington accuses Canadians of giving aid and comfort to the enemy. While it drives the White House crazy, and maybe *because* it drives the White House crazy, the Canadian government's enlightened stance on a variety of social issues is a significant source of national pride to the country's citizens.

"They're legalizing pot, legalizing gay marriage," observes comedian Barry Weintraub. "It's like they're saying, 'Come to Canada. We don't care what you put in your mouth.'"

Only in such an environment could a company like Advanced Nutrients flourish. "When we hit $100 million we're going public," says Michael Straumietis, who owns the Abbotsford, British Columbia company with partners Robert Higgins and Eugene Yordanov. Established in

1996, it manufactures fertilizer developed exclusively for use on "dichotomous short-day plants"—and its founders acknowledge it does virtually all its business with the marijuana industry.

The company, whose ads guarantee "the biggest buds on the planet," showed gross sales of $20 million Canadian in 2003, the year it surpassed its nearest competitor to become the second-largest business of its kind in the world. (The leader is a Dutch firm.) Distributing to more than 700 hydroponics stores in Canada and the United States, as well as hundreds more around the world, Advanced Nutrients, which claims to support "the largest cannabis research program in the world," expects to double that figure by the end of the year. It employs more than 80 people and is projecting $100 million worth of business by the end of the decade. "We did $1.26 million in one week recently," says Higgins, maintaining that the company's plant-specific products, which sell for about three times the price of household fertilizers, are so popular with growers that "it's difficult to meet the demand."

In January 2004 Ontario police raided the largest, most sophisticated marijuana-growing operation ever busted in Canada. Conducted in a former Molson brewery in Barrie, a city of 115,000 northwest of Toronto, the 1,000-light grow consisted of 30,000 plants and covered more than 64,000 square feet, about half the area of its building. Twenty-five beer vats had been converted to seedling-incubation chambers.

"There was a dormitory with 50 beds, kitchen facilities on a commercial scale, a big-screen TV with a bunch of recliners," says Barrie police chief Wayne Frechette. "It cost millions of dollars just to buy the building, then that much again in setup. This was not a ma-and-pa operation."

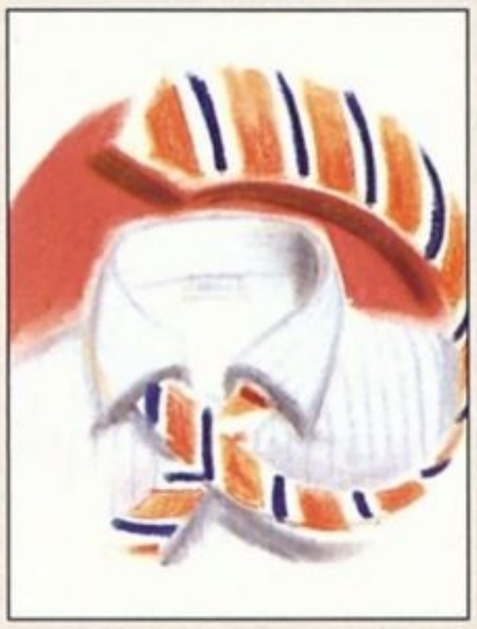
With a population three times that of British Columbia, Ontario is the largest market for marijuana in Canada. Estimates of its value run as high as $1 billion. But from the outset the Barrie operation was understood to be targeting the export market, according to Frechette, "just because of the magnitude of it."

Talking to Frechette, a 32-year veteran of the Ontario Provincial Police who was chief of detectives when he retired to take the Barrie job, provides insight into the thinking that currently pervades official Canada. Most remarkable, perhaps, is how that thinking contrasts with what one invariably hears from U.S. lawmen. "You'd have to go some distance here in Barrie to get arrested for possession," he says. "You'd have to somehow draw attention to yourself. You'd have to be walking down the main street on Saturday night with a big doob and telling the whole world."

Marijuana charges, Frechette continues, are usually add-ons to charges for, say, fighting or drunkenness and are typically imposed at an officer's discretion

WHERE & HOW TO BUY

Below is a list of retailers and manufacturers you can contact for information on where to find this month's merchandise. To buy the apparel and equipment shown on pages 34, 39–42, 104–109, 110–111, and 162–163, check the listings below to find the stores nearest you.



GAMES

Page 34: *Baby Phat,* babyphat.com. *Capcom,* capcom.com. *Intec,* intecgamer.com. *Logitech,* logitech.com. *LucasArts,* lucasarts.com. *Mad Catz,* madcatz.com. *Microsoft Game Studios,* microsoft.com/games. *Nyko,* nyko.com. *THQ,* thq.com.

MANTRACK

Pages 39–42: *Blue Nile,* bluenile.com. *Cuff Art,* cuffart.com. *Dunhill,* dunhill.com. *Explora,* explora.com. *Norton,* nortonmotorcycles.com. *Scuola Del Cuoio,* www.leatherschool.com. *Tequilas,* available at fine liquor stores.

MEN IN BLANCO

Pages 104–109: *Alicia Shulman,* aliciashulman.com. *Belvest,* belvest.com. *Boss Hugo Boss,* 800-HUGOBOSS. *Cabral,* 305-296-4617. *Charvet,* available at Saks Fifth Avenue. *Claiborne,* claiborne.com. *Dior Homme by Hedi Slimane,* dior.com. *Dolce & Gabbana,* available at Neiman Marcus. *Everlast,* everlastboxing.com. *Frankie Morello,* available at French Corner in NYC. *Gai Mattiolo,* gaimattiolo.com. *Geox,* geox.com. *Giorgio Armani,* giorgioarmani.com. *Gregg Wolf,* 212-529-1784. *Guido,* available at H. Lorenzo in Los Angeles. *Haspel,* available at Frank Stella in NYC. *Hugo Hugo Boss,* available at Hugo Boss in NYC. *Ice B,* available at Flash in Miami. *Iceberg,* available at Armoire in El Paso, Texas. *John Lobb,* 212-888-9797. *John Richmond X,* available at B8 Couture in NYC. *Johnston & Murphy,* johnstonandmurphy.com. *Just Cavalli,* available at Just Cavalli in Los Angeles. *Kapadia,* available at Atrium in NYC. *Leonid Gurevich,* 732-322-1953. *Puma,* puma.com. *Soleil by Jean Paul Gaultier,* available at Galleria in Miami. *Valentino,* available at Valentino boutiques. *Vestimenta,* available at Harry Rosen stores.

THE WHITE STUFF

Pages 110–111: *Allison Burns Los Angeles,* allisonburns.com. *Birkenstock,* birkenstock.com. *Borrelli,* 212-644-9610. *Borsalino,* 800-622-1911. *Bottega Veneta,* bottegaveneta.com. *Calvin Klein Collection,* 877-256-7373. *Claiborne,* claiborne.com. *Ferragamo,* ferragamo.com. *Geox,* geox.com. *H Hilfiger,* h-hilfiger.com. *Jeep,* jeepwatches.com. *Mezlan,* available at Avventura stores. *Nivea for Men,* available at drugstores nationwide. *Phat Farm,* available at Phat Farm NYC. *Robert Marc,* robertmarc.com. *Skin Milk,* available at drugstores nationwide. *Trafalgar,* available at Bloomingdale's.

POTPOURRI

Pages 162–163: *Casalnova,* available at fine liquor stores. *Dyson,* dyson.com. *Fantagraphics,* fantagraphics.com. *50 Ways to Rock a Lighter,* lightertricks.com. *Nannie's Naughty Nellies,* nanniesnaughtynellies.com. *Octave,* octave.com. *Playboy Store,* playboystore.com. *Rosa Mexicano,* rosamexicano.com. *3Gbikes,* 3gbikes.com.

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when a suspect who is carrying has been "a pain in the ass" during his arrest. "But for us to suggest that we're going around doing active enforcement with respect to possession of marijuana—that just doesn't happen."

To Frechette the trend in Canada is clear. And while careful to add that he does not advocate it—though he does not appear to oppose it—he is disinclined to deny the obvious. Of a continuum between the extremes of outright prohibition and blanket legalization, he says, "I can tell you without equivocation what direction the country is moving in, and that's toward legalization. Now, are we moving there in torturously slow steps? Yes. You can dress it up all you want, we're still moving in that direction. I wouldn't be out manning the barricades to legalize it, but I'm resigned to the fact. I think it's going to happen, so let's investigate the downside and get on with life."

Frechette's concerns are more practical and procedural than philosophical. He asks how legalization will address the issue of impaired driving, for example. And his easygoing acceptance of the inevitable is consistent with the official position of the Canadian Association of Chiefs of Police.

But in no country on earth, not even in Canada, will the practical, the procedural or the philosophical ever outweigh political concerns. Some Canadian legislators oppose any step toward legalization, and their panic is predictable. "The first effect it will have," says Frechette, though he suspects it will be only temporary, "is a very deep chilling in Canada-U.S. relations."

Police initially exploited the Barrie bust to support a dying bureaucratic and political stance at the federal level in Canada—a stance encouraged by those same panicked legislators—which holds that organized crime controls the marijuana industry. Alleging that as many as 85 percent of Canadians involved in growing cannabis are members of criminal syndicates, police reports cite Asian groups (chiefly Vietnamese) and outlaw motorcycle gangs as the major players.

Indeed, both are involved in the trade. And the Vietnamese grows, generating a commercial product of a quality connoisseurs look down on, tend to be disproportionately large. Equally disproportionate is the number of arrests they generate, considering the small size of the Vietnamese community.

Because criminal syndicates make for easier targets, drawing police scrutiny for a variety of felonies, and because they cultivate on a major commercial scale, such groups tend to drive headlines and skew statistics.

"Under present law it's a very attractive commodity for organized crime to get into," says Frechette. "What did Prohibition do other than make the Mob tremendously wealthy?"

In Canada, then, pot may be a significant source of revenue to organized crime, but given the scope of the industry as currently understood, organized crime does not appear to be a particularly significant source of pot.

"No more than 10 percent of growers are affiliated with organized crime," says Robert "Rosie" Rowbotham, former managing director of *High Times* in Canada, who covered the Barrie bust when he was a producer for the CBC national radio network. The alleged masterminds behind the Barrie operation were not gang-affiliated. At the same time, Rowbotham reported, neither was their operation typical of what he estimated to be the 15,000 grows in Ontario.

"Nobody grows with this much attention on a large scale," says a Toronto aficionado introduced as Jeff.

A soft-spoken, short-haired, tattooed man of 31, Jeff would make a fine candidate for what one seed breeder in British Columbia calls Bud Fondlers Anonymous: "They're all about the grass," the breeder explains.

Jeff's apartment in Toronto's East End, most of which is given over to the 200 plants he cultivates—100 of which are flowering at any one time—is akin to a research facility. Everything is automated and set on timers: temperature and humidity controls, pH and electrical-current meters and exhaust fans using the latest in activated-charcoal filtration technology. Every bit of horticultural data is recorded, collected in detail and logged in ring binders. His setup, a typical "small urban grow" he works with a partner, exemplifies those Canadian "microbudderies" dedicated less to commerce than to advancing the quality of a plant that Jeff and growers like him identify as noble, their devotion to its properties being almost religious.

"Sometimes I'll bring a lawn chair in and watch them grow," he says. "You can see them grow. You turn the fans off. They're so competitive; you'll see a leaf just jump for space. They can grow an inch a day."

Paying $80 a liter for food—he has a closet full of nutrients—and using what is known as the sea-of-green method, in which each plant yields a single flower, Jeff gets "about an ounce of bone-dry quality bud" per plant, achieving a level of 20 percent THC, marijuana's psychoactive component. With "three lights flowering and two lights veg," he averages a pound and a half per light each harvest cycle, and he gets six harvests a year.

"We're more concerned with quality than yield," he says, "but our yields are pretty good. If I didn't deal with just the compassion center or friends...? It goes for $30 to $45 for three and a half grams. That's a very cheap price. You can go buy Vietnamese garbage for the same amount."

To supply the Toronto Compassion Center with a portion of the pot necessary to service its membership of 1,340 medical users, Jeff charges $2,200 a pound for a share of what he harvests, a product he can sell to others for $3,200 to $4,000 a pound.

MEN
Myths
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"I supply the club with as much as I can. I would like to sell them more," he says, "but my harvest is not that big. It keeps me from having to work full-time at another position and allows me to do what I want, but I still need to supplement my income a little bit."

"A large chunk of what goes across," says Gentleman Jim, who knows because he moves it across, "comes from people running fewer than 20 lights." People across the nation, from sea to shining sea: Cultivation pays the rent for growers from Vancouver Island to the Gulf of St. Lawrence—an estimated 50,000 are considered commercial growers—and it is making many citizens rich. But the real payoff, as always in the contraband business, is in transportation. And where quality drives the product, turnover drives the bottom line.

"He's got to be in Seattle," Gentleman Jim says of the typical U.S. buyer. "We'd rather take $2,700 to $2,900 in Seattle than $3,200, maybe $3,600 in L.A. It goes for $4,000 a pound wholesale in Vegas, $4,500 in Atlanta." All it takes, he says, is two good U.S. buyers to make a smuggler rich. Right now his operation services four. Nor does the partnership limit itself to the product it buys and sells. "We also carry other people's stuff. We charge them $450 to $550 per unit for transportation. There are 10 to 12 suppliers up here using the service."

And very little interrupts the efficient conduct of business. "We run under orange alert," says Gentleman Jim, referring to the second-highest level of Homeland Security's terrorist-threat conditions. "Orange won't stop us. Only red alert will ground our flights." Red alert grounds everything but NORAD.

"I can't say my guy went drinking last night and couldn't make the delivery," observes the Prez. "That's not an excuse. Flying into a mountain is an excuse." Flying into a mountain is a good excuse. Lifting off on a sunny day in Vancouver, a pilot may encounter a blizzard anywhere en route. "The mountains have their own weather," the Prez likes to say, but he adds that even on a good day a pilot pushes the odds. "On a helicopter at any one time there are 20,000 pieces trying to blow themselves apart."

"It's not for the faint of heart," says J.R. "With wind through the canyons blowing 80 miles an hour, it's like hitting a wall. Sometimes the turbulence is so bad it pops the doors on the machine."

Flying in zero-zero weather—ceiling zero, no visibility—and employing the map-of-the-earth technique by which combat pilots maneuver are skills shared by all who fly for the organization. These are specialized techniques you do not pick up in flight school. It is not as though they come with the license.

"We have a pilot training program," says Jim. It is not an apprenticeship but a journeyman's course, and what one learns is very specific: "Not to fly, but to fly the new way. There's an art to it," he says.

"You throw the rule book away. No safety margin," says George, who has been flying for five years and doing what he calls "this kind of flying" for most of that time. "I do it for the thrill as much as anything," he says.

Anyone in the smuggling business will tell you that pilots seem to take naturally to the work, probably because they are risk takers to begin with. But George insists his balls are no bigger than those of anyone else in the game. "I just brought my share to the table," he says.

Flying the new way, George has fought 70-knot winds, run into blizzards and hit 300-foot fog banks coming out of the mountains. He remembers one trip during which, hung up by the weather, he found himself perched on a snowbank, about to drop tail-first down the side of a cliff. His only option was—immediately and almost suicidally—to go vertical. Nose down, with the helicopter rotors skimming the snow, he managed to avert disaster, save himself and his co-pilot—not to mention the

"What kind of party is it—blue state or red state?"

load—and, if that were not miracle enough, make it to the drop site. But he arrived late.

"The ground guy was gone," he says.

Circling the area, George spotted the ground guy's truck, "chased him down the highway" and made the delivery.

Asked if he has ever encountered one of the helicopters that routinely fly the border on antidrug and counterterrorism patrols, George says no. Asked what he thinks would happen if a chase were to ensue, he responds with a shrug that can best be described as cavalier.

"If you fuel up last, you win."

"Seattle is the center of the universe," explains T., a Virginia supplier of B.C. bud. "The distribution cells are set up there."

As often as not, he says, a 250-pound shipment out of Canada will be destined for a single buyer. The load will be delivered from the drop site to an inconspicuous house in suburban Seattle that does not stand out from the others around it; it might be one of two or three houses a buyer uses. Things come and go from this first location. A second house, in the woods or mountains, might be used to deal with the money—which professionals keep separate from the product. Both houses are removed from the buyer's equally inconspicuous home, where he and his family reside.

"They don't live like rock stars," says T. "The new look is all-natural, all-cotton, hemp, a real vegan lifestyle. No guns." Some players no doubt bury their money. More typical is the distributor who is also proprietor of some small entrepreneurial company, a boutique operation in which he can invest the cash and through which he can launder it.

From the Seattle suburbs, the pot travels to other parts of the country in shipments of various sizes through a series of increasingly smaller distributors, each of whom adds $1,000 a pound to the price. Before September 2001 they would just hop on planes out of Seattle, carrying the pot in suitcases, headed for places like Aspen, Hawaii and Alaska.

"It's going straight to Hawaii," says T. "It's that much cheaper. Tourists think they're buying Maui wowee—they're buying B.C. bud. In Alaska they think it's Matanuska."

Now, with stepped-up airport security, rather than travel in 30-pound shipments divided among suitcases, pot is more likely to leave Seattle in five-pound packages via Federal Express or mail. The money is shipped back to the city the same way.

"Everybody's making a grand on a pound," says T. "Housewives, CPAs, lawyers, white-collar workers, people with nine-to-five jobs moving a couple of pounds a week. It's the new white lightning."

Sold by the ounce for $360 to $400, it is worth more than its weight in gold.

When asked how much the operation takes in, Gentleman Jim responds, "$400,000 to $600,000."

Which does not quite answer the question.

"Canadian," he adds.

An average of half a million dollars Canadian. So around $400,000 U.S.

"A week."

There it is.

"After expenses."

Call it $20 million U.S. a year. One operation.

At wholesale prices in Seattle, shipment of two tons a week generates more than half a billion dollars in annual export revenue.

O Canada!

It is a clear, unseasonably bright day on a golf course in Massachusetts. Two men, 10 years apart in age, are approaching the sixth tee.

"Why don't we do that thing first," the younger man, who is in his late 40s, says after glancing down the fairway and finding nothing in the way of a witness.

The other produces a small pipe and a few grams of B.C. bud, which has recently arrived from Canada. It was delivered with a written warning from the U.S. supplier: "Don't roll this." Apparently the stuff is just too powerful to be smoked in the quantity required by a joint. The herb's provenance is a mystery; it could have been grown in any one of those 50,000 commercial operations north of the border. It cost the U.S. supplier $3,600 a pound.

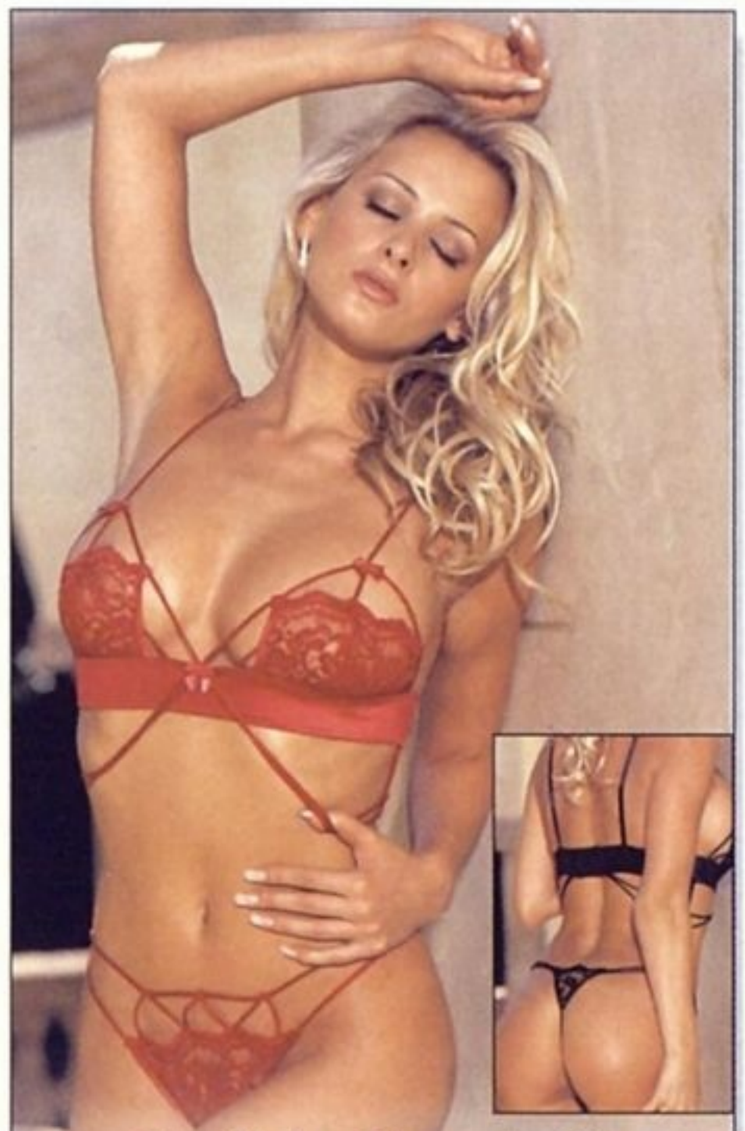
The pipe is lit, and each man takes a couple of hits. The most discernible effect on them will be evident later: The golf game of each will improve.

"You've been writing about this stuff for years," one of them is saying to me, as if I need reminding. Bootleggers and other troublemakers—I have a reputation for this kind of thing. "And you don't even smoke the shit. What did those guys in Vancouver think?"

"Telling people I don't smoke dope," I reply, "is like asking them to believe that Damon Runyon didn't drink or hang out at the track. But they get over it after a while."

And then as the more invisible effects of the weed take effect, the two men look at me with what seems to be the same question on their mind. One of them gives it voice, and the question, as effectively as anything, explicates B.C. bud's place in the overall, if ever-shifting, scheme of things.

"Do you think if maybe you gave them a call...?"



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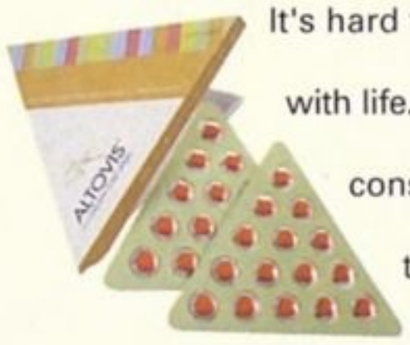

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KARINA LOMBARD

(continued from page 70)

show got so repetitive that it took the edge off doing it with women off the show. It got associated with work in my brain and kind of ruined it."

She sighed and looked at her garden again. "The weather is always beautiful here," she said. "I'm never in the sun, though. Putting on oil and doing the whole steak thing doesn't do it for me."

She went on to say that she was born in Tahiti to a Lakota medicine woman and a European aristocrat. After they parted ways, she moved with her dad to Switzerland and Spain, attending various boarding schools and learning to make her bed in the morning, every morning, a habit that has stuck. Discovered by photographer Bruce Weber in her teens, she eventually wound up in Hollywood, acting opposite Brad Pitt and Tom Cruise.

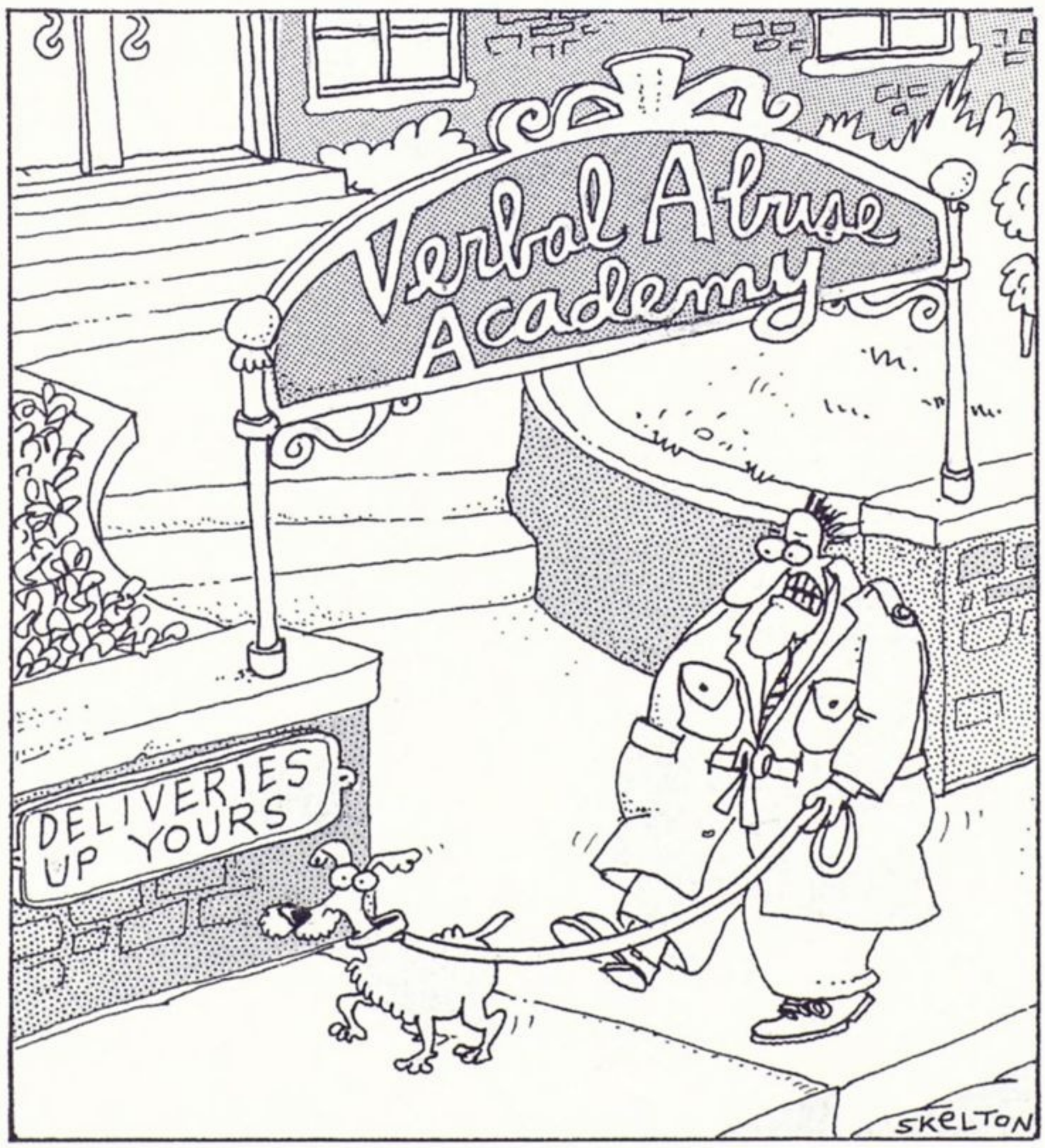
"Brad is so cute," she said. "I just love that man. Tom is more serious, more like a businessman maybe." She once told an interviewer that as a kisser Cruise rated only a six on a scale of one to 10. Shortly thereafter rumors began to circulate that Cruise had blacklisted her in the business. Until this day, however, Karina herself had never heard those rumors.

"They say he did that?" she cried out. "Oh, I hope not. That would be horrible! Hmm. Actually, I did have a tough time for a while." She thought about that briefly and then about herself and her recent departure from *The L Word*. "No matter what I do I raise people's passions," she said. "Even if I'm in my trailer counting beans, some people always go off and have all these plans to destroy me. It's strange. What can I say?"

A while later, almost out of the blue, she said she liked her meat raw and that three days ago, in fact, she'd eaten a raw New York strip steak.

"People are like, 'You're not going to eat that, are you?' And I'm like, 'Watch me!' I cut it really thin, put on olive oil and ate it. With raw, everything is just the way you see it. Nothing is covered in sauce."

A few moments passed. "Actually, you know what I just realized?" she went on. "I don't wear perfume, I rarely wear jewelry, I can't kiss ass, I'm very frank, very honest. With me, what you see is what you get. I know it hurts me. People tell me to pretend this, pretend that, but I don't want to pretend anything. So what I realized is that I eat how I live." She laughed and then said, "Yes, that's it."



the fall

(continued from page 116)

mother stays with your fucked-up father, even not loving him, 30 years to realize it's so. Yes, Jean-Jean, it's so for her as for you, and she still can't shake him, just lies down for him, bed of nails. Nothing can stop you, I know. No, no, I know it's true, Jean-Jean. No, no, I'm right, no use to argue. It's misery you're courting, since that's all you've known."

Jameson Irish whiskey speaking.

There in the forest, waiting for Timothy to speak, she said to herself what she had whispered back to Uncle Bud (who had finally let her talk and listened unbelieving): She loved Timothy and felt just wonderful about him. And it was true. She could hardly remember what they'd argued about last night when she came to bed, what they'd argued about this morning (or ever, for that matter), and wanted to be his wife.

Suddenly Timothy spoke. "It's hard to imagine," he said. "Hard to think of ourselves like 50 years old, like Uncle Bud, huh, isn't it? That such a thing could happen? I mean, what if it's just a kind of joke they play on younger people, just to make 'em feel bad, right? Like, they know goddamn well we're always going to be just like this, more or less like this. I mean, there are young people, which is one unchanging species, and there are old people, which is another, and the old-people species has as a kind of group joke that they pretend it's all one-in-the-same species—that we young ones are on a long trip that leads to their sorry-ass state."

Jean laughed for him and he smiled, and that melted Jean, that smile. She looked in his eyes and said, "But, Herr Doktor, I distinctly remember being younger. I'm not sure you've included all the evidence here." Two years and they had this whole kind of private vaudeville act together; she played graduate student, and he played crazy, brilliant professor.

"Well, right, but we're the kind that goes from zero to about 26 and just hovers there, always 26, like someone in a book—always the same age every time you read it. We're the somewhere-under-26-always species."

"What about a book where the characters grow old and die? I can name a few."

"Written by the olds! Self-serving tripe! What on earth garbage have you been reading?"

He shuffled through the side pocket of his pack and pulled out his Baggie of pot and rolled the tightest, most slender, most parsimonious, most perfectly cylindrical joint and lit it, and they had two tiny hard-sucked puffs of powerful pot each.

Jean said, "So we're the species that gets only so old. So I'll get to catch up to you, yes?" She was three months younger than Timothy. No one was in the woods, so Jean (in love) put her ear on Timothy's chest to listen to his heart, and he leaned back

against the rock and talked while she undid his blue jeans just partly, just enough to get her hand in and hold him, hold his dumb, dependable penis, which rose tenderly to greet her grip. This she liked. And he liked it too and tucked a hand in the back of her blue jeans and kind of hefted her on top of him for a long kiss, and on the moss there on the side of the faint trail they got their pants down, and underpants gradually, and wriggled to get his jacket on the rock beneath them without even taking their hiking boots off and had a very brief fuck (as he liked to call it—she didn't mind so much anymore) and a very lot of kissing, which showed he was in a good mood too, a very lot of kissing, as when they first met and would make love in her grad suite and she couldn't orgasm at all, he made her so nervous. Here she surprised herself, coming (his word too) quickly, if not too hard, to his fingers. Something about the forest made it easy and different.

"You are a glacial erratic," he said.

"That is an insult, Doktor," she said, quite pleased that he'd been listening earlier, just saving it up.

They cleaned themselves up some with napkins and pulled up their pants and hefted their packs. Hers did not feel particularly lighter.

Timothy kept talking, named each bird and tree as they continued the hike. He knew so much—ash tree, birch polypore (a familiar bulging fungus on a dead paper birch), this warbler and that one, all the little plants everywhere. Jean cared more about the declension of verbs. That was her thing, and next year she'd go to Italy, required second year abroad, finish off her master's program back at Dartmouth, and then maybe they'd get married. Timothy would have a job by then, you'd think. For now, she liked him as nature boy—snowboarder, brain, not altogether clumsy lover, silent as a stump.

She felt great. "You are a glacial neurotic," she said.

Timothy rewarded her with a hearty laugh. This was one of those jokes they'd keep going for the weekend and that for years to come would tag this hike in their memories. She laughed, feeling light suddenly; the pack was as nothing on her back. They could stop fairly early—no rush. Perfect weather, get a really great camp set up, set up that little stove, make spaghetti with the red sauce Timothy carried in a jar for a special first-night dinner only. She'd had stomachaches over the camping part for two weeks but now felt free of every anxiety. They had great equipment and great food and Uncle Bud's advice, which was famously good if not perfectly sober. ("Your mother told me last phone call that your father has never once said he loved her. Never once.") Well, Timothy's family was worse: aggressive teetotalers and potheads.

They broke out of the trees suddenly in a dry-pond meadow (Timothy called it) and were in sight of the bald blade of the famous ridge that hunkered just beneath the famous mountain peak, and the view of it all was just—it was just *spettacolare*. She said the word with exaggerated accents and giggled (the marijuana), and Timothy giggled with her and they walked side by side, holding hands. The trail tightened then, so Jean dropped behind him, and they marched on duckboards thoughtfully placed through a mossy bog. "*Thuja occidentalis,*" Timothy called back, and these words were as beautiful to Jean as the trees they described, big white cedars curving up from hummocks and snags. The bog resolved into a pond—a beaver flowage, as Timothy called it—no beavers in sight, and at the deeper end they stopped on another flat rock and soaked up sun and, very hot from the hiking, stripped down and had a swim. Then they kissed and petted nicely—cold, fishy gooseflesh skins pressed together. She climbed up on the next rock naked and he leaned against it, and it was hot in the sun. He licked her legs, not altogether seriously. He licked her legs, then he licked her (she didn't like to say it, the word he always used), and she had a bigger orgasm this time and said so, using his word, which made him grin and go cocky. And then he climbed up and fucked her hard on the rock, an uncomfortable performance. Her neck was bent back. He was too rough sometimes, but she could let that go. He stopped thinking of her, stopped thinking altogether. You traded one thing for another. (Chick, her last boyfriend, was tender and very slow, but he couldn't kiss.) And it wasn't ever long, in any case. She would have to remember to take her pill each day of the hike, and she wondered if she'd get a rash from the sleeping bag, as at Girl Scouts, and thought of Mimi Stevens, her counselor, the witch, and of the particular way the logs of cabin 12 came together. And Timothy grunted and squirted (as she preferred to call it) and that was that, and she rose back up through several layers to him and kissed him awhile, but he didn't want to kiss too much. "Better get moving," he said.

"I love you," she said.

He spanked her bottom and said, "You love me."

They had a quick swim and she rinsed him off her and they dressed side by side. Her socks felt wet and her T-shirt too and her underpants, everything a little damp from the earlier sweat and now the swim, but it was a hot afternoon and beautiful in Maine, and there was plenty of time to get to the camping place Uncle Bud had told them about. She should be glad. She knew what it was—the pot. Also the orgasming (why shouldn't it be a verb?), which sometimes let you down. And now she felt a little swollen and uncomfortable down there, walking. Twice in three miles of

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hiking! Well, that was love. And there were worse ways to be sore.

She followed Timothy up the very steep path, which was nothing but a field of rocks. His butt was cute, that was for sure. "You're just plain erratic," she called lightly to no response.

They came to the beginning of the open granite ridge—what a view. The stoned feeling from earlier had settled into something of a headache. The sun hurt her eyes. Something in her belly ached.

"One hour," Timothy said.

"That's all?"

"That's what Drunkel Bud said. One hour from the cairn." He pointed up the hard stone slope to their left.

She hadn't noticed the massive cairn. And he was competing with her, that condescending tone: He'd seen the cairn, she hadn't. He'd win only if he could annoy her, though. And she didn't feel all that bugged. Her pack felt like nothing, actually, nothing at all. She thought about how to cook the dinner, how good that would be, their neat little gas-bottle stove, precious folding pans. And here they were, already on Papawissett Ridge, which was dramatic.

To the right the granite sloped sharply 20 or 30 feet to the sudden cliff edge. Ahead the ridge curved a little so you could see the long face of the fall. The impression was that you were walking the shoulder of a steep cathedral roof covered with stones. The sunlight fell into the canyon below, lit the spruces climbing the other side. Jean panted—this was what breathtaking meant. The trail had been carved out of plain rock. "WPA," Uncle Bud had said fondly.

"Welfare," Timothy had snorted. Why did he have to call him Drunkel? Why especially that name, which she had twice told Timothy annoyed her. It's what her father called Bud, who was a very kind and calm and gentle soul, really, her mother's only brother, a sweet, soulful man who'd built his own eccentric, amazing house and lost his wife to cancer. Why shouldn't he drink?

Timothy got walking faster, the way he did when excited by a competition—they were almost to tonight's campsite, and he'd be first. Just along this roof of granite, then back into the woods. The camping spot was on a bigger pond than the first one back there and just under the mountain proper. Uncle Bud said it was the nicest spot in all of Maine. She and Timothy would have an easy morning there tomorrow, swimming or whatever, then onward up the mountain, then a few days on the Appalachian Trail, then the Fire Warden's Trail down from Bigelow Mountain and back to the car: seven days. Ahead the trail became even narrower, just a kind of shelf carved in the rock, strewn with loose stones from above.

Timothy hurried faster. "Hey," Jean said. She wanted a kiss from him right now on this precarious place. She said hey, and he didn't hear. A kiss just to slow him down. He was almost jogging, and later if she nagged him about it, he'd frankly love the attention and crow and mock her. She slowed. Walked at her own pace. Breathed at her own pace. Enjoyed the view up to the mountain, the view down into the gorge beside them.

Far ahead Timothy slipped. His flying foot hit a nothing of a rock, which slid under him, and he dropped to one knee. He reached for a handhold on the path, missed, went down on his shoulder, couldn't quite catch himself, continued to slide in gravel. It was all so slow. He put the other hand out, grabbed a large stone that was sliding too, tried to turn, awkward under the weight of his pack. He couldn't get around to sitting, so he dropped down on all fours, visibly putting the brakes on. But all the rocks large and small around him were moving now, a slow, gentle slide with Timothy a part of it. He dug the toes of his boots in, gripped the solid granite of the ridge with his fingernails.

But he just kept sliding. Jean trotted, then raced to get to him—there was a length of rope on the side of her pack, and she reached back for it as she ran. But Timothy and the rock slide picked up speed as she did. He didn't shout, didn't cry out, didn't say a thing, just looked back at her, a profound look, grabbing at the rocks around him, starting everything he touched to movement. And with everything around him he slid to the edge of the drop. Rocks flew off the cliff into the sky below his feet. His boots hung over, then his knees. He bent at the hips, legs dangling, still slowly sliding. Jean threw the rope perfectly. But the overweight pack pressed Timothy down, restricted his reach. He missed the rope end, missed it again, arms flailing. Then with a sharp cry he went over the edge. The rumble of rocks continued briefly; then everything stopped and there was silence.

With everything around him moving he slid to the edge of the drop. Rocks flew off the cliff into the sky below his feet. His boots hung over, then his knees....

The argument that morning had been about her cell phone. She'd promised she wouldn't use it to call friends; it would be for an emergency only. He had won—one entered the wild on wild terms—and she had left the phone behind in their sweet little room at Uncle Bud's. So her first thought got her nowhere. Her second thought was to scoot on her butt down the incline to the cliff edge, get a look. But that would be stupid and impossible: She'd go over too.

"Timothy!" she called to echoing silence. "Timothy!" Nothing.

She stripped out of her pack, left it at the exact spot he'd stumbled. There were no noticeable marks from his plight. So many loose rocks: New ones had simply replaced those that had slid and then fallen with Timothy.

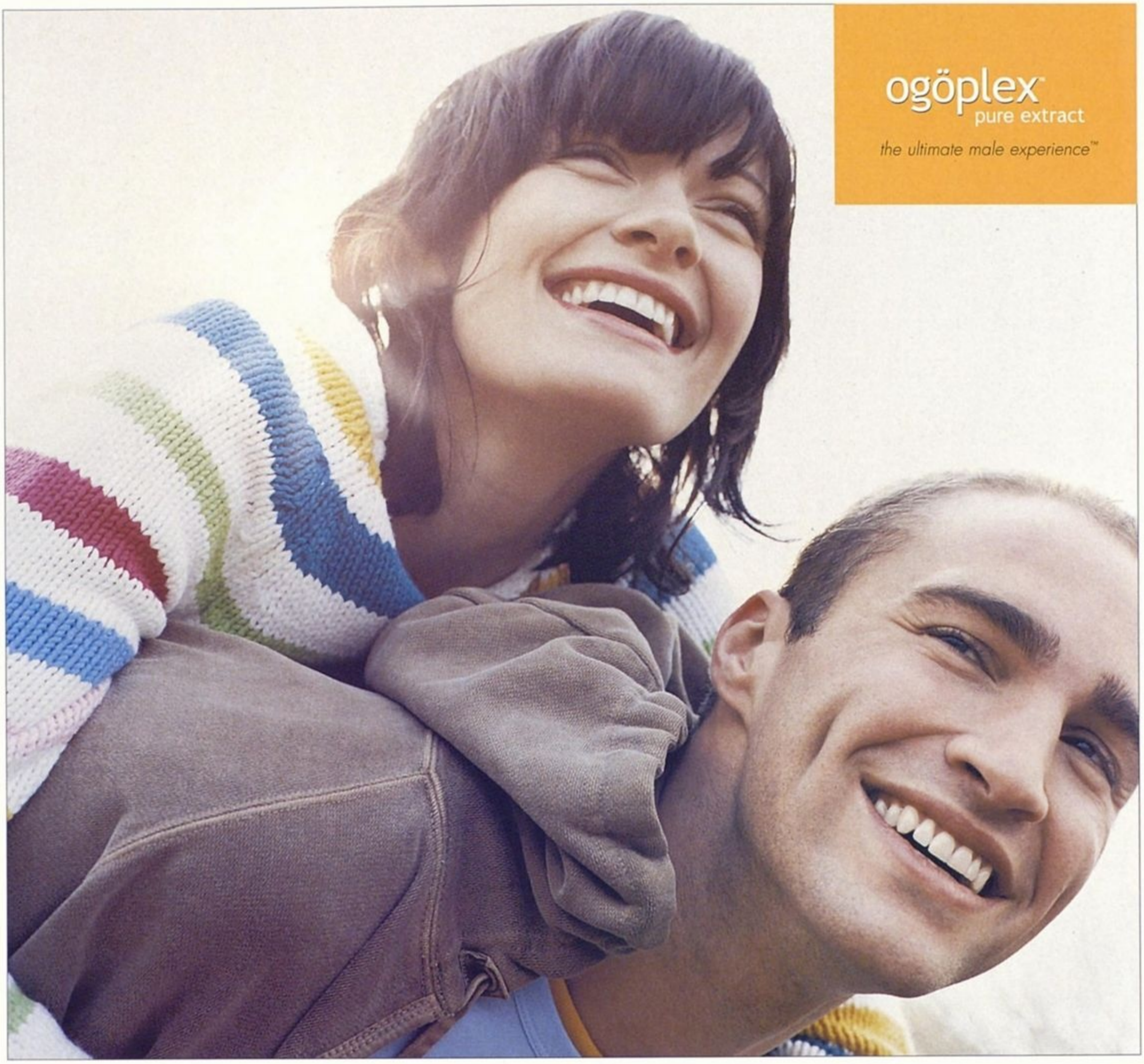
Jean ran. She was an excellent runner and sprinted ahead smartly, mindful of the loose rock. From the end of the curve, from right where the path descended back into forest below the mountain, she looked back. The cliff wall was dark. The odd tree grew up from the odd ledge. The whole fell into a field of boulders. Trees at the bottom of that and a million smaller rocks. And somewhere Timothy, though there was nothing of him to be seen at such a distance. She raced back to the spot marked only by her pack. All was quiet. Warm breezes. Dulcet day. Perfection. Jean perspired, felt that edge of a headache from the pot, no buzz, felt a cramp in her womb from making love. She kept having the urge to turn and ask Timothy what to do.

Be calm, she told herself. Make a plan.

She could run back to the truck. They'd been four hours to this point—but all uphill and with two long stops. She could run it in an hour maybe. But the truck offered nothing but a two-hour drive on rutted logging roads to where? To that gas station? So three hours. Second option was to go back along the ridge to where it first started, leave the trail, head down into the gorge, try to walk down below the cliff, keep it in sight. That could take three hours too, but at least Timothy would have her help at his side. He was down there, probably okay, maybe landed cushioned by the pack, just so, broken bones not deadly. Feetfirst he'd gone—his head would be fine, though any bleeding anywhere would be dangerous. She didn't let herself think he was dead.

The truck was best; outside help was best. She hefted her pack, deciding she needed it (water, food, dry clothes, first aid), kicked some stones into a pile to mark the spot for any rescuers, took the pack off, built a proper cairn of 10 large stones to mark the spot for any possible helicopter, only then shrugged back into her pack and ran, buckling the hip strap even as she flew—ran fast, then faster, clear to where the ridge ended in loose rocks, down into the forest, retracing their path, before she remembered that Timothy had the keys to Uncle Bud's old truck.

She stopped, moaned. She spoke Timothy's name. She would save him. She turned back, ran hard. Where the old trail pegged upward mounting the ridge she broke into the woods and headed down. Quickly the cliff established itself, grew higher, then formidable, a sheer rock face, but with so many boulders at the bottom that it wasn't that high a fall, not really. But it grew higher quickly.



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After half an hour, breathing hard, Jean had no idea how far she'd traveled, thought she must be near. She could not have missed him. She kept to the bottom of the scree, looking up and down constantly—his pack was brilliant crimson—trotted along a faint path maybe made by animals. Below her a stream tumbled, so she'd be able to wash his wounds even if their water ran out. That joke about carrying him? She couldn't carry him. She could stabilize him, do whatever was necessary, make him comfortable, put the tent up around him, cover him in their sleeping bags and all their clothes, be to the truck by nightfall with the keys. By now the cliff was deadly high. She prepared herself in case he was hurt badly. Tourniquets could be dangerous, she recalled. Splints could be made with sticks. Underwear, hers, his, could be used for bandages.

She came to a geological fault that ran the width of the narrowing canyon, creating a sharp drop, nothing compared with the cliff at her left hand but a good 12 feet at first guess and sheer. How could she climb it to come back this way and get to the truck? Maybe use the rope, tie it to that tree, but then she wouldn't have rope for later, and who knew? Wasn't there some knot you could tie and then free with a twitch once you were down? Timothy would know. If he could only have caught the rope when she threw it so well. The stream had to make the drop too, and the roar of the little waterfall invaded her thoughts, made them urgent. She breathed, took off her pack, dropped it down there just so, exactly right, where she could land on it to break her fall. The pack took a foot or more off the height of the fall, too. Still it was a long way down, 20 feet at second guess. The rope was down there on the pack. Oh! She could have tied the rope to the tree, climbed down using it, then simply cut it with her Swiss Army knife, just left the remainder behind, keeping plenty. All this in Timothy's voice, carping, as she lay down in the dirt and loose rock and scooted herself over the edge of the drop-off till she was hanging by her fingertips, barely gripping a fragrant spruce root. She hung a long minute, without the arm strength to pull herself back up in any case, and finally got the nerve and dropped. She hit the pack hard with her feet and fell backward into loose rock.

But she was fine. She was really totally fine. Her butt wasn't even bruised. That she was sore was from before. The cut on her hand was nothing. He'd fallen feet-first too, so there was at least some chance he was only slightly hurt.

The canyon fell deeper, darker, the stream louder and louder and closer, the scree pile looser, her footing more insecure. Jean forced herself to walk—what else was there to do? She picked her steps carefully, watched her feet intently, stepped on his hand.

Timothy was sitting up straight, that famous posture, his shoulders pulled back by the straps of his pack, head back too, legs buried in the rocks that had accompanied him, hips twisted more than perpendicular to his shoulders. Jean didn't have any moment at all of thinking he was alive or needing to check his breath or heartbeat: He was dead.

High up the canyon wall she saw the last sunlight climbing, orange. It would be night very soon. The stream roared and echoed in the canyon. Timothy smelled like defecation. But the spruce smell and the oxygenated stream smell were strong too, and a breeze moderated the stench. It wasn't like she was going to eat. She sat a long while in perfect calm, perfect acceptance, which was not entirely like her and which she tranquilly thought must be shock. In a way it was easier that he was not in need of first aid. She simply sat and thought, long elegant lines of thought with no bearing on the emergency: She remembered meeting Timothy at her brother's best friend's wedding. Horrendous blue tuxedos, all of them. She and Timothy made love steadily, it seemed, for the next three weeks, till he had to go back to his internship at Goldman Sachs, which august corporation would give him a job once his MBA was in hand. Things she was ambivalent about: investment bankers (Professor Della Sesso called them bloodsuckers in a beautiful accent, and *ricattatori,* roll that first *r*), suburbia (Timothy's dream was Short Hills, New Jersey, ask Uncle Bud his opinion of that place), any one of Timothy's friends, including her own brother, who was a certified pig.

And her brother, come to think of it, was exactly like their father, as was Timothy, when you thought about it, from banking to suburbia to his chilly reserve. Why *was* she with him? "You are beautiful," Uncle Bud had whispered. "You are capable. Does he make you feel either?

"Don't hold dinner for me, dear."

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What can I do to convince you?"

She didn't touch the corpse. The sunlight climbed out of the canyon and was gone. The stream grew louder, comforting in a way, but hiding who knew what scary noises. A lone bird sang briefly, good night. And then it was dark and darker. And chilly, then cold. Jean dug in her pack, found her flashlight, pulled her sleeping bag out awkwardly, unfurled it from its stuff bag. Such a good sleeping bag, old gift from Uncle Bud, bright blue. She got herself in there, moved more rocks, leaned back as if to sleep. But despite all, she was hungry.

The bulk of the food was in Timothy's pack, as was the little gas stove. In her pack were useless things like couscous and expensive freeze-dried chicken divan in foil packets. Oh, but gorp—there was a one-quart Baggie of gorp—and this she ate in little absent increments till it was gone. And she drank water from her metal bottle. And felt she could sleep some, get through the night somehow. If Timothy weren't such a show-off and always in such a heat to win, they'd be camping right now. Or if they'd left the first pond just one second earlier or later: They'd be camping. Thoughts of the camping place, which she'd been picturing for two months, brought her to Uncle Bud, that idiot, sending them into danger and Timothy to...this.

Then again, the whole backpacking trip was her idea, her own, and she'd fought for it over going to Timothy's horrendous family reunion on the Cape—and that bunch, oh, that bunch would blame her squarely, squarely. Every happy thought she'd ever had of marrying Timothy these two years had foundered on the image of that screwed-up family. She sat and thought the same moody thoughts as always about Timothy, added these to Uncle Bud's observations of last night.

All moot now.

The stream down there was loud, luckily loud. She was spared the gurglings and belches of the dead, sounds she knew well from working at the veterinary hospital every summer through high school, back when she was going with Bruce, who was no Timothy but sweet and talkative and a listener—funny you could ever miss Bruce. Timothy did not twitch, did not jump; all that was over.

Jean woke with a start, kicked her feet out and sent rocks tumbling, sat up, reached for Timothy's hand, found it, so cold—and, worse, stiff. She let it go with a shudder—it was not in his possession any longer; it was not his, or him, but a disgusting object.

Oh, God. She wanted to feel his spirit was with her, but she was profoundly alone, hard stars above, no known constellation, just the hard line of the killer cliff and across the narrow gorge the jagged line of the tops of fir trees. She listened to the stream a long time with deliberate concentration.

How could Timothy be so clumsy?

How could he be so stupid?

She woke to the stream sound. High above, a group of stars was familiar but unnamed. Funny, but she could relax. She'd been so unfair! He wasn't to blame—the trail was unsafe. He was hurrying for her—he knew how much she wanted to be at the campsite, be set up in their tent, be eating, cooking. He was so good. Such a good person. She would marry him despite all. Best if Mountain Rescue found them together here. She'd never leave his side. She'd sit here through the days it took to starve, and in a few weeks Uncle Bud would look up from his Jameson and remember where his old truck was and call the family, who'd call the police, who'd call the rangers, who'd come out looking and certainly find the truck (probably they'd already be well aware of the truck and wondering about it), find the truck and follow the trail clear to the campsite on the beaver pond—no sign of Timothy and Jean. Perhaps the scrap of the cairn she'd built would alert them. She should have written a note—how stupid—several hikers a day must pass. But no. Perhaps after days of futile searching, the youngest member of the ranger team, the most insecure, would notice the cairn, the plight of rocks, and they'd all be led to the tragedy—broken Timothy and his girl, starved at his side, his bride in death. Oh she loved him! And she reached to touch his hair, which felt lovely, soft and fine as always, and accepted his condition, which would be hers soon enough.

But not soon enough. She should write a note in the morning and cut her wrists to be his bride. She'd be his bride by his side in death, the endless night.

She woke to daylight next, birdsong. The stream, too. She blinked and stretched and was surprised they'd slept under the stars, then sat up and remembered. She wriggled out of her bag, walked demurely out of Timothy's sight, peed behind a boulder, clambered back, had a long look at him. His face was no longer his. His fingernails were all broken from trying to stop his slide. She worked to get his pack off him, struggled with the resistant arms. His upper body was simply loose on his hips. Oh, Timothy! She found the loaf of raisin bread he'd allowed, crackers, block of cheese, chocolate, found his compass, retrieved the little stove just in case, their little tent, his hunting knife, the keys to Uncle Bud's truck (in Timothy's moist front pants pocket), stuffed all this in her own pack, stuffed her sleeping bag in its sack, tied it carelessly to the pack frame, pulled the pack on, balanced step by step and rock to rock and got out of there, quickly backtracking upstream and all the way to the drop-off by the waterfall.

She tied their rope to her pack so she could pull her belongings up if she made it, attempted a hopeless free climb with the rope in her mouth, fell four times, not even close. So she tied the free end of the rope to an oblong rock, tried to toss it over the one practical branch of the high spruce up there—impossible. She stacked rocks to make a climbing platform—exhausting. After an hour she had a solid block of stone to climb only a few feet high. To get all the way up the drop like that would take days and days and all her strength.

She gave up, made her way back to Timothy. She'd had what he would call a paranoid thought. Digging in his shirt pocket, she found his Baggie of pot. Fast she emptied the powdery, potent stuff to the wind, stuck the Baggie under a large rock, threw

"I'm sorry, Mrs. Myers—there's been an unforeseen complication."

his rolling papers into the stream. She felt in a rush of horror that she was abandoning him, so she sat awhile beside him.

Unbidden thoughts: There were other boys. She'd be something of a tragic heroine, very attractive in that way. She'd be wary of love, magnetic in that way. She stood, pulled on her pack, made her way carefully through the loose rocks he'd brought down with him, rehearsing the story she'd tell and basking in the sympathy and wonder she'd receive. Sinful, disgusting thoughts. She shut them off. She tried to pray for Timothy but hadn't prayed or been to church since she was 10. Her last confession (to Father Mark, a saint) was about stealing Barbie accessories. Timothy! So impatient and disdainful. Just as Uncle Bud had said: He was her dad. There were other kinds of men. Start with Uncle Bud. Subtract the tragedy of him and the drinking. That beautiful house he'd built! Timothy called it a shack. Think of all the men she hadn't met!

Sinful thoughts, disgusting.

And now flashes of yesterday's sex assaulted her, and Timothy's fall, too, the way his fingernails dug in, sex and fall somehow equally unpleasant, even horrible. She stepped faster, picking her footfalls, scrambled down the scree, got to the stream, drank from it—the hell with giardia and all microbes forever—drank deeply, washed her face, struggled to stand under the weight of her pack and the growing feeling that this was all her fault.

Had she slept even two hours last night?

She headed downstream. By the time the sun got into the canyon an hour had passed. She'd find help. The stream would cross a road. She'd find help and they'd recover Timothy and she would be something of a tragic heroine, and perhaps even Professore Frederico Della Sesso would see this new thing in her eyes, the deep sadness and horror in her eyes, and take her seriously as he had not, take her in his arms there in the oaken doorway of his dust mote and sunbeam and bookshelf–filled office. Sinful thoughts. She closed them out and pushed on. By noon she was out of the canyon, and the forest had opened somewhat. But then the stream widened at a flat place and became a bog. Jean slogged her way halfway around to where it became a pond, looked out over the water and was at last overcome. She tugged her pack off, threw it down violently, threw herself on the ground after it, wailed and wept, clutched the mossy duff. Then came a vision, as if from above, of herself in this position, the dirt of the forest sticking to her tear-stained cheeks, herself spread out on the ground in grief and remorse and horror. The rangers would listen attentively to her when she finally found them. They'd be older guys and have the bluest eyes, both of them. She could have a new man now.

Sinful thoughts. She cried more, at her own shallowness, felt a wave of love for Timothy, felt in the same wave that she had come back to her true self ("You are not yourself," Timothy would say when she was upset with him). But what if the true self she'd always known was false? Jean stood, crossed her arms over her chest, grasped her ribs in confusion—and started walking. She'd go back to him. Only as an afterthought did she even return in a moment for her pack, put it on slowly, aware but uncaring that it was open and things were falling out of it. She walked very slowly, deep thoughts of Timothy—his humor, for example—a certain joke ("All your intelligence is in your brains, Jeanie"), his tricky smile. She was starved. She stopped at a sunny rock, pulled out crackers and their block of cheddar cheese (these had been on his back!), ate feverishly, found their bag of baby carrots (on his back!), gobbled them all, a pound of them, sucked at her water bottle, then found their large chocolate bar (had fallen with him!), ate half of it. There'd be raisin bread for later. Uncle Bud had offered it, and though Timothy said no, too heavy, she'd accepted the small gift. She lay back on the rock in tears.

When she woke, her mission was pure again: Get help. She retraced her steps around the bog to where she'd thrown the pack down, picked up her sleeping bag, her wading sneakers, four pairs of tiny blue panties still neatly folded, the keys to Uncle Bud's truck. What had she been thinking?

She carried on, climbing to higher ground, made her way around the bog till she saw the beaver dam and climbed down to rejoin the stream, which was three times wider than in the gorge. She walked fast, then faster, fairly jogged, singing loud, then louder, "My Favorite Things," screamed it out as she ran among trees in the old forest, leaped boulders, pushed aside underbrush, downhill, singing as hard as she could to stop her thoughts of Dr. Della Sesso, which had grown pernicious. Frederico. His gaze had always lingered on her eyes. Now he'd find her so *dolorosa,* so *tragica.*

Now the stream fell through a steep glade, quite straight for hundreds of yards. But just before it turned and flowed out of sight, promising nothing but more hard bushwhacking, Jean could just discern a hard horizontal painted red: a bridge. She made her way down to the road—narrow, nicely graded gravel—and simply lay down, flopped down, pack and all, lay there frozen by her thoughts, exhausted. In an hour a father and young son, tenters from Quebec on their way from their campsite to the grocery store in Farmington, stopped their Subaru and leaped out to her aid. She heard their mild French-Canadian accents so clearly—so different from Parisian French—heard them clearly as they leaned over her, asking one another what had happened here.

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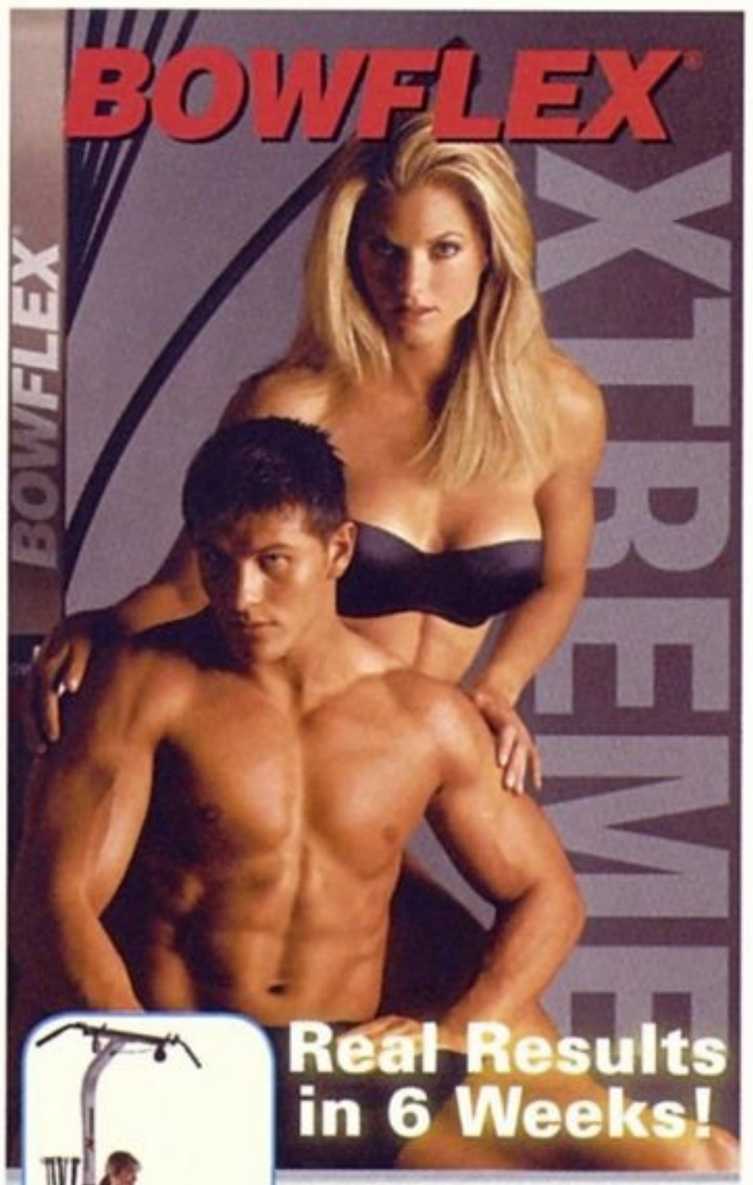


OWEN WILSON *(continued from page 60)*

I'm terrified of crazy women. And demented children with English accents, like Damien in The Omen.

but the truth is that practically every serious girlfriend I've ever had has pretty much messed around completely or close to it on the first date. And that seems to hold true for most of my friends, too.

PLAYBOY: Are you the kind of guy who calls the next day?

WILSON: I do call. Just to be nice, you know, to be a gentleman. And also to make sure I don't have a Blanche DuBois on my hands. I'm terrified of crazy women. And demented little children with English accents, like Damien in *The Omen*.

PLAYBOY: Do you feel you have to be careful that some woman doesn't spill all kinds of intimate stories about you on the Internet?

WILSON: I can't even think about that. It would really inhibit me. I don't Google myself, so I'm not aware of it. But I know they say a lot of stuff on the Net, and you can find it quickly. I try not to worry about it when I'm with a girl. I just deliver my usual lackluster performance and let the chips fall where they may.

PLAYBOY: Your longest relationship was with Sheryl Crow. Did the fact that you're both celebrities have something to do with its ending?

WILSON: Going out with someone who's doing the same thing as you, who's in the public eye, can be a problem. You don't want to have competing agendas, like, "Whose itinerary are we going to follow?" And you want a break when you come home. You don't want someone with the same issues as you maybe reminding you of stuff you don't like in yourself, a need for public recognition or a need to be popular. That being said, I don't think being in the spotlight had anything to do with me and Sheryl not working out. The story of our relationship is the same story I've had with most of my relationships.

PLAYBOY: Which is?

WILSON: I was lucky enough to find a great girl, and because of my lack of, I don't know what you call it, maybe focus, the relationship went south. The complaints of my girlfriends sound a lot like the comments I used to get from teachers: "Owen is lacking in seriousness. He's not working up to his potential." It's what they used to write on all my report cards. One girl, after we broke up, gave me a watch for my birthday with a card that read, "I hope this helps with your timing so you don't miss the boat on your next relationship." And aside from it being kind of funny, it's probably true. I have missed the boat a lot with relationships. But the great thing is, more boats keep coming over the horizon. And I've got to tell you, some of these boats look pretty good. To be honest, I also thought, Maybe I should've given this girl more credit because I never thought she had that good of a sense of humor.

PLAYBOY: In *Wedding Crashers* you and Vince Vaughn play a couple of lugs who go to weddings to pick up girls. Would that really work?

WILSON: I have to say, I haven't been to a lot of weddings, but at the ones I have gone to it's been like fishing with dynamite. Maybe it's something about girls seeing another girl get married, like they want to get it while the getting's good, so to speak. Weddings are sort of like little New Year's Eves—the normal rules don't apply.

PLAYBOY: Do you stay friends with your exes?

WILSON: You try to, sure. The one who gave me the watch is actually married now, to some Academy Award winner. That's kind of an interesting phenomenon—my exes always seem to land on their feet. They always trade up. I should probably use that as a pickup line—"Look, it's not going to last very long with me, but the next guy you end up with will be great!"

PLAYBOY: Whom would we be surprised to hear you find extremely sexy?

WILSON: Former Texas governor Ann Richards. I think she's great. Maybe *sexy* isn't the word. For sexy I always think Raquel Welch. But Ann Richards is an extremely attractive woman. A handsome woman, as they say sometimes. She has a great face, a great look. Her voice and her attitude are representative of the best kind of Texas woman.

PLAYBOY: How about on-screen females? Do you ever get jealous of your brother Luke, who has been paired with Drew Barrymore, Cameron Diaz and Kate Hudson, while you keep getting Ben Stiller?

WILSON: Now hold it a second before you knock me for always winding up with Ben. *People* magazine picked him as one of the most beautiful men on earth. So I'm not exactly getting shut out here. Ben has some of the most piercing green eyes you'd ever want to see. Actually, I'm not 100 percent sure of the color. Maybe blue? Whatever they are, they're extremely piercing. Almost haunting.

PLAYBOY: There's a photograph on the nearby wall of you and George Bush Sr. What's the story behind that?

WILSON: That's from *Armageddon*. Bruce Willis was friends with him, so he came down to the set. Bruce, by the way, is one of the best people I've worked with. He couldn't have been a nicer guy to all of us in the cast, a good example of how just because you're a huge movie star—and a Republican, for that matter—it doesn't mean you can't be a cool guy. He's somebody who handles his fame in a pretty relaxed way. I like that picture because I'm just sitting there eating, and the way George Sr. is walking over, it looks like he asked to have his picture taken with me.

PLAYBOY: Did you know Bill Clinton?

WILSON: I've gotten the chance to hang out with him a few times. There's something really likable about the guy. He's one of these off-the-chart-IQ guys who can talk about any subject, and that makes him sort of the perfect dinner guest, even if he'd never been president. He's kind of like a human jukebox. You put in a buck and pick your subject—like the Mossad or Sherman's March or chicken-fried steak—then sit back and listen to him blow you away with some shit you never knew about. The only knock you could make on the guy is that a subject might come up—say, Mark Twain—when you say, "Gee, I can contribute a little something on this one," and Clinton isn't necessarily going to give you an opening to make your little contribution. But so what. He was the president of the United States. Let him hold court.

PLAYBOY: You're a big Elvis fan. How well do you feel the King dealt with his post-glory years?

WILSON: I've thought a lot about that. There's a picture of Elvis in the middle of a Memphis highway right before he died. He looks insane because everyone else is sporting flattops and normal clothes and he's wearing a long black leather jacket, standing in the middle of the road. He stopped because he saw a car accident, and he's trying to tell people what to do. Just from that picture, you get it. It's hilarious but also kind of sad because he wants so much to help, to try to do something. You see that same quality in the photo of him with Nixon—he's completely loaded, and Nixon's making him an honorary DEA agent. You see he's a freak but not a Michael Jackson kind of freak. You know, Elvis wanted to have a contract put out on Mike Stone, the karate instructor who was screwing his wife. But when his boys got back to him later and said, "Well, we found him, and we found someone who can do it," Elvis reconsidered. He decided against it. There was a kind of decency there, even at the end.

PLAYBOY: Some would say you've had a pretty amazing run yourself. Do you ever think about how you'd handle it if everything got taken away?

WILSON: Well, hopefully I'd be okay. It wouldn't be the worst thing in the world. Like Paul Newman says in *Cool Hand Luke*, "Sometimes nothing can be a real cool hand."

BRANDO (continued from page 102)

Christian's imprisonment and Cheyenne's suicide accelerated Brando's emotional tailspin.

was believed to be a trusted figure in Brando's life; she came to work for him in the 1950s, having been brought over from the Paramount Studios secretarial pool. Over the years she had cared for his suicidal girlfriends, become Christian's legal guardian, overseen Brando's Pennebaker Inc. film production company, protected his privacy and just generally taken care of whatever had to be taken care of. She worked for Brando full-time until the mid-1980s, after which she remained involved in all aspects of his life.

Corrales too had a long history with Brando. They met 43 years earlier when Corrales was a friend to Brando's former wife Anna Kashfi. Like Marchak, she had served as surrogate mother to troubled Christian, first when he ran away from home at the age of 15, then after his release from prison in 1996, when he moved to Kalama, Washington and she served as his sponsor with the local parole board. In 1999 Brando asked her to become his business manager, and from her farm in rural Washington she straightened out the actor's books, got him tax refunds and gathered millions in uncollected residuals and fees when Brando became ill and couldn't work.

Now Marchak and Corrales had been replaced, much to their surprise and anger. Dressler, it turned out, was Medavoy's brother-in-law and had been to Brando's house only once, according to Corrales. Douglas, the youngest executor, had fallen out of favor with Brando at the end of 2002 when she and her husband, actor and filmmaker Joseph Brutsman, were editing an acting video, *Lying for a Living,* that Brando had begun working on in 2001 with British director Tony Kaye.

Medavoy, chairman of Phoenix Pictures, was the most high profile of the executors. He had started out in the Universal mail room and had been an agent, a production executive at United Artists, a co-founder of Orion Pictures and chairman at TriStar. Everywhere in the world, he boasted, "I can turn on the television and see a film being broadcast that I had some hand in getting made." Medavoy had been involved in the making of such quality films as *Amadeus, Platoon, The Silence of the Lambs* and *Legends of the Fall.* His annual Golden Globes party was one of the hottest tickets in town, and if this weren't enough to guarantee his social and professional standing he also had numerous connections to such industry and community organizations as the Sundance Institute, the Israel Film Festival, the Anti-Defamation League, his alma mater UCLA and even the Los Angeles Board of Parks and Recreations.

Medavoy met Brando at a 1996 political fund-raiser Medavoy had organized. Brando needed to rehabilitate himself after accusing Jewish Hollywood moguls of insensitivity to blacks and other minorities on *Larry King Live,* after which

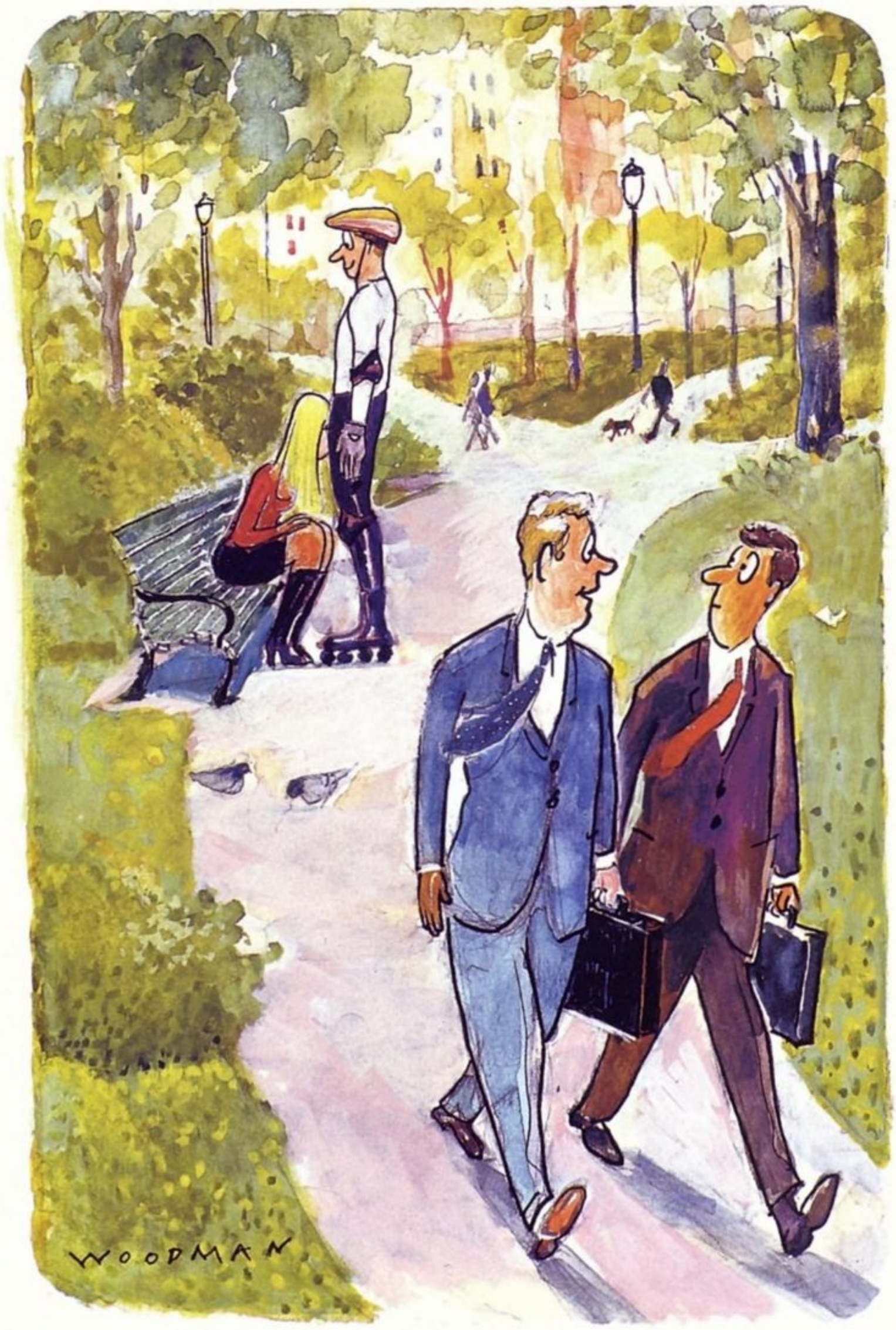
Dirty Duck®

by Bobby London

I'M LOOKING FORWARD TO YOU BEING MY PERMANENT MASSEUSE, MS. HANDJOB. YOUR PREDECESSOR HAD A HABIT OF RUBBING ME THE WRONG WAY.
JA, MR. DUCK.
IT SAYS ON YOUR RESUME THAT YOU PRACTICE SWEDISH MASSAGE. WELL, THAT'S FINE WITH ME. THE LAST GIRL WHO WORKED ON ME SAID SHE WAS INTO SHIATSU. I TOLD HER I DIDN'T CARE WHAT HER SEXUAL PROCLIVITIES WERE, I NEVER ENGAGE IN ANY ACTIVITIES THAT MIGHT BE INJURIOUS TO MY HEALTH.
JA, MR. DUCK.
...AND SPEAKING OF INJURIES, BEFORE WE BEGIN, I THOUGHT I'D GIVE YOU A RUNDOWN OF THE VARIOUS TRAUMAS INFLICTED UPON MY PERSON SO YOU'LL KNOW WHERE AND WHERE NOT TO RUB, IF YOU CATCH MY DRIFT.
JA, MR. DUCK.
FIRST OF ALL, THERE'S THE HERNIATED DISK IN MY NECK, THE RUPTURED VERTEBRAE IN MY LOWER LUMBAR REGION, THE DISLOCATED FEMUR IN MY LEFT HIP SOCKET AND THE HAIRLINE FRACTURE IN MY SACROILIAC, WHICH LEAVES JUST ONE AVAILABLE AREA BETWEEN MY LEGS AND THAT'S BEEN UN-TOUCHED FOR YEARS.
JA! MR. DUCK.
WHAT I'M TRYING TO SAY, MS. HANDJOB, IS THAT THE ONLY PART OF MY BODY NOT VISITED BY PHYSICAL MISADVENTURE IS MY PENIS... YES, ONLY THOSE TALENTED FINGERS OF YOURS CAN REALIGN MY CHAKRA AND EASE A LIFETIME OF PAIN. I AM INDEED A LONELY, BROKEN OLD DUCK.
SNIFF!
HELGA FIX!
YOU DON'T HAVE A HAIRLINE FRACTURE IN YOUR SACROILIAC, MR. DUCK.
EE
THAT'S ALL RIGHT, I DON'T KNOW WHAT "CHAKRA" MEANS, EITHER.

he made a tearful apology to directors of the Simon Wiesenthal Center. Medavoy then called to invite him to his fund-raiser—which, "as luck would have it, was a fund-raiser for Israel," says Caroline Barrett, Brando's assistant at the time, who went with him. Ordinarily Brando would have sneered at the event, but he forced himself to go so he "could be seen to be 'on the right side,'" according to Barrett.

The relationship of the two men as it evolved afterward was casual. "Marlon would be reading *Variety,*" explains Barrett, "and he'd call Medavoy to talk about grosses. Marlon figured he was going to use Medavoy to capitalize on his contacts."



"Meals on wheels."

For Marchak, Corrales and Philip Rhodes (Brando's oldest crony and longtime makeup man), the codicil and the changes it represented were alarming, and the more they thought about them, the angrier they became. In the mid-1980s Marchak had to strong-arm Brando into making his first will; Corrales had to lean on him to do the revised version in August 2002. Now the old guard found it hard to believe that Brando, ill and half out of it, had made such major changes at the last minute, removing those who had been with him the longest. They saw a pattern. Corrales, accountant Linda Pedula, lawyer Leon Bennett, housekeeper Alicia Mule, assistant Richard Thomas and personal assistant Barrett had all stopped working for Brando in the six months leading up to his death, while Toni Petrone's secretarial duties had been cut by half. Most claim to have been eased out by housemaid Borlaza, who had gradually taken a pivotal role in managing the ailing actor's daily life.

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If paranoia, anger, laziness and the need to manipulate were the source of the tragedy that was Marlon Brando, then the die was cast early in his childhood, when he decided he was not loved. His father, Marlon Sr., was tough, gruff and big—a man's man. His mother, Dorothy, or Dodie, was his father's opposite—poetic, a lover of nature and an accomplished actress who would channel her thwarted ambitions through her son. Both parents were alcoholics. In outsize Freudian terms, Dodie was the dominant figure in Brando's life: His inability to trust women and his tendencies to destroy the things he loved and turn on the people who cared about him most all had their roots in the paradox of his mother as both nurturer and lost drunk.

A Streetcar Named Desire eventually propelled Brando to stardom in 1947. With it came not only the perks of money and women but the habit of surrounding himself with friends who were emotional orphans (and whom he could draw into his web).

His talent, of course, was staggering, and he rewrote the rules of motion-picture acting. *On the Waterfront* brought him his first Oscar, in 1955, but at that point he no longer cared. By the start of the 1960s, after marrying pregnant Anna Kashfi and walking out on her six months later, he was nearly out of control and blaming others. For his directorial debut, *One-Eyed Jacks,* he shot more than a million feet of film, six times the norm. During *Mutiny on the Bounty,* his feuds with co-star Richard Harris and director Carol Reed held up production and nearly bankrupted MGM.

By the early 1970s it seemed he was finished, all but unemployable until *The Godfather,* which won him his second Academy Award for best actor. The next year he received another Oscar nomination and great critical acclaim for his tortured performance in *Last Tango in Paris.*

Despite his success, Brando practically exiled himself to Tahiti, where instead of making movies he focused on his atoll, using his own hands to drive the huge Caterpillar tractor he'd brought in to bulldoze the island's airstrip and piloting his private LST landing craft. Solar power, a lobster farm and even a preserve for chimpanzees all fascinated him. Between 1972 and 1978, at a time when he could have banked millions after the success of *The Godfather* and *Last Tango,* he took only one film project, *The*

Missouri Breaks with director Arthur Penn.

In March 1983 he tried to get organized by hiring a new assistant, Tom Papke, a middle-aged techie with a background in film and electronics. Brando talked about security, pointing to an outbuilding of his house on Mulholland Drive; its walls were made of one-foot-thick steel-reinforced concrete, with no windows and heavy plate-steel doors. It was nicknamed the Bunker. He explained that he had arranged for a helicopter service to be on call at a moment's notice. In the event of a disaster, an earthquake or a riot, the helicopter was to pick up his assistant Pat Quinn, sister Jocelyn, son Christian, friends Philip and Marie Rhodes and anyone else Brando chose to add to the list and deliver them to Mulholland so they could be safe in the Bunker.

Brando also had a penchant for pushing real estate boundaries. He had more than doubled the size of his Mulholland house, with a separate building that became the secretaries' office, then another building, then the conversion of a carport into a den (where Drollet was shot), and then an addition to the kitchen. With the exception of the last, each had been put up without a permit. The office had even been built on land belonging to the county of Los Angeles. Brando had been warned but was not deterred: Nobody was going to file a complaint against a star, so he'd just say, "Fuck 'em."

The fortifications he requested at 12900 Mulholland Drive had proceeded in stages and included a several-thousand-pound steel gate at the foot of the driveway, as well as 300 bamboo trees planted along the property's perimeter and laced with concertina wire that had been sprayed green, Vietnam camo–style. A Richard Nixon–worthy taping system was hooked up to all the telephone extensions, to record calls and eavesdrop on conversations anywhere inside the house.

"These phone calls of his," says Rhodes. "He'd always say, 'How's sex with your wife? You get anything on the side?' He had all these people talking about their sex lives, and it was all recorded."

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Christian's imprisonment in 1990 and Cheyenne's suicide on Easter Day 1995 accelerated Brando's emotional tailspin, and with the deterioration of his health beginning in 2000, his usual erratic behavior seemed to escalate, possibly because he feared he was dying. Rather than settle a 2002 lawsuit with Ruiz, the ex-maid who had sued him for palimony and child support, he dug in his heels and went to court. There was also a lawsuit filed over Brando's claim that Barrett, his former assistant, owed him money he had given her; it became another exercise in "defending my rights" and "holding the line." Along with the inflexibility, he was wildly spending money in manic-depressive swings. The *Lying for a Living* video soaked up $500,000; another $400,000 went to designing and patenting a new, improved type of conga drum that he was so high on he rewarded the designer with a $50,000 tip. Payroll records indicate that from 1995 through 2002 Avra Douglas and her husband were paid $275,291, in part for their part-time editing and the work Douglas did as Brando's on-location assistant for movies including *The Score*. That 2001 film proved to be Brando's last.

In the following years his earnings had dipped to less than $1 million a year, mainly from residuals. Meanwhile there was a $1.5 million mortgage on the Mulholland house, plus the creditors in Tahiti and daily expenses.

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To the old guard the problems really began when Borlaza took over for Ruiz as Brando's housekeeper in 1994. At the height of Borlaza's influence, she and her sister, husband and son were being paid around $150,000 a year in addition to their housing expenses and "God knows how much on the credit card," says Corrales. Vie, Borlaza's sister, received a $1,000 bonus as a new employee even though she'd been working for Brando for more than a year.

Corrales had started commuting from Washington after Brando's pulmonary fibrosis diagnosis in April 2001. On November 14, 2003, during one of Corrales's trips from Kalama, Borlaza accosted her, demanding she put her husband, Nicolas Magaling, on salary. The year before, Corrales had agreed to put both Vie and Borlaza's 16-year-old son, Dean, on the books, but she now refused. Corrales feared an INS investigation, and listing Magaling as a cook when he wasn't working for Brando would be illegal and too risky.

After the turndown Borlaza went to Brando, who dictated a letter to the INS verifying that Magaling was employed as his cook. Though frustrated, Corrales was not surprised. Borlaza's maneuverings had been obvious for the past year, ever since, according to Brando's friends, she started sharing the actor's bed. In August 2003 Corrales had felt compelled to communicate with David Seeley, Brando's lawyer. "I think we will have some real issues in the future over her power and Marlon's lack of control, whether he thinks he does or not," she told him.

Lack of control was one way to look at it. Borlaza's new ranch-style bungalow in the San Fernando Valley, which Brando was paying for, was less than a 40-minute drive away, but Borlaza

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moved her two children and sister into the Mulholland house, along with a dog and a cat. The office had been turned into a sleeping area for Borlaza's kids and their animals, and her son Dean was driving Brando's Lexus, which he'd managed to get into a $3,000 fender bender. The monthly food bills were running from $3,500 to $4,000.

"Marlon bought her the house, I think, probably for the husband to live in," says Brando pal Rhodes, "because by then Marlon was having an affair with Angela, as he always had affairs with his help."

Corrales wrote to Seeley in November 2003: "The house is a pigpen—windows dirty, no toilet paper half the time. One of the crew and I went around the house picking up dead rats." Brando, she said, "stays in his room, oblivious to life in the outside world other than his television."

Brando was not getting any exercise. Corrales noticed that all his pills were being kept in the kitchen except for a large bottle of something called Norco on his bedside table. The drug, she soon found out, was a habit-forming narcotic analgesic. Symptoms of overdosing on Norco may include bleeding, slow breathing, weakness, confusion and even coma. The drug is contraindicated for anyone with kidney or liver disease. Corrales determined from checking credit card receipts that Brando was obtaining the narcotic from two different pharmacies, sometimes filling two prescriptions on the same day.

During this time, Brando's battle with pulmonary fibrosis left him bedridden, except to go to the bathroom. He stayed on oxygen full-time, and he slept mostly during daylight hours. Outside his window workmen Corrales had brought from Kalama were busy building a new deck and wheelchair ramp everyone knew he'd never use. One afternoon Brando told Corrales he wanted a garden planted in the spring. He wanted sunflowers.

In his more rational moments Brando could be touching, open and unguarded. In September 2003 he sent Corrales flowers. The card, which referred to his considerable weight loss of the previous year, read, "From a short ex–fat person who holds you in great esteem. Every flower is a copy of your soul." Corrales faxed him back, "It took some time for my tears to dry."

Corrales also worried that Brando felt trapped by Borlaza. He had called Corrales long-distance in November 2002, instructing her, "Please, JoAn, I want you to write this down: 'Emotional involvement with Angela getting out of hand. Marlon wants out. Angela has too much power.'"

Brando told Corrales on one of her visits, "JoAn, look around and tell me what you see."

"I see books, music, family pictures, things that have made up your life for as long as I've known you," she said.

"Then why did I wind up with someone who knows only one subject—salary?" he said with a sigh. "Angela has more moves than a shit-house rat."

In mid-December 2003 Corrales, plagued by bronchitis, cut her L.A. visit short. By now she knew Brando was over the edge and in all probability doomed. She wasn't the only one. Bruce Davis, one of the Kalama workmen, wrote Corrales a note saying of Brando, "He was doing a lot of groaning and heavy breathing and was not coherent. I didn't think I would see him again, but Angela said he was fine and that there was nothing wrong with him."

•

That Christmas Tarita Teriipaia, Brando's Tahitian common-law wife and Cheyenne's mother, decided to fly in from French Polynesia. Brando had met Teriipaia while filming *Mutiny on the Bounty* in the early 1960s. Borlaza called Corrales to warn her that Teriipaia would probably be spending lots of money on her usual shopping and on some fairly heavy dental work, too.

The visit did not go well. On January 14 Brando called Corrales, his tone now almost businesslike. "There's a big mess down here," he said. "The girls are going crazy." No one involved in that event will say what happened during the visit, but Corrales found herself in the middle of Brando's marital mayhem. She called David Seeley for instructions. Brando's lawyer advised her to lie low and let the storm pass.

Corrales heard from Brando again on January 19, when he left what Corrales called "an insane message" on her voice mail that she was to make every available effort to show he was not a California resident. She was to buy a generator for his electricity; he would use only bottled water, not the city supply; he would lease out the Mulholland house, possibly to Medavoy; all services to Mulholland were to be stopped; and he would no longer use credit cards in the state.

The idea itself wasn't new; he had already talked about saving on California income tax. But this was pure Howard Hughes. More worried than ever before, Corrales wrote Seeley later that day, "In reviewing the message, I have to believe Marlon is not thinking rationally."

On January 28 Borlaza told Linda Pedula, Brando's accountant, to pay certain bills. This was a first. Corrales wrote in her log, "Angela trying to place herself in situation where she controls funds, the banking, has control of the books."

Corrales wanted to discuss this with Brando and left messages. After several days, he left her a voice mail. "I don't know what to say, but everything has turned brown here," he said. His voice was slurred, and from past experience Corrales knew that "brown," as Brando used it, meant "shit." She called him back. Nothing.

On February 10 she again faxed Seeley. She brought up Brando's euphoria, depression, despair and sexual and financial promiscuity. She accused Seeley, whom she called "the starstruck

"Oh, God...I can see it coming...our very first argument!"

attorney," of refusing to intervene on Brando's behalf with Borlaza. The lawyer made no reply.

Finally, on February 25, Corrales acknowledged the obvious: She'd run into a wall. She sat down and wrote Brando a 10-page letter recapitulating their long, involved history, hoping against hope that it would reach him. She sent copies to Seeley and Medavoy, too. Borlaza, she maintained, had taken over his life.

"My mother used to say that when a frog is in the middle of a mud puddle, he doesn't know there is dry land all around him. That is where you are and have been for a long time," Corrales wrote. "I wanted so much for you as my friend, and I am so sad at the wedges that have been placed between us for material and financial gain. You should be ashamed of yourself. I don't think you or Angela have any idea of the repercussions of what you have done."

Brando did not respond. Instead Corrales received a directive from Larry Dressler, the new accountant, on March 18, instructing her to return all records belonging to the actor. Two weeks later she was informed that she was no longer to use Brando's credit card. Corrales had been fired.

The change in status was shocking. Only a year before, Brando had called Corrales into his room and talked about his lost daughter. He had looked up at her from his bed with tears in his eyes. "It'll be all right, won't it?" he asked in a trembling, little boy's voice. "See, I can say her name now."

He pointed to Cheyenne's picture, a small framed snapshot of her at 12 or 13 on the beach at Tetiaroa. Corrales realized he'd moved the picture from across the room to his bedside table so he could see it at eye level while lying down. He broke completely and sobbed. After a moment he dried his face with some tissue and motioned her to stay.

"There was a time I couldn't," he said, pausing and trying to smile, "say her name. But promise me you'll always take care of my son. You've been so good to Christian always."

Brando had sent Christian a note, an extraordinary tough-tender letter that said, in effect, "Sober up or you're going to die. I love you, my son, please know that." He signed off with the handwritten apology, "Excuse the typing, can't write so well. All my love, Pop."

The handwriting was indeed impossible—a series of squiggly, spidery, spastic letters that were all but indecipherable. There were a dozen reasons Brando blamed himself for what had happened, and all of them were legitimate.

He then told Corrales what to do after he died, giving her directives about his death that he would repeat before their break at the end of February:

(1) Seal the bedroom with a padlock. No one is to enter. "They will steal the buttons off my shirt," Brando said.

(2) Regarding Miko, Brando's second-oldest son: "He wants to be my first-born. It will never happen; we have nothing in common. Christian is my firstborn. Make sure he knows how much I loved him."

(3) "After a couple of weeks, take Christian into my room. I have something for him. It will be in the top left-hand drawer in the bathroom."

(4) "Have everyone leave the premises except for someone to feed the dogs. Have the gardeners take care of the yard."

(5) "What happens to my house?" Brando asked. Corrales said it would be sold. Brando said, "Please treat her gently. I have been here almost 50 years."

(6) "Do not let anyone see me after I die. I want everyone to remember me as I was the last time they saw me or talked to me. Promise me. Promise me."

Brando was the one at fault, really. He was dying, and his life was unraveling. His last days were as tortured as his earlier ones, and no one could help.

(7) "Do not allow any kind of services, especially not any memorials."

(8) "I wish I could be sitting under a coconut palm in a very special place on the island when I die. If not...send my ashes to Tarita."

What had happened in the following months? At first Corrales focused on Borlaza. Corrales claims to have documents showing two Social Security numbers and at least three names for her: Angela Borlaza, Angela Magaling and Evelyn Magaling. But Brando was the one at fault, really. He was dying, and his life was unraveling. His last days were as tortured as his earlier ones, and no one could help.

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Philip Rhodes, ordinarily a most mild-mannered man, began to complain when his old friend's body was put on display at a local Sherman Oaks funeral home days after his death.

"It was appalling," Rhodes says. "That was the last thing Marlon would have wanted, to be put on display like that."

"Like that" meant an open casket stuffed with the 300-pound Brando, who was wrapped in a caftan topped off with his favorite vermilion scarf, his face smeared with rouge and whatever else undertakers use to prettify the dead. On principle Rhodes refused to go to the viewing. Brando's secretary,

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Toni Petrone, attended and reported to the others that members of the family were there, as well as Brando's ex-mistress Yachiyo Tsubaki, a wealthy heiress who had flown in from Tokyo with her brother. Brando's former agent Jay Kanter was there, along with Teri-ipaia. New executors Medavoy and Dressler were present too, as was Borlaza, who brought her children, sisters and friends and planted herself at the head of the casket as if she were Brando's grieving widow.

Rhodes says he called Brando's sister Jocelyn and mentioned he'd heard that Borlaza's sister Vie had been giving Brando painkillers, supposedly by injection. Whether Vie was fully licensed as a registered nurse he wasn't sure.

"I told her I was afraid something had been done to Marlon. She said, 'Oh no, I've been talking a lot to Angela, and her sister is an accredited nurse.' I wasn't happy with that," says Rhodes. "Marlon was a very, very tough guy, and it seemed as though he went too quickly. I'd known he was taking a painkiller that affected his liver, and about a week before he died they found a tremendous growth. Why hadn't it been found earlier? If they had operated, maybe he'd be alive today."

Brando's body was cremated, precluding an autopsy. Shortly thereafter his estate was hit with a flood of lawsuits. Brando had never been careful with money and was often duplicitous with friends. Claims filed against his estate, and those about to be filed, were significant: $460,000 from Air Moorea for unpaid business costs; $408,079.85 from the Creative Artists Agency for unpaid commissions and interest; a claim for a building lot on Tetiaroa that Brando had promised his L.A.-based architect, Bernard Judge; and another claim from ex-mistress Tsubaki for the return of two paintings she had made. Petrone filed for reimbursement for an art deco ring she had lost down the drain at the Mulholland house while washing vegetables.

Pending claims were bigger, specifically those of Kanter and Marchak, who each demanded the return of waterside bungalows in Bora Bora that Brando had given them as presents but failed to deed over. Marchak's lawyers also wanted the cash value of the Newport Beach residence Brando had contributed to as part of a retirement package in 1984; he then "borrowed" the house to secure a loan and eventually sold the property without giving her the proceeds as promised. Her claim, based on the loss of both properties, totaled $1,065,000.

So many lawsuits were filed by Brando's former friends and associates that even veteran Brando watchers were amazed. Was Brando such a bad friend that he left behind a sea of ill will? Were his old friends not really friends at all but gold diggers looking to cash in on the actor's wealth and fame? Probably no suit was more surprising than the one filed by Corrales. She made a claim for $500,000 in unpaid commissions for work she had agented while serving as Brando's business manager. Then, surprisingly, the woman who had spent 43 years tending to Brando's needs, watching over his son and crying with him at his bedside, also asked for an additional $3 million for what her lawyer would tell the media was sexual harassment. Corrales's affection during Brando's life had turned to disappointment at being removed as an executor of the estate. In the end that disappointment transformed into rage and litigation. "In the end one's love and devotion and hard work were replaced by abandonment and broken promises, however much you cared for the man," she complained bitterly. "If he were alive today, I would prefer to sue him in person."

In a further complication, lawyers for Ruiz, mother of Brando's three youngest children, had gotten a favorable court ruling allowing her to file for additional monies without violating the will's no-contest clause. The court decision meant other heirs could do the same.

For the old guard there was one big question: How competent was Brando when he signed the codicil that changed his executors? For months he had been isolated—Marchak, for example, had called twice in the two days preceding Brando's death, and Borlaza had put her off. Like almost everyone who inquired, Marchak got the line "Mr. Brando, he sleeping" or "Mr. Brando, he in the bathroom." How could anyone prove incompetence when no one had been to his home, when most of the longtime staffers had been fired?

Brando's new inner circle wasn't talking, at least not for the purposes of this article. Medavoy, Dressler, Douglas and Borlaza endured the old guard's animosity in stony silence.

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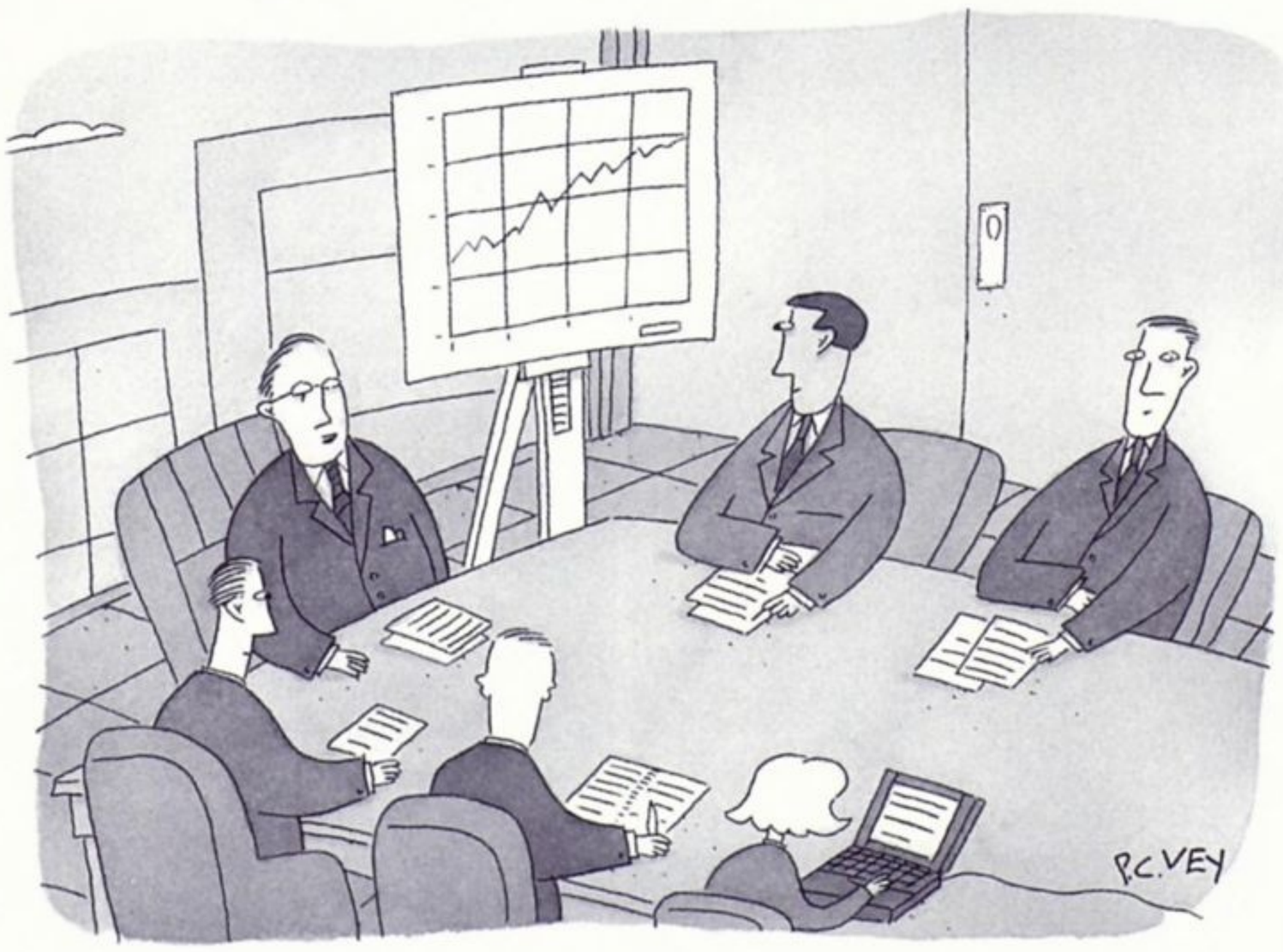
In early July Brando's sister Jocelyn addressed the question of a memorial by telling Foxnews.com columnist Roger Friedman that there would be "no service of any kind."

In fact, three or four ceremonies were held. Brando's son Miko, 44, appeared to have planned one while elder brother Christian, long Miko's rival, was absent. Miko had long been chummy with Borlaza, so his new status seemed to fit. Toward the end of September a crowd of nearly 200 gathered at the Medavoys' colonial-style mansion, better known for its Golden Globes parties than for memorials.

The night of the ceremony the guest list was star-studded: Warren Beatty and Annette Bening, Jack Nicholson, Johnny Depp, Sean Penn, Nick Nolte, Robert De Niro and Barbra Streisand. Even Michael Jackson was there. Former agent Kanter told the media it was "really quite small, and a lot of Brando's family were there." There was family—sister Jocelyn and several nieces and nephews—but the actor's staffers and friends who had been with him for decades were nowhere to be



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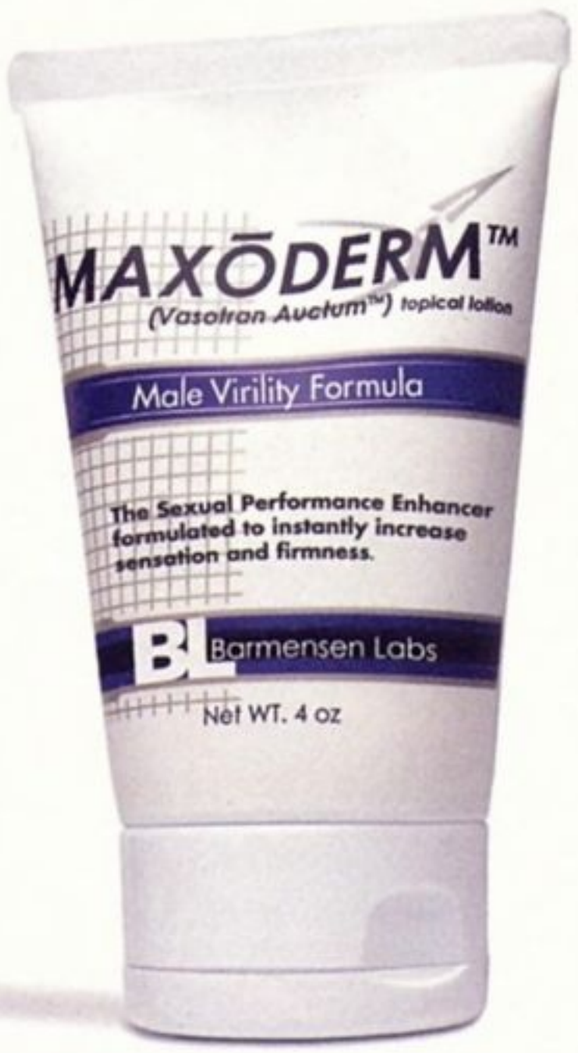
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seen. Englund and Marchak boycotted the event. (Marchak was offended when told she couldn't bring anyone with her.) Corrales, Barrett, Rhodes and his wife, Marie (who had worked as Brando's stand-in), had not been invited, nor had friends and staffers Pat Quinn, Tom Papke and Alex du Prel.

Aside from Nicholson and Penn, and to a lesser extent Depp, few of the celebrity cast had actually had much contact with Brando. No less surprising, Borlaza was one of the evening's featured speakers. Speaking slowly with a pronounced accent, she told of how, 10 years before, "Maarrlon" had welcomed her as a friend, not an employee. "My darkness, it make no difference," she said. He hired her, sent her to language school, trained her on the computer—so what else could she have done, she asked, but be there when he needed her? "There are people who say they knew Marlon for 40 years. It not matter; you can know Marlon in an instant."

She continued, giving credit to her sister for all the good work she'd done, and at the end she called Brando a great man. A big round of applause followed, which was the cue for Miko to rise. He too spoke on the theme of greatness.

"My father," he said, "was a very simple man. People don't realize that. He was a great father, too. He had 11 children. I have all these stepsiblings, and we all get along."

That was not really true. The Brando kids had never gotten along. But Miko was actually saying something else: that he was now the family spokesman. Older brother Christian, who had come down from Washington, sat on the sideline, brooding next to Nicholson and nursing a bottle of Jack Daniel's.

"The whole thing sucked. Miko was doing his bullshit, walking around like the fucking Godfather," Christian said later. "He's a complete asshole. I went up to him afterward and said, 'When you gonna find out whose dick you really came out of?'"

This was not a fresh insult. Christian and others have long believed Miko wasn't Brando's son at all. Brando met Miko's mother, Movita Castenada, just before filming *Viva Zapata!* in 1951. The old guard basically maintains that Castenada had used the infant Miko to trap Brando into marrying her. The marriage, annulled in 1968, took place in Mexico in 1960, and even that was suspect because at the time Castenada appeared to be married to Irish boxer Jack Doyle. According to Marchak, Brando's psychiatrist urged him not to confront Miko with the truth of his birth until he was a teenager. Yet Miko was included in Brando's will, and the two had an ongoing relationship.

"Marlon felt sorry for the kids," says Rhodes, "and he bought a house for them all to live in. Later he told Miko, 'You must get it out of your mind; you are not my son.' He never adopted him, either, I don't think."

Adds Marchak, "Marlon didn't like Miko. He didn't trust him, because when he was a child he'd come up to the house and, as Marlon saw it, spy for his mother. He wasn't a likable child. He was sneaky, and Marlon always warned me about him. 'Miko always sees dollar signs. That's his thing.'"

In his 20s Miko was known to drive around L.A. with a vanity license plate that read PRODUCR. He would show up at film premieres, where he could mix with the stars and pose for photos, and in 1978, while working as a production assistant on the Korean set of *Inchon,* he would tell journalists his father would be arriving and he'd be happy to arrange interviews. In the 1980s Quincy Jones, a friend of Brando's, got Miko a job working as a security guard for Michael Jackson. Miko quickly made himself the intermediary between the pop singer and Brando, who, oddly enough, wound up giving Jackson acting lessons.

Despite this job, Miko felt free to tap his father's assets. In December 2002 Miko charged a $115,000 Porsche turbo to his father and instructed the leasing company to send the contract to Borlaza, who forwarded it to Corrales for payment. When Corrales killed it outright, Miko threw a fit. He also asked for $4,807.17 to cover a three-day car trip to Carmel and San Francisco with his kids, and Corrales recalls receiving another demand for $950 he claimed to have spent on groceries for the family's Thanksgiving meal.

Miko's new role as family spokesman was codified at the time of the September memorial when the *Los Angeles Times* ran the story "Behind the Scenes of Brando's Life: His son tells of a doting, eccentric father...," the first of several Brando articles by *Times* staffer Robert Welkos.

"The last time my father left his house to go anywhere, to spend any kind of time, it was with Michael Jackson at Neverland Ranch," Miko was quoted at his most nostalgic. "He loved it. My father had a 24-hour chef, 24-hour security, 24-hour help, a 24-hour kitchen, 24-hour maid service. Just carte blanche."

On the question of Tetiaroa's fate, Miko grew more businesslike. "I think there's talk about developing half of it," he said, "because at the end, my father wanted to take it over and develop it as a resort. He never got around to it, so you know, if it comes up that's an option we have. But we're keeping our business options open."

Brando's old friends say the actor had never wanted to develop or sell the atoll. But buried in the article was a more revelatory announcement: The estate was obtaining trademarks on Brando's name and likeness.

"The last thing I'm going to do is something that cheapens Marlon's image," Medavoy said in a follow-up article dated October 15. "You want some sort of blanket protection against anyone doing something that basically goes out and steals his image and puts it on a napkin. This way you can protect against it."

"If Marlon were alive and well, he'd kill them," Rhodes says, chuckling that he'd been misrepresented in the *Times* article.

It is possible that Brando may have had a deathbed conversion brought on by concern over his kids' shaky financial future. The branding of dead celebrities is big box office. Given the enthusiasm of Brando fans the world over, marketing Brando could generate $10 million to $15 million a year. Among the ideas being contemplated: Brando sunglasses and a Brando line of clothing.

For the Brando kids—who so far had raised no objection to the branding of their famous father's name, whether for bottle openers, key chains, credit cards or temporary tattoos—the arrangement

"I don't know how to tell you this, Helen, but I think I'm bi-polar."

was worth a potential $1.25 million annually for each of them.

•

As if the estate squabble weren't enough, the existing members of Brando's family continue to struggle with the legacy of being a Brando. Documents seized from the home of Michael Jackson's personal assistant show that Miko had received $20,000, reportedly as part of a plot to kidnap the 12-year-old boy accusing Jackson of sexual molestation. Prosecutor Ron Zonen said Miko was not considered part of the conspiracy after all but would likely be called to testify at Jackson's trial.

Christian had even bigger problems. Attorneys in the Robert Blake trial in L.A. presented evidence implicating Christian in the killing of Blake's wife, Bonnie Lee Bakley. Christian reputedly acknowledged having an affair with the woman, followed by a bitter falling-out, but denied making a death threat. Christian was eventually cleared, but the Blake experience, coupled with the loss of his father, sent him into a tailspin. He was drinking heavily and had complicated matters by suddenly marrying Deborah Presley, 48, in Las Vegas. Presley claimed to be an illegitimate daughter of Elvis Presley, but a Memphis judge ruled in 1988 that her claim had no merit.

Medavoy offered Christian a construction job on the set of his new film, a remake of *All the King's Men,* starring Sean Penn, but Christian declined, apprehensive that he would have to deal with "too many people" and wouldn't be able to take the pressure. The estate then loaned him money, reportedly several thousand dollars a month over several months, money Christian and his new wife went through in a flash. In February 2005 Christian found himself hauled into court for spousal abuse, and his wife, who remained with Christian, went back to Medavoy to ask the estate to pay for her husband's rehab.

"Grow up," the producer reportedly told her. "You're not Jesus Christ. He's got to take care of himself. I'm doing exactly what Marlon would do—nothing!"

Medavoy later modified this a bit, claiming he would help only after Christian made the first move to help himself, but Brando's old friends were nevertheless appalled. For all their problems and inability to communicate, Brando had never abandoned his son, whether he was hocking his home to pay for Christian's legal defense or telling Corrales and banker Diane McCallum to look after him. "There are two things Christian must always have—a roof over his head and health insurance," Brando once said. "He can't take care of himself."

Now the estate was telling Christian to do just that, even as the lawyers were jetting back and forth to Tahiti and the accountants were billing at their customary $300 an hour. When Christian, a welder by profession, first came down from Washington after his father's death, he went to the Mulholland Drive house to retrieve his tools. An armed guard refused him entry, and he was on the street, without a real home.

Meanwhile, fresh controversies erupted. In early 2005 Tarita Teriipaia published her memoirs in France. In them she says Brando was to blame for the death of their daughter, Cheyenne. The book quotes Cheyenne on what she had told me when I wrote *Brando: The Biography,* published in 1994. Cheyenne said her father massaged her from the age of seven onward, "as if he wanted me to pretend we were making love."

Things were a mess. Dressler surveyed the situation and told *The New York Times* that he and the other executors were finding the aftermath of Brando's death uphill-going.

"He didn't live with order in his life," said Dressler of Brando, with the most magnificent if unintended irony. "He liked to leave things where they lay."

By late February 2005 the executors had moved forward with the sale of the estate's two principal assets, the Mulholland house and Tetiaroa. For Mulholland, the JN Trust—presumably neighbor Jack Nicholson—was offering $5 million even though the property had been valued at probate at twice that amount. For Tetiaroa, Tahiti Beachcomber SA, proprietor of several luxury resorts in French Polynesia, was offering $2 million even though Brando had rejected $5 million plus $1 million yearly in hotel royalties from the same outfit in March 2003. Neither property was being put on the open market, so it was hard to determine the apparent advantages of these bird-in-the-hand offers. Members of the old guard consulted lawyers. And on behalf of Teriipaia, Bernard Judge, Brando's master planner for the island, tried to reach out to environmentalists "to save" the pristine atoll from development.

•

As the controversy about Brando's life and choices persists, those close to him have returned to their daily routines, struggling with their ambivalence as to who exactly the great actor was. Tom Papke, the young tech whiz who saw the older man as a friend, recalls one specific moment with Brando that bordered on magic. It happened in the 1990s after Christian's imprisonment and before Cheyenne's suicide. Papke was standing outside the house, watching lightning crack over the valley below Mulholland Drive. Before he knew it Brando was standing next to him, barefoot and dressed only in a kimono, with the wind blowing through his hair.

"I love the wind! When I die, I'm going to be part of it!" he shouted above the storm.

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Scarlett Johansson

(continued from page 81)

JOHANSSON: It's like a good *Twilight Zone* episode. Everything seems normal until the last five minutes, and then you're like, "Oh my God!" People have been saying it's *Logan's Run* meets *The Matrix* meets *Brave New World*. It's basically about clones, people who are being harvested for body parts. Functioning people living in a community find out their purpose and escape. They have a crazy chase through the Arizona desert and then through downtown L.A. The audience doesn't really know what's going on until well into the film, which I find to be exciting and is why I decided to do the movie. When I was reading the script I kept thinking, What's going to happen? I love that.

Q6

PLAYBOY: What persistent rumor about you would you now like to categorically deny?

JOHANSSON: There are several. First, that I'll date only men over 30 years old, which is not true and never was. I never said that. I guess people make the assumption because in the movies I've made I've had relationships with older men, sexual and not. Also a tabloid said I had sex with a certain actor in a hotel elevator and that I confirmed it by making a sarcastic comment to a magazine about it. I said, "Well, apparently we were in this elevator, and it was really steamy and sexy—which I think is very unsanitary." They took out the word *apparently*. I felt horrible. It was awful.

Q7

PLAYBOY: That said, what *is* on your list of fantasy places to have sex?

JOHANSSON: If people are around but don't know we're there, I'm not the kind of person who will say, "Let's have sex." I'm not an exhibitionist. That doesn't excite me. I do think having sex in a car is sexy, but I don't know that it's a fantasy. If I were in a really raunchy frame of mind and thinking of doing something crazy and kinky and sexy, the backseat would be it. [*laughs*] I mean, the front seat is kind of uncomfortable, isn't it? You can lean it back, but I think the backseat probably has more room. It's also more private. I'm not into being caught.

Q8

PLAYBOY: Why are you squirming in your seat right now?

JOHANSSON: Allergies. I just came from the doctor, who stuck pins in a grid all over my back. Now it's so itchy! I just want to die. They have a tray with 60 different vials. They stick you with these teeny irritating tickly things, in a grid six across and 10 down, mark which is which, and whatever reacts—turns red or itchy or has a hive—is what you're allergic to. I knew right away it was bad news. Just as the woman was about to leave I said, "Oh, it's starting to itch." Then I had to wait 20 minutes to get the full effect. And I couldn't scratch. I was going nuts.

Q9

PLAYBOY: You've been cast in *Mission: Impossible III*. What had you imagined about Tom Cruise that was immediately and obviously true upon meeting him?

JOHANSSON: That he would be such a charismatic person. I instantly thought, Wow, he's a movie star! Stardust sprinkles out of him when he walks. I also discovered that he softballs everybody he works with. He's friendly and remembers everybody's name. He's enthusiastic. And I think he's a fantastic actor. I loved him in *Eyes Wide Shut, Magnolia, Risky Business, Rain Man* and, of course, *Jerry Maguire*. I love to watch Tom. I can see his thought process when he's working. I love that.

Q10

PLAYBOY: What's more important, good work or a long career?

JOHANSSON: Can't I have both? Good work is more important to me. What's a long career if you're not happy with your work? You work and work and never feel you're accomplishing anything. That's a *Twilight Zone* episode. Besides, good work usually means a long career. I don't have job security. I don't know what I'd do if I went through a period like John Travolta did, in which no one was interested in me—he's such a good actor, and I loved working with him. I'd have to find another career. I'd probably be either a florist or an Egyptologist, because I'm fascinated with ancient Egypt. Maybe I'd grow orchids in Egypt.

Q11

PLAYBOY: What comics did you read to prepare for bringing a comic-book character to life in *Ghost World,* your 2000 movie based on the Daniel Clowes comic?

JOHANSSON: The only comic books I'd ever read were *Ren & Stimpy* and *Archie*. I always felt bad for Betty. Betty was nice and pretty. Betty was hot. She wanted Archie. Archie wanted Veronica. Veronica's pretty mean. Reggie also wanted Veronica. Jughead probably wanted Reggie; that's why he didn't want to be with the skinny Olive Oyl–y one, Big Ethel. Who wanted Betty?

Q12

PLAYBOY: How hard do you have to work to get ready to go out in public?

JOHANSSON: I did a film called *A Good Woman,* and there's a great line in it: "Women are similar to sausages: You never want to see the preparation of either."

Q13

PLAYBOY: When you travel between your homes in New York and Los Angeles, do you pack a suitcase or keep clothes at both places?

JOHANSSON: I carry a suitcase. I like to pack. I've been packing for 12 years. I can pack really fast and really efficiently. I'm into rolling. An ex-boyfriend of mine taught me the technique. For that and a few other things I'll be forever grateful to him. You can fit 12 pairs of pants in a carry-on if you roll.

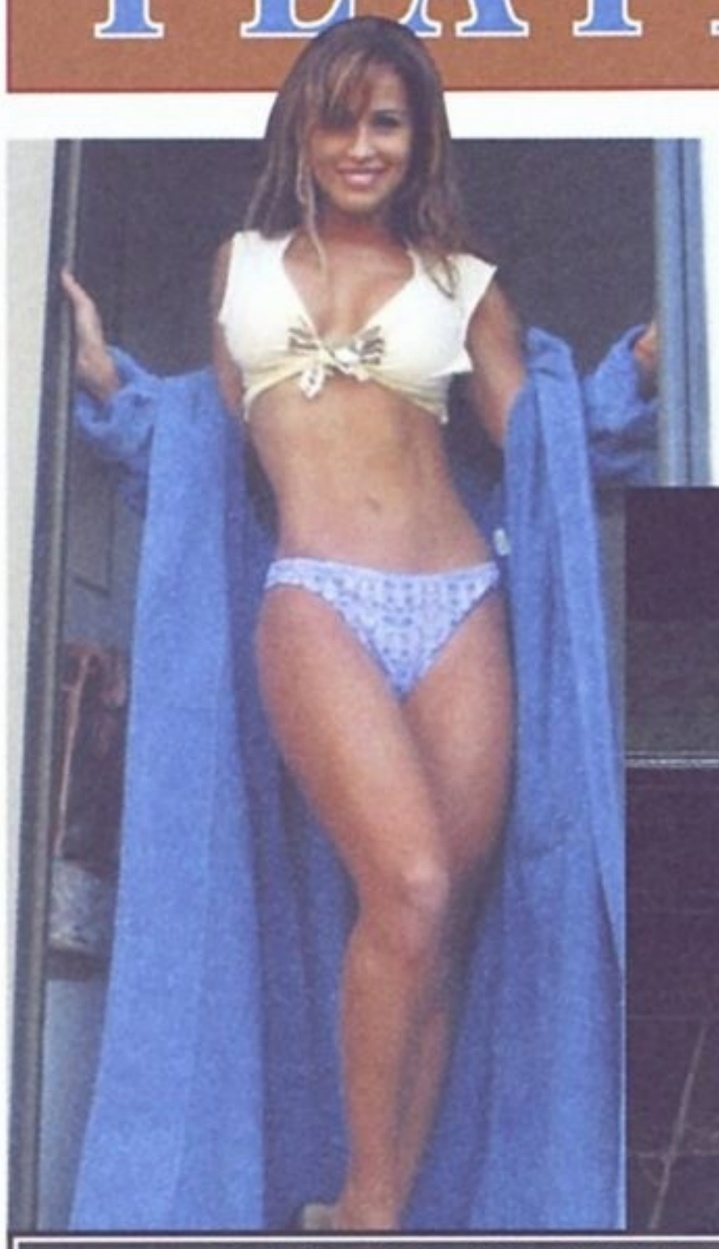
Q14

PLAYBOY: What's the best swag bag you've ever received at a celebrity function?

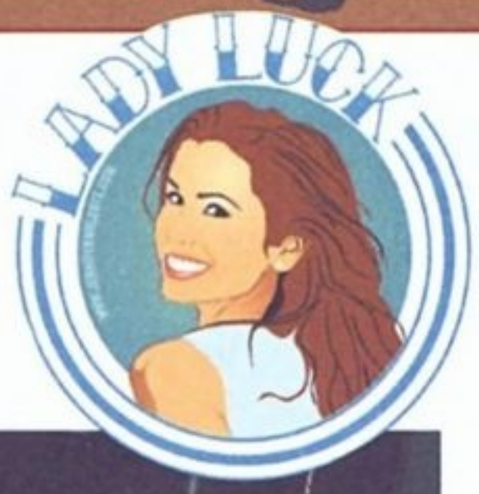
JOHANSSON: Some of the best gift bags I've gotten were at the *Vanity Fair* Hollywood shoots. I did two with all women, and the

(concluded on page 157)

PLAYMATE NEWS



Clockwise from left: Jennifer Walcott on the set of *American Pie: Band Camp;* looking animated for Lady Luck bikes; partying in Vegas.



PIE IN THE SKY: JENNIFER WALCOTT'S BIG MOVIE NEWS

Jennifer Walcott is having her pie and eating it, too. Though she's one of the most in-demand Playmate models in the country, Miss August 2001 has never had a substantial acting role—until now. For her first major foray into film, she plays sexy band-camp counselor Laurie in *American Pie: Band Camp,* the fourth installment of the funnier-than-homemade-dessert series, due on DVD this year. So how did she get her big break? "It was by accident," says Jennifer (on the set, above left). "At the casting they asked me if I had ever acted, and I said no. I got the part anyway. It was a lot of fun." The animated Youngstown, Ohio native has also been tapped as cartoon poster girl Lady Luck for Lucky's Custom Choppers, a motorcycle company based in Las Vegas. And if you're ever in Sin City, make sure to check out Jen on billboards promoting Bally's slot machines and the highly anticipated Playboy nightclub at the Palms Hotel Resort and Casino. Vegas adores her so much, in fact, that she and fellow Centerfolds Scarlett Keegan and Destiny Davis were awarded a key to the city. Now that's what we call Lady Luck.

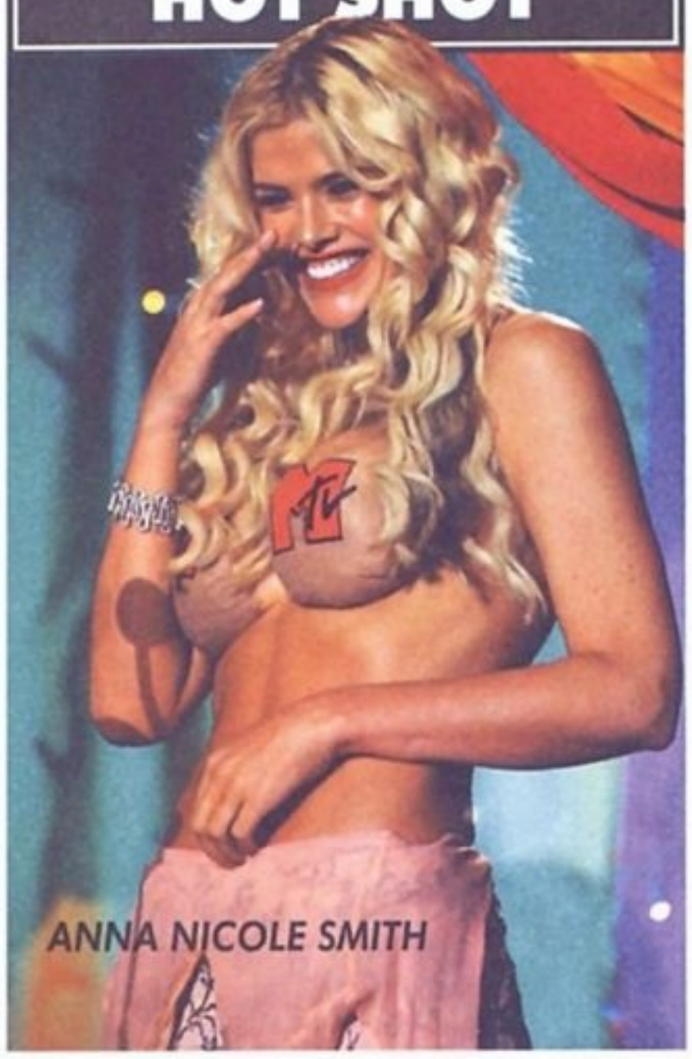
10 YEARS AGO THIS MONTH

In the past decade Miss July 1995 Heidi Mark has cemented her place in pop culture as one of TV's most ubiquitous buxom blondes. Since her PLAYBOY appearance, she's had memorable guest spots on *Baywatch, Ally McBeal, Charmed* and *Beverly Hills 90210,* as well as a regular role as cruise director Nicole Jordan on *Love Boat: The Next Wave*. Her movies range from *Rock Star* to *Man of the Year,* starring John Ritter. In 2000 Heidi joined the elite group we call Playmates Who've Married Motley Crue Guys—other members include Pam Anderson and Donna D'Errico—when she got hitched to (though later divorced) singer Vince Neil.

FEMALE BONDING

If PLAYBOY women get along this well, what's next—waxing one another's bikini lines? At least we can hope. From left: Barbara Moore in a brunette wig at Playmate Julie McCullough's birthday bash; *Dirty Love* stars Carmen Electra and Jenny McCarthy at Sundance; Victoria Fuller at the premiere of *A Love Song for Bobby Long;* Brande Roderick and Carmella DeCesare at Glamourcon.

HOT SHOT



ANNA NICOLE SMITH

MY FAVORITE PLAYMATE

By Christina Moore

My favorite Playmate is Miss October 1993 and Playmate of the Year 1994 **Jenny McCarthy** because I'm on her television show, UPN's *The Bad Girl's Guide,* and she'll fire me if I don't say she's the best Playmate in the history of PLAYBOY.

POP QUESTIONS: ANGEL BORIS

Q: Tell us about your role in the independent movie *Lost Lake* (pictured).

A: I play a woman whose life changes dramatically after she takes a job at a remote ski lodge in the High Sierra mountains. It's an adventure, but it has a spiritual side. The ski footage is great.

Q: Are you a good skier?

A: I love skiing, but I had a ski double for the intense scenes. She was incredible.

Q: We hear there's a steamy sex scene.

A: It's true. Luckily it wasn't my first, so I was pretty comfortable with it. I was alone with my co-star and the cameraman. We wanted to make it as hot as we could. We went for it.

Q: What's your ultimate movie role?

A: I would love to play a kickass spy like Jennifer Garner in *Alias*. I'm getting a bit older and expecting my first baby, so at this point I'm also looking to play more of the dramatic young mother roles.

Q: Congrats! When's the baby due?

A: October. I got married on New Year's Eve, so it was all very exciting and fast, but it's been great. I've played enough of the young, hot, sexy vixen roles. Maybe motherhood will change that. It would be nice to be seen a bit differently.

COURTNEY RACHEL CULKIN BOWLS OVER THE KNICKS

If Courtney Rachel Culkin wanted to catch the eye of the New York Knicks by wearing a team T-shirt in her April 2005 pictorial, the gambit worked. Soon after the issue appeared Courtney was invited to participate in Knicks Bowl 6, a charity event that raised more than $300,000 for the Knicks Cheering for Children Foundation. At right, she gets an appreciative squeeze from forward Michael Sweetney.

PLAYMATE GOSSIP

Is your TiVo set to record MTV's *Meet the Barkers*? If you're living under a punk rock and haven't seen it yet, the hit reality show stars Playmate and former Miss USA **Shanna Moakler,** Blink-182 drummer Travis Barker and their two kids, Atiana and Landon. "I have a five-year-old daughter who looks nothing like me," Barker says (Atiana's biological dad is boxer Oscar De La Hoya). "When I take her to school, people look at me like I stole her."... Though his ill-fated talk show *McEnroe* went bust not long after it debuted, tennis legend John McEnroe was lucky in one sense: **Cara Wakelin** (above) appeared on one of the final episodes.... If you're into comedy and scantily clad ladies, watch Spike TV's *The Lance Krall Show,* which features PMOY 2005 **Tiffany Fallon** as a schoolgirl, a hot office worker and a sexy alien.... **Colleen Marie** (below) visited Cyberlore Studios, where the video game *Playboy: The Mansion* was developed. The dozens of magazines spread out on the office floor? The designers no doubt used them for inspiration.

LEROY NEIMAN

Cara Wakelin and John McEnroe.

Colleen Marie taking a Bunny nap.

cyber club

See your favorite Playmate's pictorial in the Cyber Club at cyber.playboy.com.

(continued from page 154)

items were very feminine: lingerie, sexy things, sweet nightshirts, perfumes and lotions, nail polishes, private stuff. In an Oscar bag you get a whole bunch of stuff you have to sift through, like, "Oh, a Dirt Devil! A trip to Hawaii! And here's a phone I'll never use!" I prefer more intimate packages. At the *Vanity Fair* shoots the bags are designed specifically for each recipient. At least I think so. Elle Macpherson did a lingerie line and put in a bunch of lingerie from her collection along with a note: "These are perfect for blank-sized breasts."

Q15

PLAYBOY: If and when you finally show your "blank-sized breasts" in a movie, will you make the moviemakers pay big-time as many actresses do?

JOHANSSON: Hmm. Not necessarily. Halle Berry didn't in *Monster's Ball*. It would just have to be the right film, and the right film wouldn't necessarily have a $120 million budget.

Q16

PLAYBOY: Many actresses and probably a few actors these days are shocked to find nude pictures of themselves—real or fake—popping up all over the web. As a member of the Internet generation, what would you say to an older peer who just got a big, big surprise?

JOHANSSON: If it's a fake I'd say, "Look, it's not you. It's your head pasted onto someone's body." It's not something I'd like to have happen to me, no matter how much I'd understand. What do you say—"Find the bastards and sue"? Similarly, just because I'm 20 years old doesn't mean I'd be blasé if pictures of me sunbathing naked somewhere I thought was private came out on the Internet and people viewed them 5 billion times. I'd be mortified, but there's nothing I could do. Sometimes, of course, the pictures are real, clips from a nude scene in a movie. When a director says to me, "You're going to take off all your clothes and writhe around in this bed," I already expect some people to rewind and fast-forward and rewind and fast-forward through the scene.

Q17

PLAYBOY: Give us a short course on the young actor and actress of your generation.

JOHANSSON: The actor probably has a bit of a scruffy beard from not working. He seems maybe slightly effeminate. I don't know why—ask the studio heads. You look back to the 1950s and there are all these very masculine actors. Now if you have a role for a masculine young man it's hard to cast. He drives some kind of SUV and has a couple of dogs he likes to go hiking with. He's on a macrobiotic diet, and he's worried about getting gray hair. He's had a girlfriend for a couple of years. She's not an actress. And he's never worn a tuxedo.

The actress is probably blonde. She's on a vegan diet but also likes to eat pork buns when they're available. Of course, nobody can be looking. She's probably addicted to NyQuil for sleeping and doesn't have any pets. She's co-dependent with her movie star boyfriend and has a lot of expensive clothing, none of which she's purchased.

Q18

PLAYBOY: Describe your sleep mask and bedroom slippers.

JOHANSSON: How did you know I wear a sleep mask? It's delightful. I never thought I would wear a sleep mask, but I've had one for at least a year. I was staying in a hotel room so bright that the sun penetrated the blinds. I bought a sleep mask at a drugstore and never slept better. I've upgraded to a classier one: satin on one side, cashmere on the other and kind of a beige-orange color. If anyone caught me in it, I wonder if they'd try to do really dirty things to me or just laugh and think, Oh, you loser, and be so turned off. I don't care. I'd wear it anyway. I'd be really upset if I lost it.

I don't have bedroom slippers. I like to have my feet on the floor.

Q19

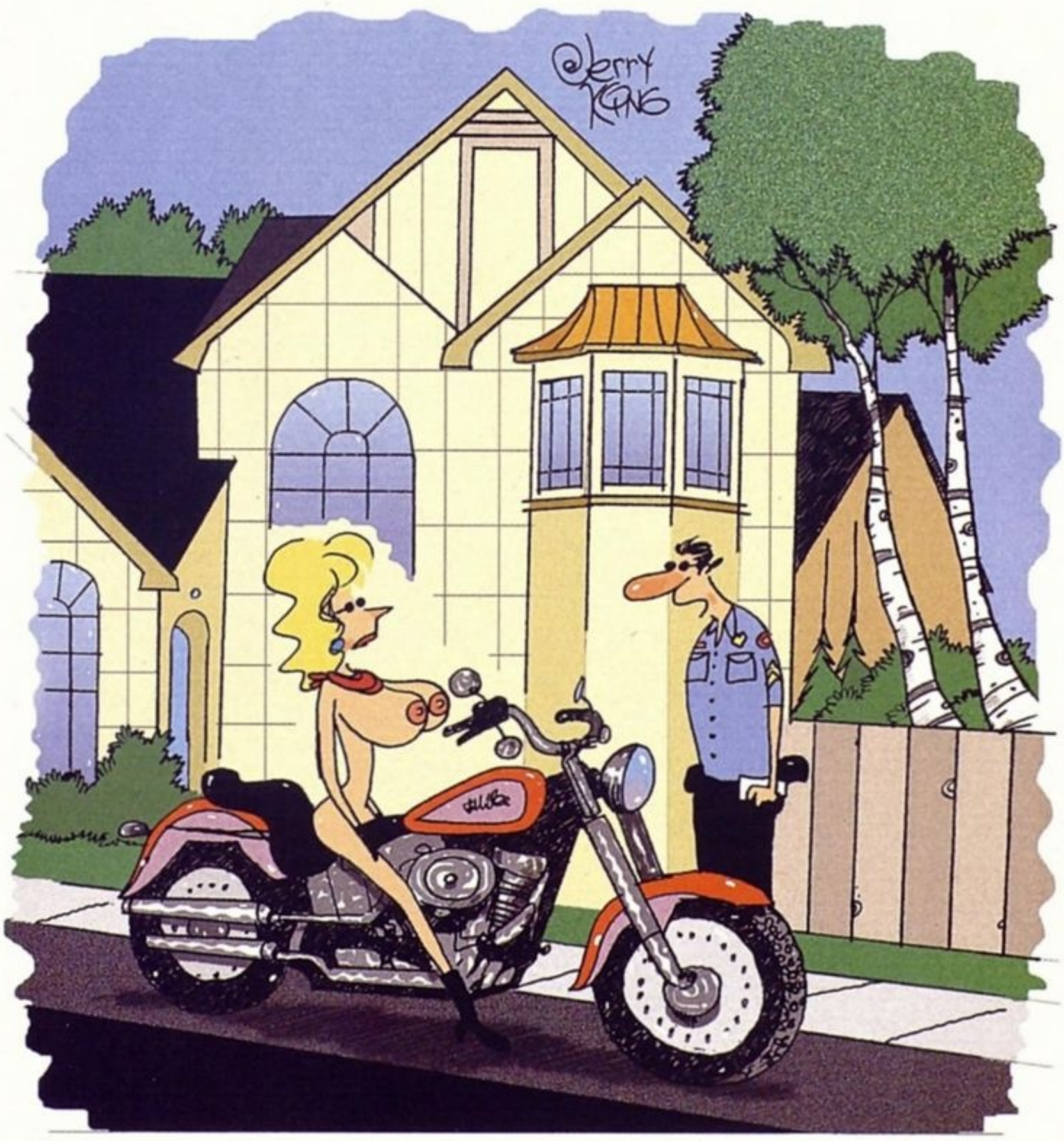
PLAYBOY: From all the movies you've made, which scene do you wish had been left on the cutting room floor?

JOHANSSON: There's a scene in *The Horse Whisperer* that I think I'm horrible in. My character has just met Bob Redford's character for the first time. He says that if I want the horse to recover, I have to participate. My line is "I can't." He says, "Why not?" I have this line that's like "Isn't it obvious?" It comes out so horribly. The scene pains me every time I see it. Then he walks away, and I say, "What do I have to do?" It's just atrocious.

Q20

PLAYBOY: If Bill Murray were the horse whisperer, what would he whisper in the horse's ear?

JOHANSSON: Maybe "You smell like shit."



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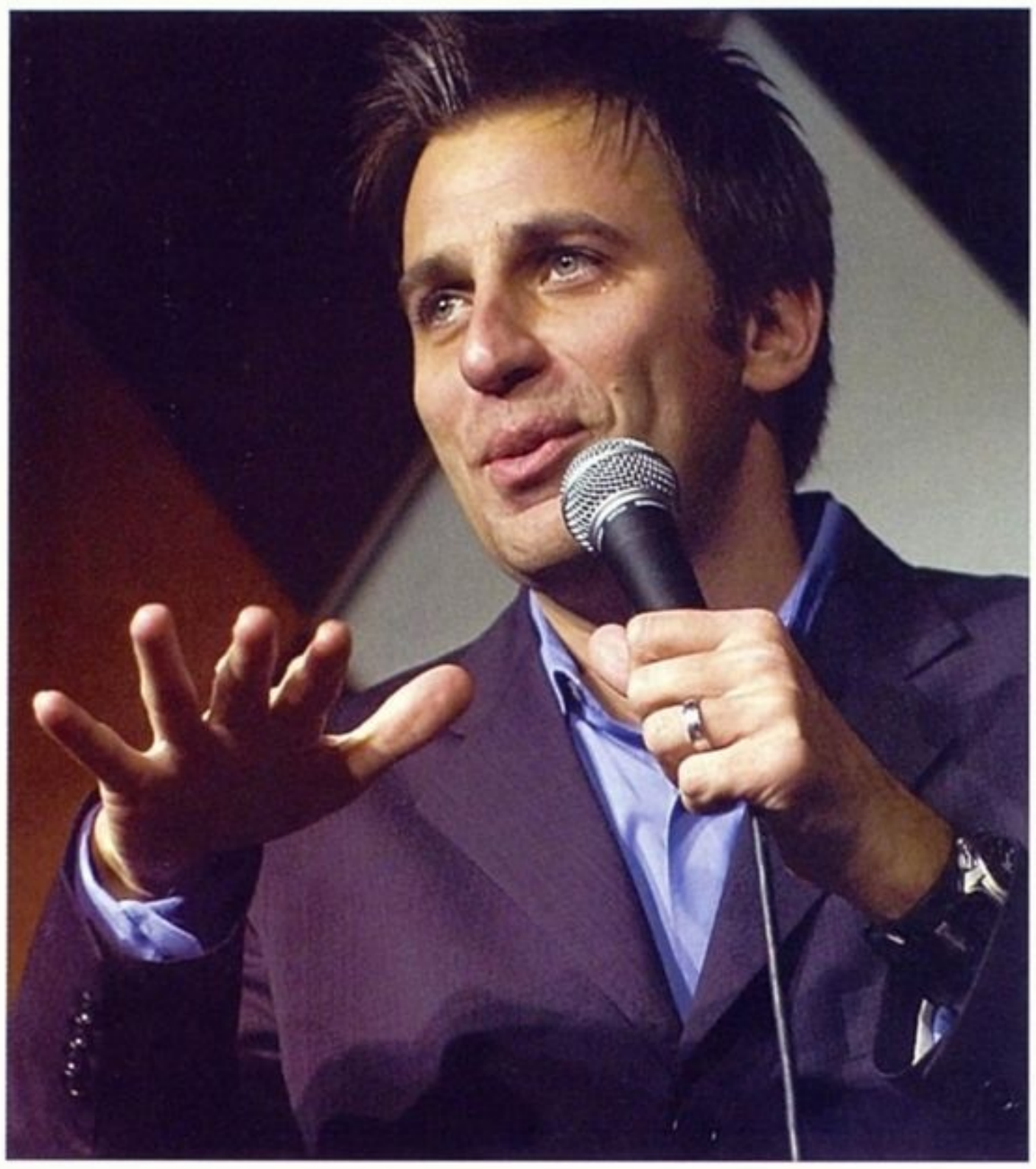
Playboy On The Scene

WHAT'S HAPPENING, WHERE IT'S HAPPENING AND WHO'S MAKING IT HAPPEN



A Guy Walks Into...

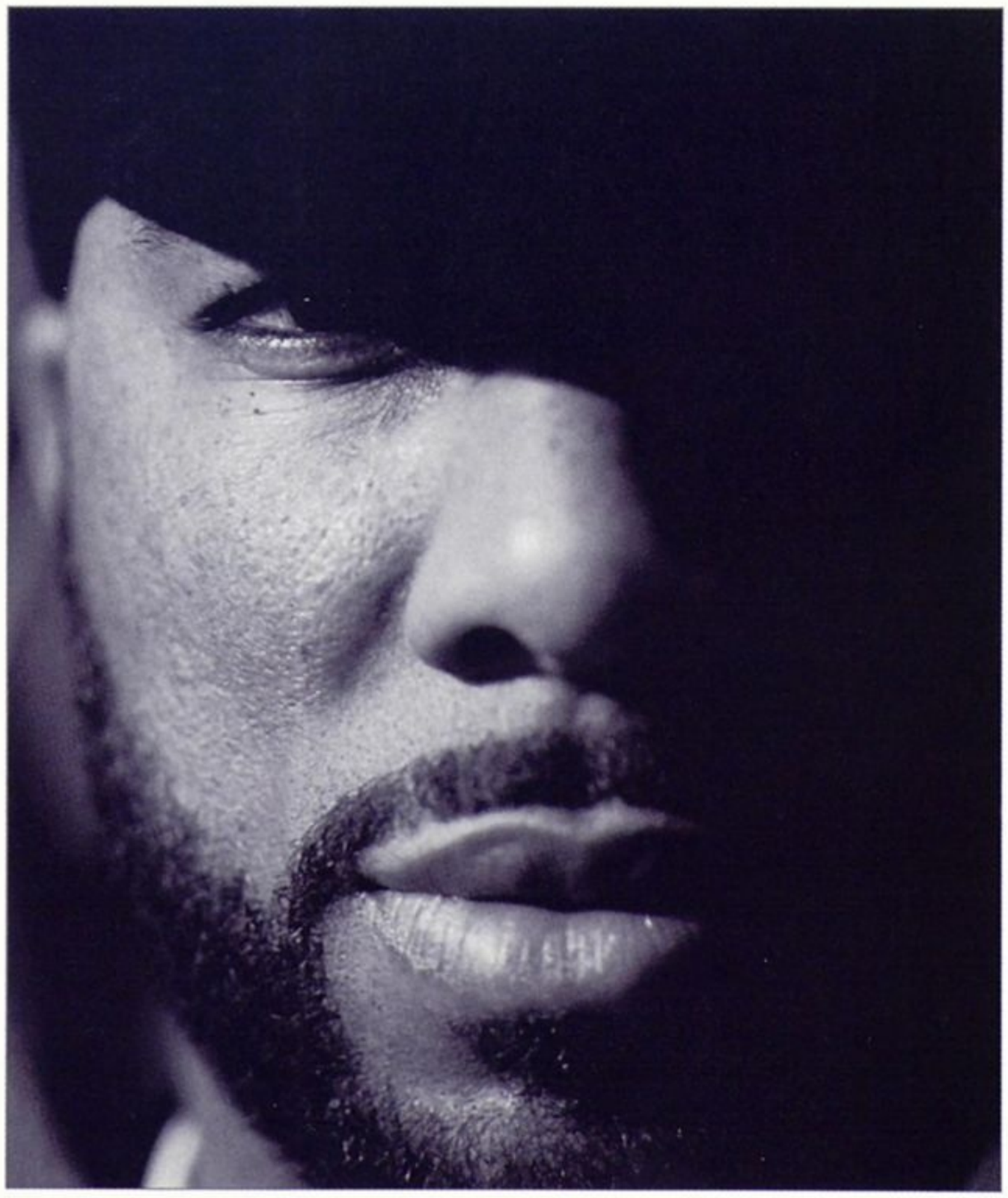
...a comedy club. Is he the next Seinfeld?

If you ever find yourself in an airport bar, waiting for a delayed flight and sitting next to a guy you think you may have played baseball with in high school, you're probably rubbing elbows with John Heffron. After edging out nine other comics on the second season of NBC's highly rated *Last Comic Standing,* the 33-year-old L.A.-based comedian is temporarily parked in fame's idyllic no-man's-land. He's renowned enough to snag a $50,000 development deal with NBC and to spend six days a week performing live, but he's not so celebrated that he can't go grocery shopping without the contents of his cart being reported in *Us Weekly.* "A lot of people turn their head when I walk by," he says. "They go, 'I know you from somewhere.' I send them on a wild goose chase, like, 'Maybe we went to high school together.' I never want to go, 'Perhaps you've seen me on *The Tonight Show.*'" With observational humor that has earned comparisons to Jerry Seinfeld's ("Say you go to a strip club and you weren't supposed to be there. Don't get the stripper wearing the glitter. Unless you left with it on"), it won't be long before Heffron's blissful semi-anonymity comes to a halt. Will there be a show titled *Heffron*? "Who knows?" he says. "But if that happens, I know who should play my wife—Alyssa Milano."

Bring the Noise

Fanfare for the Common man

There's a tendency among music heads to think some bands or artists are just too good for the mainstream and certainly too good for the pop charts. Chicago MC Common is about to boot that notion out the window. His new album, *Be* (Geffen), is an instant classic, and it has all the cerebral undertones—he'd rather talk about injustice than guns and bling—that have characterized his work for the past decade. His friend Kanye West produces most of the tunes, which weave his lyrics around the horns and strings of classic 1970s soul albums like Curtis Mayfield's *Roots.* But Common is no art school rapper. "I'm at home doing raw, soulful hip-hop," he says. "I'm inspired by Nas, Jay-Z and Kanye. Jay-Z is not only a good writer but very stylish with his flows. It's also inspiring to see him be so successful and still be good." Like other hip-hop heavyweights, Common has grand plans: He is branching into fashion with his Soji hat line, sees himself following Mos Def onto the big screen and is writing children's books. That said, musically he's far from innocent. There's plenty of sex on *Be*—along with a transcendent sense of joy. "I'm proud to be a conscious artist," he says. "I believe hip-hop is a music and a culture that's about elevation. But conscious brothers can have fun, too."



Grapevine

FRAZER HARRISON/GETTY IMAGES

JEAN BAPTISTE LACROIX/WIREIMAGE.COM

Ciara Hot Nights

It took super-strength tape to keep CIARA, first lady of Crunk & B, from busting out at the NRJ Music Awards. So far nothing has held her back, certainly not her number one single "Goodies."

The Mamas and the Pop-Outs

We can always count on former PLAYBOY cover girl BIJOU PHILLIPS for an extraordinary photo op. At the PlayStation fashion show, she put the rock in rock royalty.

KEVIN WINTER/GETTY IMAGES FOR SONY ENTERTAINMENT

Hurley Girly

If forced to guess what, besides her bikini top, LIZ HURLEY neglected to take to the beach this day, we'd say (a) a *Bedazzled* DVD and (b) a photo of Hugh Grant.

BART/LFI

TODD WILLIAMSON/FILMMAGIC.COM

Banks Yankers

While heavily immersed in mentoring America's next top model, TYRA BANKS has not forgotten to practice the fierceness she preaches. Exhibit A: those Victoria's Secret ads. Exhibit DD: her Vibe Awards appearance.

Fast Laine

If you've seen *Wild Secretaries Exposed* (and who hasn't?), you know CHARLIE LAINE. Guess what—she's not really a secretary. Note the rest of her skill set at hotbody.com.

©CRAIG K. SOTRES

QUEEN/WIREIMAGE.COM

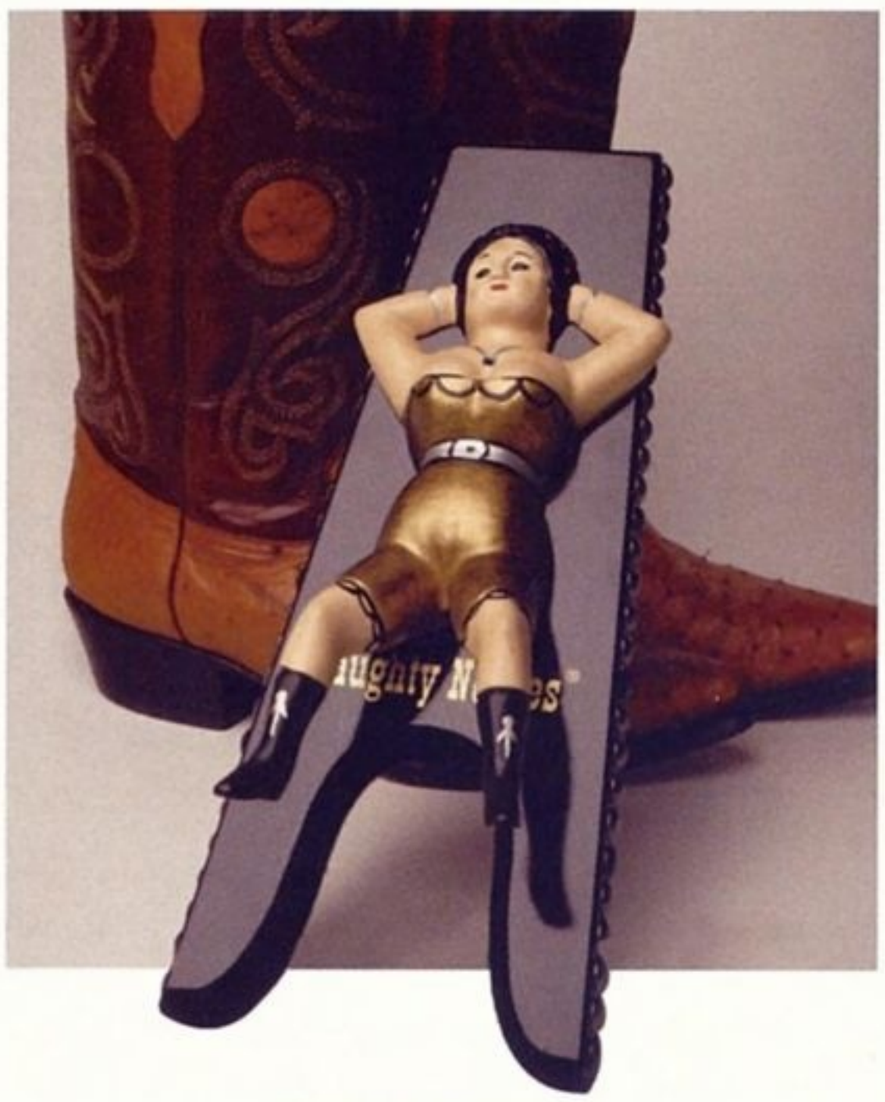
The Thrill of Brazil

All hail GISELE BUNDCHEN, keeper of gold-flecked locks, impossibly long legs and...a new line of sandals? She could be wearing them here, but who's looking at her feet?

Potpourri

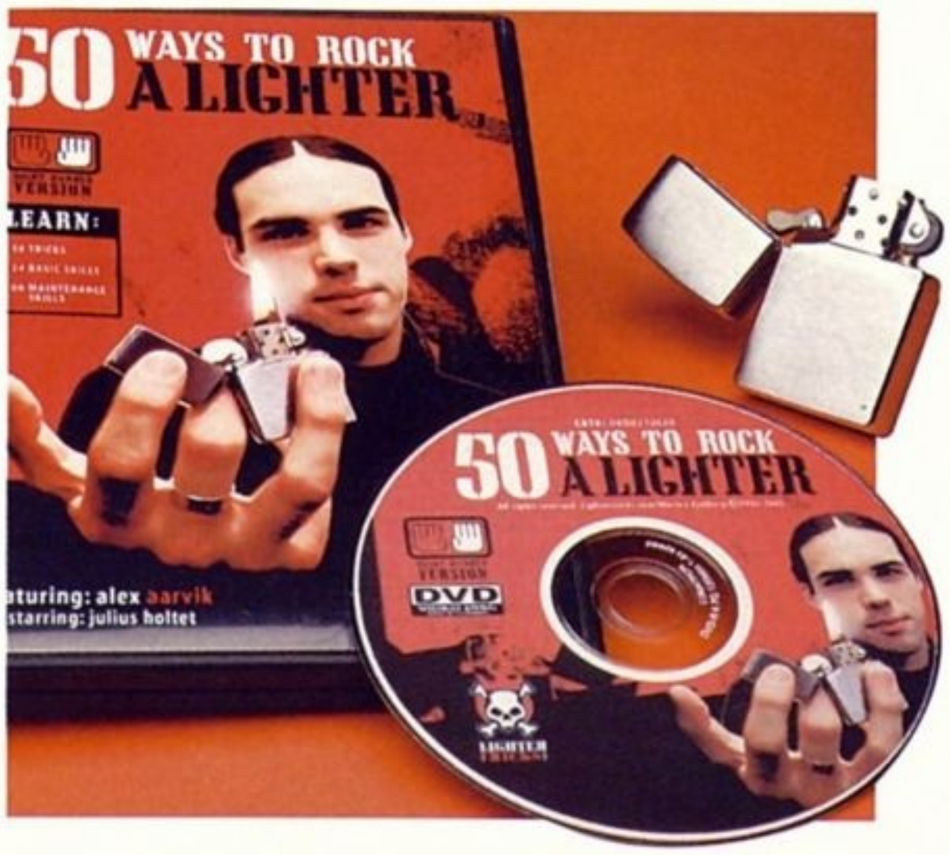
WHOA, NELLIE!

In the old West, when a lonesome cowpoke reached the end of the trail, he looked forward to two things—beautiful women and taking off his boots. Which is why most boarding-houses of the time had a Naughty Nellie boot-jack in every room to help Clem with them cowkickers. This modern reproduction ($40, nanniesnaughtynellies.com) is based on the tried-and-true design and features the ever demure Nellie herself, who you'll find is just as eager to please as her 19th century ancestors.



A LIGHT TOUCH

Since the dawn of time mankind has been fascinated with making fire, but only recently have we learned to do it with style. The *50 Ways to Rock a Lighter* DVD ($22, lightertricks.com) shows you how to get jiggy with your trusty Zippo, from basic building-block moves to advanced techniques such as Double Smack and Sticky Fingers. Learn them all and you're a dork. Learn five and your fire starter just became a conversation starter.



GORGEOUS CURVES

Think of this woman's beautiful butt as a delicious piece of ripe fruit. Put that little mango through an overly bumpy ride and it could bruise. The S-frame on the S-Rod Deluxe city cruiser from 3Gbikes ($800 for the one-speed, $1,100 for the nine-speed, 3gbikes.com) flexes like a big shock absorber, so riders can glide over dirt trails and potholes without consequence. Designer Gary Silva, father of the low-rider bike craze, gave his new cycle a rare combination of comfort and performance. The suspension fork and BMX-style handlebars offer a back-friendly seating position without sacrificing the leverage you need for out-of-the-saddle climbing. Exercise and fresh fruit—now that's healthy living.

ON THE BALL

James Dyson can't help making other vacuum cleaner companies look like chumps. After inventing a superior suction system, he has now revolutionized how the thing moves. Four-wheel models go in a straight line and turn like a parallel-parking car. His DC15 the Ball ($600, dyson.com) uses a ball instead of wheels on the bottom, giving it an extraordinarily tight turning radius so it can navigate around furniture like an Indy car. Once again, Dyson leaves his competitors in the dust.

THAT SPARKLE IN HER EYE

These single-serving 187-milliliter bottles of Casalnova prosecco ($16 for a four-pack, check your local wine shop) are so cute, your guests won't be able to resist. Throw a few in the cooler the next time you entertain outdoors. For the record, prosecco is a sparkling wine (a little drier than champagne) made in Italy from the grape of the same name.

VERONICA UNBOUND

Though best known for his signature visual influence on Archie Comics, pioneering artist Dan DeCarlo also drew bawdy pinup cartoons for 1950s magazines. *The Pin-Up Art of Dan DeCarlo* ($19, fantagraphics.com) showcases his unique style in a far less innocent way, giving us a glimpse of what Betty and Veronica may have been up to after graduation.

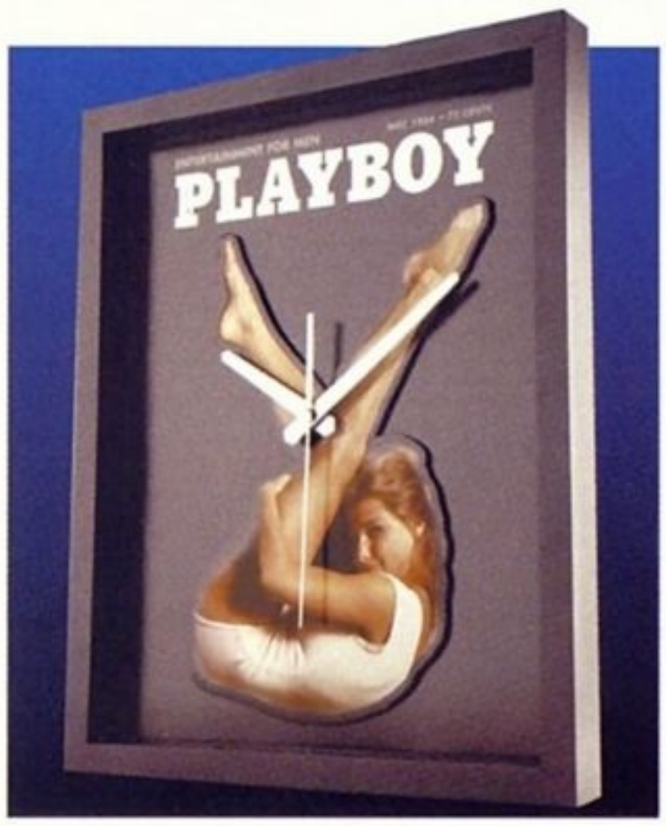
"The sign on the pavilion distinctly says bathers must wear one piece suits only!"

CALIENTE, BABY

If you've never been to Rosa Mexicano in New York and now D.C., put it on your list. On the menu: exotic Mexican cuisine, pomegranate margaritas and plenty of ambience. Can't get a reservation? Try the restaurant's new line of salsas at home ($6 a jar, rosamexicano.com). Our picks from the five choices: tomato chipotle (chipotle, grilled tomatoes, tomatillos), *salsa de piña* (pineapple, jalapeño, cilantro) and *chile pasilla de oaxaca* (*chile pasilla,* roasted garlic, tomatillos).

ONE FOR THE AGES

Beauty is timeless. If ever there were proof of the adage, this is it: Pompeo Posar's iconic Rabbit Head snapshot of our 1964 Playmate of the Year, Donna Michelle, which you can now get inside a shadow-box clock. What time is it? Who cares? Life is a beautiful thing. Other classic covers set in the wood-framed clocks are Larry Gordon's "Tattoo Girl" Penny James from October 1966 and Richard Fegley's "Afro Girl" Darine Stern from October 1971. All are available for $30 at playboystore.com.



MOD POD

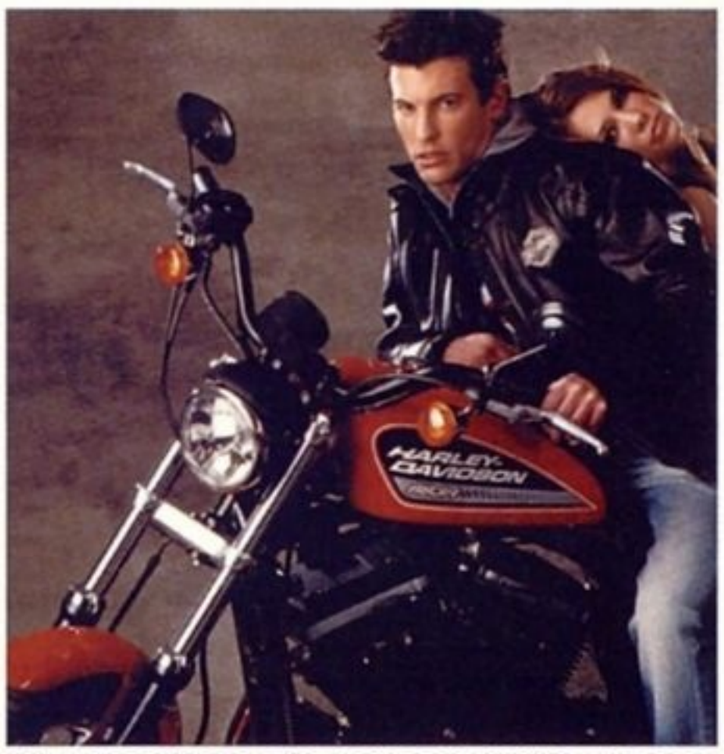
Say hello to the most tech-laden key chain accessory you'll actually use. The brains at Octave took a USB thumb drive, slapped a camera and a microphone on it, added a couple of buttons and a viewfinder and—voilà—the Multipod ($150, octave.com), a device that can take 640x480-resolution pictures, record video, act as a webcam, record voice notes and store files. With only 128 megabytes on board, it doesn't have room for your nephew's entire school play, but when you think about it, that's a feature, not a bug.

WHERE AND HOW TO BUY ON PAGE 131.

Next Month

MISS AUGUST AND EVERYTHING AFTER.

MADISON SMARTT BELL'S *THE WEIGHT OF THE MOON.*



THE MOTORCYCLE DIARIES: HIGH-OCTANE BIKES AND GEAR.

WHAT HAPPENS IN SIN CITY STAYS IN *PLAYBOY.*

END OF THE MOB—MOTHER OF MERCY, IS THIS REALLY THE END OF RICO AND VITO AND JOE THE SCHNOZ? PULITZER PRIZE WINNER **JIMMY BRESLIN** HITS THE STREETS TO CAPTURE THE PANIC IN MOBLAND. THEN **NICK BRYANT** EXPLORES WHY THE FEDS HAVE SUPPRESSED AN EX-CAPO'S GRISLY CONFESSIONS, AND **CHARLES BRANDT** SETS THE RECORD STRAIGHT ON THE DEATH OF CRAZY JOEY GALLO. IT'S JUST THE FIX YOU'LL NEED UNTIL *THE SOPRANOS* RETURNS.

POKER CRUISE—WE PONIED UP $10,200 TO SEND **JOEL STEIN** TO THE PARTYPOKER.COM MILLION IV CRUISE, THE LARGEST EVENT ON THE WORLD POKER TOUR. AFTER THREE DAYS OF PLAY, POUNDS OF BUFFET FOOD AND A LOSS TO A STONER, HE LEARNS A VALUABLE LESSON—HE'S NOT A VERY GOOD PLAYER.

VROOM VROOM—WE PAIR THE BEST MOTORCYCLES WITH THE BEST JACKETS IN A PERFECT UNION OF POWER AND COOL.

EWAN MCGREGOR—HE'S MADE HEADLINES WITH *MOULIN ROUGE* AND THE *STAR WARS* SAGA—AND FOR COMMENTS SLAGGING FELLOW ACTORS (JIM CARREY) AND ALL OF LOS ANGELES. WHAT'S NEXT? MORE UNABASHED REVELATIONS, INCLUDING HOW HE LOST HIS VIRGINITY, WHY HE QUIT DRINKING AT WORK AND WHY HE'S TERRIFIED OF WOMEN FROM GLASGOW. A WILD *PLAYBOY INTERVIEW* BY **STEPHEN REBELLO**

ZUMANITY—UNINHIBITED AND EROTIC, *ZUMANITY*—THE STEAMY SIDE OF CIRQUE DU SOLEIL—IS THE HOT SHOW IN VEGAS THAT FEATURES THE MOST FLEXIBLE STARS. A DEBAUCHED PICTORIAL, EVEN BY SIN CITY STANDARDS.

OLD COURSE CLASSICS—WITH THE BRITISH OPEN BACK AT ST. ANDREWS, THERE'S A CHANCE THAT HISTORY CAN BE MADE ON ANY HOLE. HERE'S A RECAP OF THE MAGIC.

KATE HUDSON—WHAT MAKES GOLDIE'S GORGEOUS DAUGHTER SAY, "IT'S NICE TO GET A SCRIPT WHERE YOU'RE BREATHING HEAVILY RATHER THAN GIGGLING"? FIND OUT IN A HILARIOUS *20Q* BY **ERIC SPITZNAGEL**

THE WEIGHT OF THE MOON—CHAOS SNATCHES THE INNOCENCE FROM A YOUNG GIRL IN A HAUNTING STORY BY **MADISON SMARTT BELL**

PLAYBOY'S PRO FOOTBALL PREVIEW—WILL THE PATS REPEAT? WILL RANDY MOSS BE HAPPY IN RAIDERLAND? CHECK OUT OUR GUIDE TO THE NFL. BY **RICK GOSSELIN**

PLUS: HEF'S BIRTHDAY BASH AT THE MANSION, HIGH-ENERGY SEX TALK WITH PLAYMATE **MARKETA JANSKA** AND A HI AND HELLO TO MISS AUGUST, **TAMARA WITMER.**

Playboy (ISSN 0032-1478), July 2005, volume 52, number 7. Published monthly by Playboy in national and regional editions, Playboy, 680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611. Periodicals postage paid at Chicago, Illinois and at additional mailing offices. Canada Post Canadian Publications Mail Sales Product Agreement No. 40035534. Subscriptions: in the U.S., $29.97 for 12 issues. Postmaster: Send address change to Playboy, P.O. Box 2007, Harlan, Iowa 51537-4007. For subscription-related questions, call 800-999-4438, or e-mail circ@ny.playboy.com.

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